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BRITAINS REMEMBRANCER.
Scotland
Barwike
Carlile
Newcastle
Durham
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Carnarua
Wales
Hull
Milford
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Lin
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Salſbury
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Britain's Remembrancer

Containing

A *Narration* of the PLAGVE lately paſt;
A *Declaration* of the MISCHIEFS preſent;
And a *Prediction* of IVDGMENTS to come;
(If *Repentance* prevent not.)

It is *Dedicated* (for the glory of God)
to POSTERITIE; and, to *Theſe*
Times (if they pleaſe) by

GEO: WITHER.

IOB 32. 8, 9, 10, 18, 21, 22.

Surely, there is a ſpirit in man; but the inſpiration of the Almighty giveth underſtanding.

Great men are not alwayes wiſe, neither doe the aged alway underſtand judgement.

Therefore, I ſay, heare me, and I will ſhew alſo my opinion.

For, I am full of matter; and the ſpirit within mee compelleth me.

I will not accept the perſon of man, neither will I give flattering titles to man.

For, I may not give flattering titles, leſt my Maker take me away ſuddenly.

Reade all, or cenſure not:

For; *He that anſwereth a matter before he heare it, it is ſhame and folly to him.* PROV. 18. 13.

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TO THE KINGS MOST EXCELLENT MAIESTIE.

Most Royall SIR:

BEcause I doubted who might first peruse,
These honest Raptures of my sleighted Muse;
Observing it the quality of most,
To passe rash judgements (taken up) on trust;
And, that according to the wits of those
Who censure first, the common Censure goes:
Perceiving, too, with what oblique aspect,
Some glaring Comets, on my Lines reflect;
A while I pawsed, whether trust I might
My plaine-pace'd Measures to their partiall sight,
Who may upon them (e're you reade them) seize,
And comment on my Text, as they shall please,
Or sleight, or scoffe; such men were knowne to me;
And being loth, they first of all should be
My Iudges; here, I offer to your eye
The prime perusall of this Poesie.
For, minding well what hopes I have of You;
What course, my Fortunes urge me to pursue;
What blurres, good Studies by those Fooles have got,
Who sleight desert, because they knew it not;
What freedome Nature gives to ev'ry soule,
To speake just things, to Kings, without controule;
How farre from noble, and from wise they be,
Who disallow the Muses should be free;

To the KING.

How eas'd we are, when we our minds disclose;
What profit from our honest boldnesse flowes;
What Resolutions I have made mine owne,
And what good cause there is to make them knowne:
All this well weighing, with some Reasons moe
(Which usefull are for none but me to know)
I did not feare these Poems forth to bring,
To bide, at first, the censure of a King.
And loe, on milke white paper wings they flye,
Reade they that list, when you have laid them by.
But, SIR, I humbly pray you; let not fall
Your Doome, till you have read, and read it all:
For, he that shall by fragments this peruse,
Will wrong himselfe, the Matter, and the Muse.
Although a tedious Worke it may appeare,
You shall not wholly lose your labour here.
For, though some heedlesse Courtiers censure may
That on this Booke your time were cast away,
I know it may your spirits recreate,
Without disturbing your affaires of State;
And with more usefull things acquaint your eares,
Then twenty hundred thousand tales of theirs.
You also know, that well it fits a King,
To heare such Messages, as now I bring.
And, that in doing so, to take some pleasure,
Great Monarchs thought it just to be at leasure:
Long since, I have elected you to be
Mœcenas, to my Muses, and to me.
And if my hopes in you shall be bereft me,
I have no other hopes in this kind left me;
Nor any purpose, whatsoever come,
To seeke another Patron, in your roome.
Nor seeke I now, that I from you may gaine,
What, other times I covet for my paine.

Nor for because my heart hath any doubt,
That I shall need a Friend *to beare me out*
Against the fury or the fraud of those,
That openly, or secretly, oppose
Such Works; *For,* He *that me to this doth call,*
Shall save me harmlesse, or I meane to fall.
Not that I sleight your favour, speake I this;
(For deare and precious to my soule it is)
But rather, that the world may know and see,
How him I trust that hath inspired me.
(Though some suppose I may) I doe not feare,
As many would, if in my case they were.
I doe not feare the World *deprive me can*
Of such a mind, as may become a Man;
(What ever outward miseries betide)
For, God will Meanes, or Fortitude provide.
I doe not feare (unlesse I merit blame)
That any one hath pow'r to worke my shame:
Since they who causelessly my Name shall spot,
Reproach themselves; but, me disparage not.
And, sure I am, though many seeke to spight me,
That ev'ry Dog which barketh cannot bite me.
I oft have lookt on Death, *without dismay,*
When many thousands he hath swept away
On ev'ry side; and from him have not stirr'd
One foot, when he most terrible appear'd.
I know of Want *the utmost discontents;*
The cruelty of Close-imprisonments;
The bitternesse of Slanders *and* Disgrace,
In private corners, and in publike place:
I have sustain'd already, whatsoever
Despight can adde, to wrong a good endeavor;
And, am become so hopelesse of procuring
True Peace, *(but by a peaceable enduring)*

That, what remaines to ſuffer ſhall be borne:
And, to repine at Fortune, I will ſcorne.
I doe not feare the frownes of mighty men,
Nor in Cloſe-priſon to be lodg'd agen:
For, Goods, Life, Freedome, Fame, and ſuch as thoſe,
Are things which I may often gaine or loſe,
At others pleaſures: and, o're much to priſe
What Man may take, or give, I much deſpiſe.
I am not fearfull, as (I heare) are ſome,
What of the Times, now preſent, will become:
For, God to proſper them emploring ſtill,
I fearleſly attend upon his will;
And am aſſur'd, by many Preſidents,
That like proceedings will have like events.
I doe not feare thoſe Criticks of your Court,
That may my good intentions miſreport;
Or ſay it miſ-beſeemeth me to dare
With ſuch bold language to ſalute your eare:
For, as I know your Greatneſſe, I have knowne
What freedomes on the Muſes are beſtowne;
And, that their Servants ſhould not whine like thoſe
Who are your daily Orators in proſe.
I feare not any man that would abuſe,
Or in her lawfull flights affront my Muſe,
Becauſe, perhaps, exceptions may be tooke
Againſt ſome paſſage in the following Booke.
For, ſhe to none hath purpoſed abuſe,
And, therefore, needs nor ſhelter, nor excuſe.
And when ſhe pleaſeth, ſhe hath meanes to fray
Thoſe Buzzards, that would interrupt her way.
She dares not onely, Hobby-like, make wing
At Dorrs and Butterflyes; but alſo ſpring
Thoſe Fowles that have beene flowne at yet by none,
Ev'n thoſe, whom our beſt Hawks turne taile upon.

No

Not only at Crowes, Ravens, Dawes, *and* Kites,
Rookes, Owles, *or* Cuckowes, *dare she make her flights,*
At wily Magpies, *or the* lay *that vaunts*
In others Plumes; or, greedy Cormorants;
Or those, who being of the Kastrell-*kinde,*
Vnworthily aspire, and fan the winde
For aerie Titles; *or, the* Birds *men rate*
Above their value, for their idle prate.
At Wag-tailes, *busie* Titmise, *or such like;*
But, with her pounces, them dares also strike
That furnish Courtly Tables. As, our Gull,
A bird much found among the Worshipfull.
Our Dottrells, *which are caught by imitation.*
Our Woodcocks, *shadowing out that foolish* Nation,
Who hide their heads, and think secure they be,
When they themselves their dangers doe not see.
Our strutting Peacockes, *whose harsh voice doth show,*
That some sharpe stormy windes will shortly blow.
Our Herneshawes, *slicing backward filth on those,*
Whose worths they dare not openly oppose.
Our traiterous Mallards, *which are fed and taught,*
To bring in other wilde-fooles, *to be caught.*
Those Fowles, *that in their over-daring pride,*
Forget their breed, and will be Eglisde.
Our Brittish Barnacles, *that are a dish*
That can be termed neither flesh nor fish.
Ev'n these, or any Fowle she durst surprise,
If they dare crosse her, when to check she flyes.
Or, if that any one shall doe us wrong,
Who for our mounting Falcons *is too strong;*
I can unkennell such an eager packe
Of deep-mouth'd Hounds, *that they afraid shall make*
Our sterneſt Beasts of prey, *and cunning'st* Vermine,
Ev'n from the Fox-fur, *to the* spotted Ermine.

In plainer termes; if any ſhall oppoſe
My Muſe, *when in a lawfull path ſhe goes,*
She will not much be ſtartled; but, goe neare
To tell them what they would be loth to heare.
She's none of thoſe that ſpew out railing Rimes,
Againſt ſome publike perſons of the Times,
Through ſpleene or envy; then, for feare, or ſhame,
Divulge them to the world without a Name;
Or hide their heads. Nor can thoſe threats (that fright
Such Libellers) *compell her not to write,*
Unleſſe ſhe pleaſe: for, ſhe doth know her Warrants,
And ſends her Meſſengers *on lawfull arrants.*
She utters Truth; ev'n that, which well ſhe knowes
Becomes her, at this preſent, to diſcloſe.
That call'd ſhe was, to make this Declaration,
She ſtands aſſured; and of that vocation
Such teſtimonies hath, that I deſpiſe
His judgement who the pow'r thereof denyes:
For, yours I doubt not, and if pleas'd you are,
For what mans cenſure living need I care?
No ſuch like pannick feare affrighteth her,
As that which doth her enemies deterre.
But, if ſhe liſt, in ſpight of all the rage,
(And all the bitter malice of this age)
She dares reprove, and vexe the proudſt of them,
Who her, and her endeavors doe contemne;
And ſet (who e're they be) her markes on thoſe
Who Vertue, *in her honeſt courſe oppoſe.*
Yea, them ſhe'll make, whom ſelfe-conceit betrais,
Diſtruſt, that we diſcry their ſecret'ſt plots,
And may at pleaſure, lay to open view,
Both what they purpoſe, and what ſhall enſue
On their vaine Projects; *though when they begun them,*
They placed many veiles, and maskes, upon them.

SIR,

SIR, no such Toyes *as those doe make me fearfull,*
Nor of their hate or favour am I careſull.
For ſhelter therefore, this I brought not hither,
Nor am I hopefull, or deſirous either,
To compaſſe any private profit by it,
Or, to my perſon any praiſe, or quiet.
For, I can hope for nothing, till I ſeee,
The World, *and my deſervings better be.*
And, howſoever I am, now and then,
As fooliſh in my hopes as other men;
Yet, at this preſent, (and at every ſeaſon,
In which my oft weake eyes of Faith *and* Reaſon
Vncloſed are) me thinks, thoſe things, in which
The world appeares moſt glorious, and moſt rich;
Are no more worthy of my ſerious hopes,
Then Ratles, Pot-guns, or the Schoole-boyes Tops.
If God will give me bread but for to day,
(And, but my ſoule vouchſafe me for a prey)
Twixt him and me, there ſhall be no conditions
For worldly honors, or for large poſſeſſions:
For, (as long ſince an Hebrew Prophet *ſaid,*
When ſuch like times, as theſe, had much diſmaid
His fearfull Scribe) Is this a time for me
To ſeeke preferment, or made rich to be?
No, no; for, if theſe dayes continue ſuch
As now they be, each Groome *will have as much*
As hath his Lord; *and diffrence will be ſmall*
Betwixt the richeſt, and the poor'ſt of all.
There are enough already, who deſire
To riches, and high places to aſpire.
There be great numbers, who will projects *bring you,*
And Bookes, *and* Tales; *and* Songs, *it may be, ſing you,*
For, their owne profit: but, there want of thoſe,
That would their honors, or their livings loſe,

Or hazard their preferments, to declare
Those Truths, that worthy of disclosing are.
Yet, that is all (Dread Soveraigne) I have sought,
In tendring you these Lines that I have brought.
And, that by my example, others may
Take heart to speake what they are bound to say.
I know, the ods is more then ten to three,
That for this boldnesse most will censure me
As mad or foolish: and, my best reward
Will be this comfort, that I boldly dar'd
To speake the needfull Truth, at such a time,
In which the bravest vertue seemes a crime.
I doe expect this wise-appearing age
Should at the freedome of my Poeme rage,
And, that some witty Scorners should abuse
With taunting Epithites, my honest Muse;
As if she were produce'd by Chymistry,
Of Salt and Sulphur, without Mercury.
But, I am proofe against their flashy stuffe;
And for their scornings I have scorne enough.
I looke our Politicians should defame
My Straines, by censuring them to be to blame,
Or over busie. But, my seeming folly
May make some Readers strive to be more holy,
Then heretofore: yea, some who thinke they know
Enough already; shall more prudent grow
By This. And I am willing to be thought
A foole, that they more wisedome may be taught.
Yet, I confesse, that lately when I saw
This course, did hate, and wants upon me draw,
And that, without a Second, I was faine
The weight of all my troubles to sustaine;
I halfe resolv'd, that I would speake no more
So plaine, against Abuse, as heretofore;

And

And (thinking I had ventur'd well for one)
Did meane to leave the World *her course to run:*
Nay, from good words (although it was a paine)
I fully was resolved to refraine.
But, when I silence kept, my heart became
As hot within me, as a fiery flame.
Yea, like new wine, in vessels wanting vent,
My thoughts did swell my brest to be unpent;
And, at the last, I empti'd with my quill
A veine, which did the following Volume *fill:*
Supposing by the publike Presse *to send it,*
To them, for whose Remembrance *I intend it.*
But, they who keepe the passage, back did thrust it
Before perusall; and, (belike) distrust it,
Because my name it cary'd, to be such
As might upon their friends too neerely touch.
For, some of them have said; that were my writing
As true as that of holy Iohns *inditing,*
They would not licence it: so fearfull are
These guilty Times *the voice of* Truth *to heare.*
When therefore, I had this my Offring *brought,*
And laid it at their doore; a while I thought
My selfe discharged: but, my Conscience *said,*
My worke was lost, and still my vow unpaid,
Till I had practis'd ev'ry likely way,
To tell the Message *which I had to say.*
And, since the common way it might not passe,
To bring it by your Gate, resolv'd I was.
My first determining of such a thing,
Did many severall doubts upon me bring.
One while I doubted, that those fooles who mock
At piety, would make a laughing-stock
Of this and me: and say (with some disdaine)
That I would make my selfe a Prophet *faine:*

And

And puft with ſelfe conceit, had pe n'd a Story
For private ends, and for mine owne vaine glory.
Or, that with pride and arrogance deluded,
I had upon undecent things intruded.
Another while I doubted ſome would prate,
That theſe my Lines diſhonor'd the State,
And on the Government *aſperſions laid;*
As of their warnings oft the Iewes *have ſaid.*
Sometime I feared, all my words would make
But few or none the better heed to take.
Becauſe I reade, that many a Prophet *ſpoke,*
What, ſmall effect within his life time tooke,
Except, in aggravating of abuſes,
And leaving them the more without excuſes.
Sometime againe, I feared leſt if You
Referring this my Poem *to their view*
Who miſconceive it may, (and truſting them
In cenſuring, who cauſleſly condemne
Men innocent) might, by that evill chance
Be wrong'd; and ſuffer for their ignorance.
Thus Kings are often injur'd: and, ſome periſh
In their diſlike, whom they are bound to cheriſh.
I ſaw, moreover, that my Foes, of late,
Had ſo much wronged me in my eſtate,
By ne dleſſe charge, and cauſleſſe hindring me,
From thoſe due profits, which my Portion *be;*
That to recover them, (and to purſue
My lawfull right) I have no meanes but you,
And your juſt favour. Which, if I ſhould miſſe,
(By giving to your eare diſtaſt in this)
My adverſaries would prevaile, I thought,
And, my diſgrace, and ruine would be wrought.
Theſe carnall doubts, and many other ſuch,
Againſt my Reaſon *did prevaile ſo much,*

That

That I was halfe afraid to venture on
In that, which ought with courage to be done.
But, whilst I stagger'd, and began to stay,
Me thought, within me, somewhat thus did say.
Base *Coward*; hath God's love so many dayes,
To thee appeared; and so many wayes?
Hast thou so often felt, what thou dost know,
From nothing, but the pow'r of God can flow?
Hath he so plainly told thee, with what wiles,
The foolish *world*, her selfe, and those begniles
That harken to her? Hath he made thee see
How little harme, her spight can doe to thee?
Nay, hath he pleased bin to bring unto thee,
Great profits, by those injuries men doe thee.
And, shall the feare but of a paltry scoffe,
From that which he appointeth, beat thee off?
Hath he so often kept thee from disgrace,
And fed and cloth'd thee, merely of his grace,
That thou shouldst now distrust he will deceive thee,
And, when he sends thee on his *Message*, leave thee,
Without those necessaries, which pertaine
To those who in his *Service* doe remaine?
Hath he no meanes to bring thee fit supplies,
But such as thine owne wisdome can devise?
Hath God destroy'd so many of thy *hopes*,
And dost thou build them still on carnall props?
Didst thou so many times, in secret vow
Affiance in his promises? and, now
Hast thou no surer helps to trust unto,
Then *Kings* and *Princes*? And, as others doe
(Who have not thy experience) dost thou shrink
As soone as any outward *Stay* doth sinke?
Wouldst thou thy God displease, to keepe a friend,
Perhaps in vaine, for some poore temporall end?

Is't now a *Season* (when the *Lands* tranſgreſſions
Have ſhaken all) to ſettle thy *Poſſeſſions?*
When all the Towne about thee is on fire,
Wouldſt thou go build thy ſtraw-clad Cottage hyer?
Well; take thy courſe. Yet, know, if thou forbeare
What now thy Conſcience bids thee to declare,
Thy fooliſh *Hope* ſhall faile thee, ne're the leſſe;
Thy wrongfull ſuffring ſhall have no redreſſe;
Thou ſhalt have greater wants then pinch thee yet;
New ſorrowes, and diſgraces, thou ſhalt get
In ſtead of helpe; and, which is worſt of all,
A guilty *Conſcience*, too, torment thee ſhall.
Then, be adviſed, and proceed to do
That lawfull *Act*, thy heart enclines unto;
And, be thou ſure, that God will make thee ſtrong
Againſt the violence of ev'ry wrong.
Be ſtout; and though all perſons through the *Land*,
Ev'n *Prince* and *People* both, ſhould thee withſtand,
Their oppoſition nothing harme thee ſhall;
But, thou ſhalt bide them like a brazen wall;
And if thou ſuffer perſecutions flame,
Thou ſhalt be but refined in the ſame.
Such thoughts were whiſper'd in me. And though ſome
May think them vaine ſuggeſtions, flowing from
Diſtemper'd Fancy; I dare boldly ſay,
They lye: *And, I their motives doe obey.*
All doubts, and feares, and ſtops, are broken through,
And loe (Dread Sov'raigne) *I have brought to you*
(In all humilitie) my ſelfe and theſe
My honeſt and my juſt REMEMBRANCES:
To paſſe, for thoſe, to whom they appertaine;
Or, here for my diſcharging to remaine.
God is already angry (I'me afraid)
Becauſe this duty *I ſo long delaid.*

And

And, ſtand, or fall, now I have reacht thereto,
I would not, for the world, it were to do.
Good SIR, reject it not, although it bring
Appearances of ſome fantaſticke thing,
At firſt unfolding: for, thoſe Myſteries
Which we moſt honor, and moſt highly priſe,
Doe ſeeme to be but fooliſhneſſe to ſome.
And, when our ſin to any height is come,
It brings a height of folly, *which oft makes*
That courſe to ſeeme uncomely, that God takes
For our reproofe, (and chiefly) if it cary
The ſhew of any way not ordinary.
Which (out of doubt) is requiſite, when ſin
That's extraordinary breaketh in.
Beleeve not thoſe, who reaſons will invent,
To make this Volume *ſeeme impertinent:*
For, what is more of moment, then a ſtory
Which mentioneth to God Almighties glorie,
His Iudgements, *and his* Mercies? *and doth ſhow*
Thoſe things that may prevent our overthrow?
Sure, nothing is more worthy of regard:
And though a fooliſh tale be ſooner heard,
Yet, in reſpect thereof, the glorioust things,
That ſtand upon record of earthly Kings,
Appeare to me as vaine, as large diſcourſes
Of childiſh May-games, *and of* Hobby-horſes.
Give eare to none, I pray you, who ſhall ſeeke
To move, within your Highneſſe, *a diſlike*
To my unuſuall boldneſſe, or my phraſe:
For, who doth liſten to an honeſt cauſe
In theſe regardleſſe times, unleſſe it be
So dreſt, as if it ſeem'd to ſay; Come ſee
What's here to doe. *Mens wits are falne aſleepe;*
And, if I doe not ſome ſtrange rumbling keepe,

(That

(That is not looke for) they no heed will take,
Of what I say, how true soe're I speake.
I know there be Occasions, Times, and Causes,
Which doe require soft words, and lowly Phrases:
And, then, like other men, I teach my Muse
To speake such language as my neighbours use.
But, there are also Times which will require,
That we should with our Numbers mingle fire:
And, then I vent bold words; that You, and They
Who come to heare them, take occasion may
To aske or to examine, what's the matter,
My Verse speakes tartly, when most Writers flatter.
For, by that meanes, you may experience'd grow
In many things which else you should not know.
My Lines are loyall, though they bold appeare:
And though at first, they make some Readers feare
I want good manners; yet, when they are weigh'd,
It will be found that I have nothing said,
In manner, or in matter worthy blame,
If they alone shall judge me for the same,
Who know true Vertues language; and how free
From glozing termes, her Servants use to be.
Though bold I seeme to some that Cowards are,
Yet, you I hope, shall finde, I neither dare
Things that or need esse be, or desperate;
Or, that I love to be wondred at
Among those fooles, who love to heare it said,
That they to breake their necks were not afeard.
For, as a Seaman, when the Mast he climbes,
Is safe enough, though he in danger seemes
To some beholders: So, although that Path,
In which I tread, a shew of peril hath
To those who see not what fast hold I take,
My landing will be firme, when theirs doth shake.

And

And, if I fall, I fall not by this Act,
But, by their malice, who dislike the Fact.
Heed none I pray, that hath so little shame,
To say these times are not so much to blame
As I have made them seeme: for, worse they are
Then I have yet expressed them, by far.
And, much I feare, that they who most defend them,
Will make them to be worse, before they mend them.
Nor doubt you, Royall SIR, *that from the story*
Of your just raigne, or from your future glory,
It ought shall derogate, to heare it told,
Such evills, whilst you raigned, were contrould.
For, we doe reade, that Kings *who piousst were,*
Had wicked Subjects. And, beside, you are
So late enthroned, that your government
Could little in so small a time augment
Their being good or ill: But, you shall gaine
The greater glory, if you can restraine
(And keepe from growing worse) a time, become
So grossely wicked, and so troublesome.
If any other way my Verse *be wronged,*
By Readers ill advis'd, or evill tongued,
Vouchsafe to spare your censure, till you heare
What just replies to their Objections *are.*
Or, if that any to disparage this,
To you, shall of my life report amisse;
Reject their scandals (for your owne deare sake)
And let them no impression on you make.
For, evill tongues sometimes will set their stings
Vnjustly, on the sacred name of Kings;
Much more on mine. But, for my owne repute,
So carefull am I not to make this sute,
But for my Muses *honor. For, in all*
My outward actions, I dare boldly call

Your

Your ſtricteſt Lawes to cenſure me. And what
I am to God, it may be gueſſed at,
But rightly knowne, to none but him, and me.
And, though from outward ſcapes I ſtand not free,
Yet, let this Meſſage *her due merit win:*
For, Gods moſt holy Prophets *had their ſin.*
As in a Glaſſe, here may you, by reflection,
Behold (without the hazard of infection)
The horrid Peſtilence *in her true forme,*
Which in your Kingdome *did ſo lately ſtorme;*
And is ſo ſoone forgotten, that I erre,
Vnleſſe there needeth a REMEMBRANCER.
Hereby, ſucceeding Times, *in ſuch like terrors,*
May learne to ſee and to prevent ſome errors.
Here, underſtand you may (without falſe gloze)
What heretofore your people did ſuppoſe
Of You: *Their hopes before your Coronation,*
And what hath beene ſince then their expectation.
Here, you may partly ſee, what you of them
May hope: what you ſhould cheriſh or condemne.
Here, view you may (before too far they ſteale)
The ſickneſſes of Church *and* Commonweale:
What brings upon your Perſon, *and the* State,
Such care, and ſo much trouble as of late:
What marres your Counſels, *and what undermines*
Your moſt approved, and moſt wiſe deſignes:
What makes your Armes, *your* Vertues, *& your* Friends
So little helpfull to your pious ends:
What makes your Fleets *returne without ſucceſſe;*
What breedeth doubtings and unſetledneſſe
In weighty matters, and whence diſcord ſprings
Among the People, *and twixt them and* Kings.
And, if it well obſerved be, perchance,
What ſeemes to moſt a trifling circumſtance,

Shall

Shall of it selfe informe, or else prepare
To signifie those things that weightiest are:
For, they who can my Muses reach discerne
Shall find, that what most think doth but concerne
My person onely; may to that conduce,
Which serves to publike, and to private use.
Moreover, this Remembrancer doth show,
To what the folly of these times will grow;
And, what in future daies will surely fall
If we our courses long continue shall.
He, lastly doth declare the certaine way,
By which, ensuing harmes prevent we may;
Take off the skars, our passed sins have given,
And, make our present peace with earth and heaven.
Deare SIR; as you your honor do respect
For times to come: as you do now affect
Your present comforts, and those hopes that are
The pledges of that Crowne, you looke to weare,
(When you must leave that golden Crowne of thornes,
Which paines your head, as much as it adornes)
Give heed to these Remembrances: Command them
To passe, in spight of such as would withstand them.
Doe you reforme, according to your pow'rs.
In ev'ry quarter of this Ile of yours,
Give way to Reformation. In the Crimes,
And many crying sins, of these lewd times,
Be you no partner, by conniving at
Their Actors; or, discountenancing that
Which may disable them to tyrannize;
Who will to hide old sinnes, new faults devise.
And, doe not for some few reserve that eare,
Which should the suit of ev'ry Subject heare.
But, as you have beene, yet (and as I trust
You shall continue) be in all things just;

And

And as upright, as him it may befit,
Who doth in place of God Almighty *sit;*
That you *and yours, may still in safety stand,*
What plague soever fall upon the Land.
And, let not my Petition *be condemn'd,*
As over bold; or my advice contemn'd,
Because a man despised gives the same;
For, seldome hitherto, a Message *came*
From God, on such occasions, but some one
In outward show, scarce worthy thinking on,
Was made the Messenger. *All heav'nly graces*
Are not intail'd on men of highest places:
Nor is all that which ev'ry Prelate *sayes,*
To be beleev'd as Gospell *now adayes.*
God still (as heretofore) calls vulgar men
To speake his will to Princes, *now and then:*
Yea, to delude the World, *or to deride*
Her arrogant vaine glory, and her pride,
God checks her oft, by those of whom we see
She most of all disdaines reprov'd to be:
That, so, her loftinesse he may debase,
And to the lowly minded shew his grace.
It peradventure may be thought I come
With nothing else but gleanings, gathered from
The common Rumors, *(which I faine would strew*
Abroad againe, to publish what I know)
But, let men judge their pleasures: I am free
From those poore ends; and, so still hope to be.
In this, I mov'd not, of mine owne intent,
Nor am I, SIR, by any Mortall *sent:*
More strong is my Commission. *And, what e're*
It seemes to those who unacquainted are
With Gods Characters, *and his* Privie seale,
The Times *to come shall openly reveale*

What these perceive not; and, it shall be seene,
That I have warrantably called beene.
Meane time my Conscience *knowes I have not run*
With rashnesse into that which I have done;
But, rather that I maugre mine owne will,
Was rouzed up, and spurred onward still,
In this performance; when my Cowardice,
My Sloth, *my* Pleasures, *or my* Avarice,
Or worldly Policies, *their baits did lay,*
To tempt and draw my heart another way.
Yea, so untoward was I to conforme
My Will, *this uncouth* Action *to performe,*
That, many times I quite gave off to doe
What I had vowed, and set hand unto.
For, had not God by terrors, wants, distractions,
And crossing all those temporall hopes *and* actions
Which I attempted, since I first began
This taske: or, if he had not now and than
Among those lashes, mixed comfortings,
And apprehensions of diviner things
Then flesh and blood informeth (as, no doubt,
This Booke will prove to some who reade it out)
I neither should have knowne what I have told,
Nor dared in these times to be so bold.
For, when the World *can tempt me for a day,*
To cast such Meditations *quite away,*
(And plod, as others doe, in her affaires,)
My Courage, *and my* Comforts, *it impaires.*
And, if I happen then, to over-looke
Some passages in this ensuing Booke,
I wonder at their boldnesse, just as much
As he, whose heart had never such a touch:
And, till by reading them, new fire I take,
My owne Expressions, *me doe fearfull make.*

Yet,

Yet, here are poore and ſlender things, to that
Which of theſe Times, *time comming will relate:*
For though my Fortune *hath obſcured me,*
Yet in all matters might it fitting be
For me to ſpeake my knowledge of thoſe things
Which to my eare and eye, Occaſion *brings,*
So many ſad Relations I could make,
That every honeſt Readers heart would ake;
And think this Nation *fooliſh, (if not mad)*
Or, that all Reaſon quite forſooke us had.
Yea, had I meanes to prove to ev'ry man,
What to my owne experience prove I can;
Or were it meet, in publike to declare
All things which knowne, and unconſidered are;
My Muſe *would make, perhaps, ev'n thoſe to grieve,*
(And tremble too) who doe nor yet beleeve,
Nor care to know how deſp'rately diſeaſ'd
This Land *is growne. How ever they are pleaſ'd*
Who have diſtemper'd it; to you I truſt
It ſhall not be diſtaſtfull, that I muſt
Dilate my minde a little, in ſuch wiſe,
That you may ſee how ſicke your Kingdome *lies.*
For, that alone which fits me to diſcloſe,
And what's already knowne to friends and foes
My Verſe *diſcouers. Yea what to conceale*
More harmes, then profiteth your Commonweale,
Is here in part commemoriz'd, to ſhow
That we conſider not the things we know.
And, if I ſhall miſcarie for declaring
Theſe needfull Truths, *(and, for this honeſt daring)*
A ruſh I care not. For, I'de rather die
Alone, before thoſe dayes of miſery
That ſeeeme to be approaching (and for ſaying
What (being beeded) might procure the ſtaying

of

Of universall Plagues) *then live and perish*
With fooles, who doe themselves for slaughter nourish.
I am no Statesman, *neither* (*by pretence*
Of having gotten large intelligence)
Would I insinuate for more esteeme
Then I deserve; *or, to deserve may seeme.*
But, being set on such a middling height,
Where I (*by God's permission*) *have the sight*
Of many things (*which they shall never see*
Who far above, or far below me be)
What I observe, I ponder, and compare;
And, what I thinke may profit, I declare.
I therefore hope, what e're the person seeme,
The matter shall procure it selfe esteeme:
And make this age to know, there's majesty
In simplest Truth; *and such authority*
As will command regard, though want it shall
Those glorious garbs which falshood jets withall.
I hope to see all Vertue shine in You;
And that your good example will renue
Decaying Piety. *I likewise hope*
That these Remembrances *shall find no stop*
By your appointment, nor by any pow'r
Which taketh her authority from yaur.
For, when it shall be seene, that you give way
To publish This: *your people justly may,*
(*And will*) *affirme, that you are still the same*
They hoped of you: *that you also blame*
As much as any, what disordered is;
And, that you seeke to mend what's found amisse:
Yea, they that else will storme and vexe to see
My Lines, thus bold, will calme and quiet be.
However; I have said, *and*, I have done;
Let what God pleaseth follow thereupon.

My

To the KING.

My heart is fixed; and I up have taken
Those Resolutions, that will stand unshaken,
(I trust) though Earth should sinke, and all the Spheares
Come thundring downe in flames about my eares.
Which Hopes of mine, some will, perchance deride,
And foole themselves, to see my patience tride
By what they can inflict, (unlesse you stay
That rage, to which my Verse provoke them may)
But, see your Honour be not wronged by it,
And, let them doe their worst, for I defie it:
Because I know, what e're the spight of man,
Against this Poeme, speake or practise can,
It shall continue, when all those be rotten,
Or live with infamy, or dye forgotten,
Who shall oppose it. Moreover know,
That, dead, or living, I esteem'd shall grow,
For what they blame. That Genius tells me this,
Which never yet perswaded me amisse,
And, I beleeve him: Else let me become
Of all as scorn'd, as I am now of some.
Yea, if they ever drive me to repent,
That honest minde with which I under-went
This Labour; Let the wishes of my Foes
Befall me, and let every one of those
Who either heare me nam'd in future ages,
Or shall perceive, I fail'd in my Presages,
Be bold to say, my heart was never right,
But, that I liv'd and di'de an HYPOCRITE

Your Majesties most loyall Subject,

and most humble Servant,

GEO: WITHER.

A Premonition.

STay *Reader*, and take a few lines by way of *prevention*: For, though in meere temporall endeavors, I observe with *Solomon*, that, *The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor bread to the wise, nor riches to men of understanding, nor favour to men of skill, but that time and chance commeth to all*; yet, I know every man is to prosecute likely meanes of convenient things. And, though *Ignorance* waxeth so arrogant, and *Art* so envious, that after much paines in some good performance, wee must otherwhile take as much more to prevent misconstructions (and thinke our selves well rewarded, if at last we may escape without a mischiefe) yet, since it is the common lot, I will beare it patiently, and seeke to avoyd as many inconveniences as I may.

It is impossible to prevent all: for, some out of meere malice practise the disparagement of every labour whereby the glory of God may seeme to bee advanced, and if on the *Worke* they cannot fasten their *Detractions*, then they will, to disable it, vilifie the person of the *Author*. This was the conspiracy of the *Iewes* against *Ieremy*, (*Come (said they) let us devise devices against him, let us smite him with the tongue, and let us not give heed to any of his words.*) And this way also in so violent a manner have I beene persecuted, as if my Disgrace might advance the publike Honour.

Against my *MOTTO*, though (as I forespake) it redounded to their owne shame, so raged my Adversaries, that not content with my personal troubles, they sought the disparagement of that Booke, by a libellous answer thereunto: wherein, I was used as most writers of *Controversies*, in these dayes, use each other; To wit, they objected what I never thought,

and then made replies to their owne devices; which being finished, was imprinted with an inscription falsly charging me, with labouring to stay the publication thereof; and then also, it was very gloriously fixed on the gate of my lodging, as if it had been some bill of *Triumph*. But, it proved a ridiculous *Pamphlet*, and became more losse and disgrace unto the divulgers thereof, then I desired; and, none thought the worse of me or that *Booke* for those Invectives, save they onely, whose commendations would be more dishonor to me, then their dispraise.

Hereby, therefore, I seeke not so much to prevent the like injury to my person, as to remove those occasions of prejudice, which scandalous censures may raise in some other, who might else, perhaps, receive the more profit from this *REMEMBRANCER*: And what I will say to that purpose shall bee very briefe.

First (in regard my ayme in this *Poeme*, is chiefly God's glory, and the welfare of this *Church* and *Commonwealth*) I desire I may not be traduced, though I have here and there inserted some lighter expressions, then seeme at first view to become the gravity of the *Subject*: For, (considering the common vanity, and how tedious matters of most consequence are unto some eares) it is necessary, and by good authority warrantable, to make use of all indifferent meanes, to worke on humane infirmities, for our hearers profit.

Secondly, I request that wherein I differ from the vulgar Teners, I may not rashly bee reproved; but that my affirmations, may with all their due circumstances, be first weighed: For, otherwhile there is just occasion to hyperbolize. And, as he that rectifying

tifying a crooked ſtaffe, bends it ſomewhat on the ot ier ſide: ſo, in many caſes, we are conſtrained to urge that which appeares over much on the right hand, before thoſe who are too far on the left hand, will beleeve they are ought awry. Thus did the *Fathers* of the *Church* when they had to doe with ſome *Hereſikes*, and have beene thereby miſ underſtood, and miſ-cenſured by heedleſſe Readers. In the ſame manner have my writings beene abuſed; yea, my hearers have beene ſo haſty, that had I not explained my ſelfe to be of their opinion, within ſome few lines after, doubtleſſe they would have robbed me of my owne meaning. But, they who well heed what I affirme or deny, will finde (I hope) that I keepe a middling path betwixt extreames.

If any conceive (as I heare they doe) that I did unwiſely to remaine in *London* during the great *Mortality* here memorized, let them peruſe the third *Canto*, and they ſhall there ſee, what *Motives* and what warrant I had for ſo doing. I think it will ſatisfie them; for, ſo well it ſatisfied me, that (whatſoever others may imagine) I know it had beene better I ſhould have periſhed in that *ſickneſſe*, then to have had a heart diſobedient to ſuch *motions*.

If any taxe me for inſerting ſo many Lines concerning my owne thoughts and reſoluſions; let them conſider what uſe ſome Readers may make by application to themſelves; by having my inward conflicts for their examples; and by ſeeing alſo what neceſſities there were for me to ſtrengthen my ſelfe, both againſt the world, and againſt my owne frailties; (in my hazardous undertakings) by expoſtulating with my heart, what my conſcience could ſay, for it ſelfe. Let them, I ſay, conſider what in this kinde is conſi

derable, and then, perhaps, those personall relations will not seeme impertinent.

If question be made, by what authority, I took on me to write this *Ilands* REMEMBRANCER: in the fifth *Canto*, and in some other places of this Book, they shall finde mention of my *Commission*; And if they be not thereby perswaded, that I have a good *Authority*, it will be through their ignorance, and no fault of mine. Those *Mercies* and *Iudgements* of God's which I memorize, are such as this *Kingdome* is generally witnesse of. The *Sins* I reprove, are none but those which were, and are notoriously committed: I have reprehended them in such manner, as God's holy *Word*, and the universall law of *Nature* hath warranted in all ages. I have foretold what shall come upon such Transgressors, according to the predictions of the *Prophets*. I have assured, upon *Repentance*, those blessings which God himselfe hath promised. I have confirmed all my owne Resolutions by the divine *Covenant*, and that working of the blessed *Spirit*, which I have a feeling of in my own heart: And, if in these things I be deceived, I know not who hath power to make me confident of any thing in this life.

If any dislike my personating God (as in the first *Canto*) let them search, and they shall finde it usuall not onely in Christian *Poems*, but also in the holy *Text*. And if we introduce him according to his *Attributes*, and speaking according to what in his written word he hath already spoken, it may be justified. If my personating *Mercy* and *Iustice*, or my creating of other *Objects* representative, or my *Method*, or my *Phrase*, or any such like, seeme offensive; my *Muse* hath apologized for her selfe, as much as I thinke needfull,

needfull, in many places of this Booke as occasion is offered, especially in the second, fifth, and eighth *Canto's*.

If the *Poeme* seeme too large, or the particulars to be over tediously insisted vpon; consider, in how many impertinent and trifling discourses and actions the best of us doe consume farre more houres then the perusall of this requires minutes, and yet thinke it no tediousnesse: and let them call to minde how many huge Volumes this age imprints and reades, which are foolish, if not wicked: let them remember also, that our whole life is little enough to be employed in the meditation of what is here recorded. Let them be perswaded likewise, that I have not written this for those who have no need thereof, or to shew my owne wit or compendiousnesse, but to warne and instruct the ignorant; to whom I should more often speake in vaine, if I did not otherwhile by repetitions and circumlocutions, stirre up their affections, and beat into their understandings, the knowledge and feeling of those things which I deliver. Yea, let them know, that I know those expressions will bee both pleasing and profitable to some, which they imagine to be needlesse, and superabundant; and that I had rather twenty nice *Criticks* should censure mee for a word here and there superfluous, then that one of those other should want that which might explaine my meanings to their capacities, and so make frustrate all my labour to those who have most need of it, and for whom it was chiefly intended.

If you find any thing which may seeme spoken out of due *Time*; blame not mee altogether; for, it is above two yeares since I laboured to get this *Booke* printed; and it hath cost me more mony, more pains,

and much more time to publish it, then to compose it: For, I was faine to imprint every sheet thereof with my owne hand, because I could not get allowance to doe it publikely: so unwilling are we of *Remembrancers* in this kind.

If you find ought else that may be doubted of, or for which I may seeme reprovable, or needing advice; let me christianly and charitably receive intelligence thereof: And if I make not a reasonable defence, I will humbly acknowledge and give the best satisfaction for my errors, that I am able. So, I commit you to the blessing of God, and to the perusall of this *REMEMBRANCER*, if you please.

Geo: Wither.

BRITTAN'S REMEMBRANCER.

Canto the first.

Our Author *first with* GOD *begimes;*
Describes his anger for our sinnes;
Of all his Iudgements *muster makes;*
Declares how Mercy *undertakes*
The pleading of this Kingdome's Cause,
To bring God's wrath unto a pawse;
And (for the common Reader) states
High things, with lowly Attributes.
Then, steps into a praiseſull straine
Of CHARLES *his new-beginning Reigne;*
Empleres that well-succeed be myn,
And for his weale makes Mercy pray.
He Iustice *also, introduces,*
Complaining on our grosse abuses,
Who provoth so, our sinfull Nation
To merit utter Desolation,
That all Gods Plagues *hath us enclosed,*
If Mercy *had not interposed.*
But, after pleading of the case,
With Iustice, Mercy *doth embrace,*
Who (that our sinnes may punished be)
To send the Pestilence *agree;*
Their other Plagues a while suspending,
To prove how that will worke amending.

ONe *Storm* is past, & though some clouds appear,
A peaceſull ayre becalmes our Hemiſpheare.
That frighting *Angell* whose devouring blade,
Among the People such a havock made,

Is now departed, and hath tooke from hence
His pois'ned Arrowes of the *Pestilence*.
God smoothes his brow; and lo, we now obtaine
The cheerfull brightnesse of his face againe.
Oh, boundlesse *Mercy!* what a change is this!
And what a joy unto my heart it is!
Run quickly *Muse*, to cary thy *Oblation*;
And, (twixt that *Angell*, and the *Congregation*)
Some sweet perfume to our *Preserver* burne,
Before that bloody *Messenger* returne.
Let all affaires keepe off, and give thee way;
For, though my faireſt outward *Fortunes* lay
This houre at spoyle, I would not be advis'd
To speake for them, till I had sacrifis'd;
Nor will I, to the world, one line allow,
Till I have made performance of my *Vow*.
Most awfull *Pow'r*, by whom hath formed bin
The Globe of Heav'n and Earth, and all therein;
Thou *Alpha*, and *Omega* of my Songs,
To whom all glory, and all fame belongs;
To thee, thrice holy and Almighty King,
Of *Iudgement*, and of *Mercy*, now I sing.
Thou hast unclos'd my lips, and I will raise
My thankfull voice in setting out thy praise:
Thou hast preserv'd thy Children in the flame,
And we ascribe the glory to thy *Name*:
Thou saved hast thy people from their crimes;
And, here, I publish unto future Times,
What I have seene. Oh! let my *Poeme* be
A sanctified *Sacrifice* to thee.
Accept this poore *Oblation* I prefer;
These drams of *Incense*, and these drops of *Mirrh*,
(Which fired in Afflictions Flame, perfume
Thy sacred *Altars*) gratiously assume;

And give my Lines a date to laſt as long
As there are ſpeakers of our *Engliſh* tongue,
That Children, yet unborne, may reade the Story
Which now I ſing, to thy perpetuall glory.
And, harke ye *People*: harken you, I pray,
That were preſerv'd with me to ſee this day;
And liſten you that ſhall be brought upon
This *Stage* of action, when our *Scæne* is done:
Come harken all; and let no ſoule refraine
To heare; nor let it heare my words in vaine.
For, from the Slaughter-houſe of *Death*, and from
The habitations of the *Dead* I come.
I am eſcaped from the greedy Iawes
Of *Hell*, and from the furious *Lions* pawes;
With ſorrowes I have lodged; and I have
Experience in the horrors of the *Grave*;
In thoſe diſcomforts which, by day, aſſaile;
And thoſe black terrors which, by night, prevaile:
Deſpaire, with her grim Furies, I have ſeene;
Spectator of Gods *Iuſtice* I have beene;
And, paſſing through Gods *Iudgements*, had a ſight
Of thoſe his *Mercies* which are infinite:
And here, I tell the world what I obſerved;
For, to this purpoſe is my ſoule preſerved.
That fatall *Yeare*, in which the forward *Spring*
Beeame an *Autumne* to our peacefull *King*;
When *Iames* his Crowne and Scepter did forgoe,
That *Charles* (of whom this Kingdome hopeth ſo)
Might ſhew, when he did weare his Diadem,
How worthily we plac'd our hopes on him.
Yea, when within the compaſſe of one houſe,
Two *Kings* both had, and had not, *Regall* pow'r:
Ev'n then, by *Thames* faire Banks, I did reſide,
Where her ſweet waters waſheth ev'ry *Tide*

The ſpacious verge of that well peopled *Towne*,
Which with moſt princely Pallaces doth crowne
Her goodly *ſtreame*, and at her *Ports* and *Keyes*,
Take in the wealth of Kingdomes and of Seas.
Our ſoueraigne *Citie*, then I did eſpie
Vpon the couch of ſoft ſecurity;
And, how with Peace and Plenty being fed,
She toyed like a wanton, on her bed.
I ſaw her dreſt in all that rich attire,
Which doth inflame her *Lovers* with deſire;
And how her idle Children, ev'ry day,
Sate downe to eate, and drinke, and roſe to play.
For, ſhe was growne inſenſible of cares;
She had almoſt forgotten, ſighes, and teares;
And all this *Iland* in her cup of *Pleaſure*,
With her had quaffed (ſo much out of meaſure)
Till they grew drunke together through exceſſe,
And wilde and giddy in their drunkenneſſe.
They had almoſt forgotten him, from whom
Their eaſe and their proſperity did come.
They ſpent their houres in laughter and in ſong,
And grew regardleſſe of the poore mans wrong.
They alwayes clothed went in ſoft aray;
They fed themſelues with dainties, day by day;
And, that no outward meanes of pleaſure might
Be wanting, to accompliſh their delight,
Thoſe iollities, wherein they did appeare,
Were further'd by the ſeaſon of the yeare.
The *winde* then breathed on them wholſome aire
The *Groues*, their ſummer clothings did repaire;
The fruitfull *Fields* with freſh greene gownes were clad,
Which *Flora* curiouſly embroydered had;
The pleaſant *Gardens* their choyce plaints diſplaid,
Their *Orchard* with gay bloſſomes wore arraid;

The

The winged *Choriſters* did ſweetly ſing,
And with choice Muſicke welcome in the *Spring*:
Their *ſtreets* with matchleſſe bravery did ſhine;
Their *Parlers* many beauties did enſhrine;
Their coſtly *Bowres* with rarities were hung,
And alwayes filled with a merry throng,
Of nought but ſports & triumphs were their dreams
Wealth, health & honor, were their ſtudied theames
No noiſome *Plagues*, within their Gates were found,
Of Grones, their dwellings did but rarely ſound,
Nor was there eu̇ny ſtorme or danger feared:
For, in this *Hemiſphere* ſo bright appeared
New *CHARLES*. *his-maine*, that ſunlike he did chaſe
All fogs of diſcontentment from each place,
And, all thoſe clouds of griefe expelled farre,
VVhich roſe at ſetting of our *IACOB*. *Starre*.
But, oh how truſtleſſe are theſe lying ſhowes
Of happineſſe, on which moſt men repoſe
Their greateſt confidence? And from our ſight
How ſwiftly did theſe pleaſures take their flight?
For, whether he, who from his heav'nly *Sphere*
Beholdeth all our thoughts and actions here,
Did with a ſearching eye, examine more
Our courſes at that preſent then before:
Or, whether hee our careleſneſſe had eyde,
Or our hypocriſie, or elſe our pride,
Or our impiety; or whether he
Did in this *Iland*, or this *Kingdome* ſee
Our old Idolatries come creeping in,
Or, whether he ſome new deviſed ſinne,
Deſcride to ſprout among us here, yea, whether
It were ſome one of theſe, or all together,
Or what it was, I know not: But it prov'd
A *crying ſinne*, and ſo extreamly moov'd

God's

God's gentleneſſe, that angry he became;
His browes were bended, and his eyes did flame.
Me thought I ſaw it ſo: and (though I were
Afraid within his preſence to appeare)
My Soule was rais'd above her common ſtation;
Where what enſues I view'd be *Contemplation.*

There is a ſpacious *Round* which bravely reares
Her *Arch* above the top of all the *Spheares*,
Vntill her bright *Circumference* doth riſe
Above the reach of Mans, or Angels eyes;
Conveying through the Bodies chriſtalline
Thoſe Rayes which on our lower Globe doe ſhine;
And, all the great and leſſer *Orbes*, doe lye
Within the compaſſe of that *Canopy.*

In this large Roome of State is fixt a Throne,
From whence the wiſe *Creator* looks upon
His workmanſhip; and thence doth heare and ſee,
All ſounds, all places, and all things that be.
Here ſate the *King of Gods*; and from about
His eye-lids, ſo much terror ſparkled out,
That ev'ry circle of the Heav'ns it ſhooke,
And all the World did tremble at his looke;
The proſpect of the *Skie*, that earſt was cleare,
Did with a lowring countenance appeare:
The troubled *Ayre*, before his preſence fled;
The *Earth* into her boſome ſhrunk her head;
The *Deeps* did roare; the *Heights* did ſtand amaz'd;
The *Moone* and *Stars* upon each other gaz'd;
The *Sun* did ſtand unmoved in his path;
The Hoaſt of Heav'n was frighted at his wrath;
And with a voice which made all Creatures quake,
To this effect, the great ETERNALL ſpake.

Are we a GOD? and is there pow'r in us
To ſtartle all our whole Creation thus?

And

And yet, are we deſpis'd, as if theſe Pow'rs
Were either leſſer growne, or none of ours?
Are we, that with our gentleſt breath can blow
All things to nothing, ſtill abuſed ſo?
Hath our long-ſuffring hardned ſo our Foes,
That now our Godhead *into queſtion growes?*
Nay (which is worſe) have we compaſſion ſhowne,
Till we are quite neglected of our owne?
Is this the Land *whom we have lov'd ſo long,*
And, in our love, elected from among
The Heathen Iles *(and at the firſt was hurl'd*
Into the utmoſt corner of the world)
That we might raiſe the glory of her name,
To equall Kingdomes of the greateſt fame?
Is this that Iland, *which our love did place*
(Within our boſome) in the ſafe embrace
Of great Oceanus? *and, garden like*
Did wharfe about (within her watry Dike)
With mighty Rocks, and Cliffes, whoſe tops were higher,
Then any foming Billow dares aſpire?
Is this the Kingdome, *which our hand hath made*
The Schoole *and* Shop, *of ev'ry Art, and Trade?*
The Cornucopia *of all needfull plenties?*
The Storehouſe, *and the Cloſſet of our daintics?*
Our Iewell-houſe, *and* Palace royall, *where*
The faireſt of our Loves *maintained are?*
Is this the Country *which our bounty ſerved*
With ſtore of bread, when many Lands were ſtarved?
And whom we have preſerved from the ſpoiles
Of Foes abroad, and from domeſticke broyles?
Are theirs the Cities, *which doe weare the* Flag
Of Peace, *while* Rochel, Heidleberg, *and* Prague,
And all the Chriſtian world engaged are,
In ſome offenſive, or defenſive warre?

Are

Are their's the Cities, *to whose fleets were shownе,*
The pathlesse wayes through many seas unknowne?
Whose wealthy Merchants *have encreast their trade*
From ev'ry Port *and* Creek, *that we have made?*
Whose vessel, have, by our protection, gone
Past both the Tropicks, *and through every* Zone,
And made their petty Villages, *become*
Acquainted with more worlds, then ancient Rome?

Is this that people *unto whom we gave,*
More lovely Bodies, then most Nations have?
And in whose minds (of our especiall grace)
We did the best approued temper place?
Is this that People, *whom we did restore*
To humane shape, when as the lewd *lee whore*
Had with her charmed Cup of poisned wine,
Transform'd them into Asses, Apes and swine?
Did we in persecution beare their cries?
Take off, the scales of blindnesse from their eyes?
Winke at their follies, when they most offended?
Forbeare the punishments that were intended?
From diverse Plagues inflicted them release?
Make Europe *stand and wonder at their peace?*
Yea, save them from the malice of their Foe,
When all were like to perish at a blow?
And, grace and favour undeserved shew,
When they their owne destruction did pursue?

Have we, these threescore yeares and upwards blest
Their Kingdomes *from those troubles that infest*
Most other States? *And (when their soules had bin*
Nigh famisht else) did we provide a Queene,
(A maiden Queene, *with vertues masculine)*
To nurse them up in holy Discipline?
Did we provide, when she her course had run,
A King *who favor'd, what her hand begun?*

And

And now another, who doth both restore
Those hopes they lost in him, and promise more?
Did we but here, of late, when they had lost
Their Prince (*that now is* King) *when they almost*
Despair'd of his returne, for evermore,
When he remained on th' Iberian *shore?*
Did we accept their vowes? observe their teares?
Compassionate their jealousies and feares?
And send their Darling *home, when few did know*
Whereon to build a hope it should be so?
Yea, when throughout the world no other pow'r,
Could such a work have compassed but our?
Have we endur'd their frowardnesse so long?
Forgiven and forgotten so much wrong?
Sought after them, when they had us forsaken?
So oft, their counterfeit Repentance taken?
So many times apparant made unto them,
What mischiefes their owne foolish projects doe them?
Yea, did we freely sundry blessings daigne
Vnaskt, which other Lands could not obtaine
By labors, vowes, and prayers? And have they thus,
For all these benefits requited us?
Is that their vowed thankfulnesse? Are these
The fruits of all their zealous promises?
Is this their Piety? *Goe, draw together*
Thy Forces, Vengeance: *quickly march them thither,*
With all our Armies; *and consume them so,*
That we may never more displeased grow
At their unkindnesse; or be cheated by
The fained weepings of Hypocrisie.
No sooner had he spoken, but, behold,
An Hoast (which he doth alway keepe enrold,
To execute his wrath) did straight appeare,
And in his awfull presence mustred were.

So

So many *Troups*, did round about him throng,
That, all the world with *Plagues*, was overhung:
For not a *Judgement* is there, which hath name,
But, thither to attend his *Will* it came.
Sterne-visag'd *WAR* (whose very look doth strike)
Came driving on his Charret, *Iehu*-like;
Arm'd and belet with holberts, bills, and glaves,
Bowes, arrowes, pikes pole-axes, darting staves,
Guns, balls of fire, and ev'ry thing that furthers
The worke of *Desolation*, *Wounds*, and *Murthers*.
His prime companions, *Theft* and *Rapine* were,
With all those *Vices* which most cruell are.
And at their heeles pursued all those *Bands*
Of raging mischieses, that afflict the *Lands*
On which he falls. This is that roring *Fiend*
Who Lawes, and Leagues, doth into pieces rend.
This is that bloody *Tyrant*, who o're-turnes
The goodl'est *Monuments*, and spoiles and burnes
The faireſt Dwellings. This, is he that razes
Renowned Cities, and the strongest places.
This is that sacrilegious Theefe, who spares
Nor *Hospitall* nor *Temple*; neither heares
The suits or cries of aged or of young;
Nor is regardfull of men weake or strong.
The Suckling from his Mothers breſt he snatcheth
And braines it in her sight: The Wife he catcheth
Ev'n from her Husbands bed; and Virgins from
Their Lovers armes, his Strumpets to become.
A fertile Soile he makes a Wilderneſſe,
And Wolves, and Beares, and Foxes, to poſſeſſe
Those places, wherein Arts did once abound;
And where have dwelled Nations most renown'd.
However, he's an instrument of God's;
And usually, the last of all those rods

Which

Which on a thankleſſe Kingdome he doth lay,
Before he finally remove away
The meanes of *Grace*. Next him, came ſneaking in
Leane *Famine*, with bare bones, and parched skinne;
With deep ſunke eyes, with talons over-growne;
With hungry teeth that would have crackt a ſtone;
And, cloſe behind her, and at either hand,
Such Troups did wait, as are at her command.
The crawling *Caterpillers*, waſtfull *Flyes*,
The skipping *Locuſt* (that in winter dies)
Floods, *Froſts*, & *Mildewes*, *Blaſtings*, *Windes*, & *Stormes*,
Drough, *rav'nous Fowles*, & *Vermine*, *Weeds*, & *Wormes*:
Sloth, *Evill husbandry*, and ſuch as thoſe,
Which make a ſcarceneſſe where moſt plenty grows.
This is that hungry *Houſwife*, who firſt found
The ſearching out for meat from under ground;
To dig up Roots; to reliſh, well, the taſt
Of ſtinking Garlick, and of bitter Maſt.
She taught poore people how to fill their mawes,
With Bramble-berries, Hedge-picks, Hips, & Hawes.
Twas ſhe who finding on the ſandy ſhore
A heape of *Oiſters* (all bedaubed o're)
Firſt ſought within thoſe dirty ſhels for meat,
Elſe we had never dar'd of them to eate;
Nor thought, nor hoped, that ſo foule a diſh
Could bring to table ſuch a dainty fiſh.
Twas ſhe that learn'd the *Spaniards* how to dreſſe
Their *Frogs*; the *Frenchman* how to cooke a meſſe
Of ſpumy *Muſhromes*; *Germans* how to make,
A dinner or a ſupper on a *Snake*;
Italians on the ſlimy *Snaile* to feed;
Our *Iriſhmen* to live upon a weed
That growes in Marſhes. And I dare to ſay,
That, but for her, we ſcarce had heard this day

Of

Of *Caveär*, and twenty ſuch like bables,
VVhich *Glattony* now ſets upon our Tables.
The broyling of old ſhooes, was her device;
And ſo was eating Carrion, Rats, and Mice.
Thoſe dainty pallats which could reliſh nought
But what was ſet farre off, and dearly bought,
She ſo hath dieted, that they could feed
On mouldy ſcraps; and beg them too for need.
This *Hag*, hath Townes and Cities famiſhed.
VVith humane fleſh, ſhe hungry men hath fed:
She forc't them hath to ſuck their horſes blood:
To feed on Pigeons dung (in ſtead of food)
And dearly purchaſe it. Yea, ſome conſtrained
To drinke their Vrine, when they drought ſuſtained.
Nay, this is that unequall'd cruell-one,
VVho urg'd a *Mother*, once, to kill her *Sonne*,
And make unnaturally that curſed wombe
VVhich gave him being, to be made his tombe.
Ev'n this is *She*, God ſhield us from her cheere,
And grant her *Plagueſhip* never ſettle here.
The *Peſtilence*, moreover, thither brought
Her feared forces, and employment ſought.
This is that Nimble *Fury*, who did ſlay
Her three and twenty thouſand in one day;
And in th' *Aſſirian* Camp, to death did ſmite,
Almoſt two hundred thouſand in one night.
Betwixt an evening and a morning-tide,
From ev'ry houſe a ſoule ſhe did divide
Throughout the Land of *Ægypt*; and could mark
Their eldeſt-borne, although the night were dark.
In little ſpace, ſhe quite hath overthrowne
Great Cities, and diſpeopled many a Towne.
She from each other makes acquaintance run,
Before that any injuries be done;

And

And of the poi'ning-*Art* hath found the height,
For, ſhe knowes how to poiſon by conceit.
A *Mantle* wrought with purple ſpots ſhe wore,
Emboſt with many a *Blaine*, and many a *Sore*.
She had a raving *Voice*, a frantick *Look*,
A noyſome *Breath*, and in her hand ſhe ſhooke
A venom'd ſpeare, which, where it toucheth, fills
The veines with poiſon, and diſtracts, and kills.
Within her *Regiment* are all Diſeaſes,
And ev'ry Torment which the Body ſeizes;
Gouts, *Collicks*, *Lethargies*, and *Apoplexies*,
Obſtruction, which the ſpleene, or ſtomack vexes;
The *Pox* of ev'ry kinde, *Rheumes*, *aches*, *Stitches*,
Quick killing *Pleuriſies*, and *Scabs*, and *Itches*;
The *Burning-Fever*, who deſerveth well
The place of her *Lieutenant-Colonell*;
Conſumptions, *Gangreeves*, *Coughes*, and *Squinancies*,
The *Falling-evill*, *Cramps*, and *Lunacies*,
(With other ſuch Diſeaſes, many moe
Then I am able by their names to know)
Beſides thoſe maladies the Sea procures,
As, ſloath-bred *Scurvies*, and mad *Calentures*;
And all thoſe other Griefes, and Sorrowes, which
Thoſe Sickneſſes doe bring on poore and rich.
But, of that *Hoaſt* which here is mentioned,
The maine *Battalion* was both rang'd and led
By that ſlye *Prince*, (ev'n that malicious one)
Which in the ayrie Region hath his throne.
To further his deſignes, he brought in *Lyes*,
Extortion, *Bribing*, *Fraud*, and *Perjuries*;
With many thouſand ſtratagems beſide,
Whoſe dangerous effects are often tride.
All ravenous *Beaſts*, (or rather thoſe of whom
Such Beaſts are Emblemes) in his troups did come:

To

To worke his miſchiefes (with amaze and wonder)
He furniſht was with Lightnings, Winds, & Thunder;
Prodigious apparitions, and thoſe ſights
Wherewith mens troubled fancies he affrights;
And, thither did (for ſoule-aſſaults) repaire
His two black Twins, *Preſumption* and *Deſpaire*.
Attended by thoſe manifold *Temptations*,
Wherewith he maketh ſure the reprobations
Of all obdurate ſinners; whom in wrath
Our God, deſervedly rejected hath.
These greedy *Spoilers*, hungry for a prey,
Stood ready, Gods commandings to obey:
Who having view'd their well prepared *Bands*,
(And ponting out his finger to theſe *Lands*)
Said; *Goe ye Plagues.* And (had he not beene ſtaid)
Lay waſte, that ſinfull *Realme*, he would have ſaid.
And yet, it ſeems, theſe dreadfull ſhews were rather
The threatnings of a wiſe and loving *Father*,
(To bring his Children to a filiall feare)
Then ſuch a wrath as doth in Foes appeare.
For, neither *Chance*, nor *Time*, nor *New-deſert*,
Was interpoſed on the guilty part:
But, God's owne goodneſſe brought the means about
That ſtopt our *Doome*, before his words were out.
And thus it was. The great *Almighty One*
Hath evermore attending on his throne
Two royall Daughters. One of them is ſhe
That's called *Iuſtice*; and her Emblemes be
An equall *Ballance*, and a flaming *Blade*,
To weigh the *Good* their due, and fright the *Bad*:
And, both with hand and eye ſhe threatens thoſe,
That her uprightneſſe, any way oppoſe.
The other for her *Hieroglyphick*, weares
A *Box of Balme*, and in her boſome beares

A ſucking *Lambe*, (which meek and harmles creature
Doth ſomewhat intimate her gentle nature)
Betwixt her beauteous breſts, a true *Compaſſion*
Erecteth her perpetuall habitation;
And, ſuch a lovely ſweet aſpect hath ſhe,
Thats if *Wrath* ſaw her, *Wrath* in love would be.
We call her *Clemency*. She often makes
Our peace with God, and his diſpleaſure flakes.
This *Princeſſe*, marking well with what intent
Her *Lord* would thoſe great *Armies* forth have ſent;
And finding, by that wrath ſhe ſaw in him,
What *Deſolations* would have followed them;
With teares of pitie, to his throne ſhe ran,
To kiſſe and to embrace his feet began;
And (whilſt his halfe-ſpoke ſentence God delaid)
Theſe words, the faire-well ſpoken *Virgin* ſaid.
Deare, oh deare Father! *wherefore frownſt thou ſo?*
What fearfull thing art thou about to doe?
Hold (I beſeech thee hold) thou backe the doome,
Which from thy lips is now about to come;
And bear (Dread Sov'raign) *heare thy* Handmaid *ſpeak*
A word or two, before thy Iuſtice *wreake*
Deſerved vengeance on that wretched place
Which hath ſo fallen from thy wonted Grace.
Look Father, *looke upon me: it is I,*
Thy beſt-beloved Daughter CLEMENCIE:
Tis I whom thou forgetteſt. I am ſhe
Who in thy boſome lay, belov'd of thee
Before all worlds; and had a ſov'raignty
O're all thy creatures from eternity.
Tis I, at whoſe intreaty thou wert moved
To ſend thine onely Sonne, *thy* beſt-beloved
(For Mans redemption) to aſſume the nature,
The forme, and frailties, of a ſinfull creature.

Tis

'Tis I that have presumed to become
A suitor now, to stay thy heavy doome:
And, why should I be doubtfull to make triall
Of thy regard, or fearfull of denial?
In Iudgement, *thou hast promised, oh* Lord!
To thinke on Me (ev'n in thy written word)
Yea, Heav'n and Earth have often heard thee say,
Thou never wouldst, for ever, cast away
Thy Loving-Mercy; *and, I know, thou must*
And wilt, be found in all thy sayings, just.
But, then, to what intents, doe These *appeare?*
Why are thy dreadfull Armies *mustred here?*
What favour is it possible to show,
Where such a Rablement *as this, shall goe?*
Why may not Pitie *shew her selfe as well*
Within the bottome of the lowest Hell
As where these revell? Doubtlesse, these rude Bands
Will spare nor Lawes *nor* Temples *in those Lands*
To which thou send them shalt; but, from each place
Root out (with ev'ry present meanes of Grace)
All outward helps of present knowing thee,
If equall to their hate, their pow'r may be.
And, what if then their breathlesse fury shall
Leave some few trifles which are temporall?
For what will they reserve them, but to breed
A race of Infidels? *a wicked* seed,
For them to prey upon? a Brood, *to whom*
The Blessings left Damnation shall become.
Thou hast upon that Iland (*I confesse*)
Bestowed Favours, great and numberlesse.
I know that they may justly blush for shame,
To heare how grossely they abuse thy Name;
Yea, they now are, and have a long time bin,
Growne out of measure sinfull in their sin.

Yet, if thou look upon them, thou ſhalt ſee
Some there, who bend not unto Baal *their knee;*
Some left, who for thine honour firme have ſtood;
Some, who have garments waſhed in the blood
Of thy unſpotted Lamb: *and ſome, which beare*
Thoſe marks, that Seales of thy free pardon are.
Oh! let not them enclos'd with Sinners *be,*
Nor ſwallowed up with ſuch who know not thee.
But, for the ſakes of thoſe forbeare thou, rather,
The Tares, untill thy Harveſt thou ſhalt gather:
So, by thoſe Follies which in them abound,
Thy Goodneſſe *ſhall the farther be renown'd.*
If, therefore, thou this Kingdome ſhouldſt not ſpare,
Becauſe, repleat with ſin her dwellings are,
What Nation *is there, or what Habitation,*
That merits not perpetuall reprobation?
Where wilt thou finde a People, *under Heav'n,*
Which hath not ev'ry way occaſion giv'n
Of thy diſpleaſure? Or, what Man is there
That in thy ſight could juſtifi'd appeare,
If thou ſhouldſt mark him with a frowning eye?
And, what a pretty Nothing, *then were* I,
If no man lived, that amiſſe had done,
For me, to exerciſe my pity on?
Nay, if Tranſgreſſion *had but finite been,*
How ſhould thy Mercies *infinite. be ſeene?*
Though on this Field (which thou haſt plow'd & ſown
With pureſt Wheat) *ſome wicked-ones have throwne*
Their Tares, *by night; yet, ſomewhat it hath borne*
For which it may be cald thy Field of Corne.
Thy Fence *is yet about it; and there ſtands*
A Fort, *and* Wine-preſſe, *builded by thy hands.*
There are thy Sacraments, *thy* Word *divine,*
There, is the Schoole *of Chriſtian Diſcipline.*

There

There, may the meanes of Grace be kept in store
For those who will hereafter prise them more.
Thy poore afflicted Servants, thither may
From forraine persecutions flye away;
And sheltred in a Storme, there safely tary,
As in a Fortresse, or a Sanctuary.
But, whither shall they flye when that lyes wast?
Where shall thy sacred Oracles be plac'd?
Or whither with her Sonne that Woman goe,
Who by the Dragon is pursued so?
I know that if thou please thou canst provide
A place for her, securely to abide,
Amid the Westerne wilderneſſe (and where
Scarce glimmerings of thy favours yet appeare)
By moulding out the Heathen Salvages
To be a people far surpassing these.
This, Lord, thou couldst effect; and make of them
Thy people, whom these most of all contemne.
And, since this Nation, in their wealthy peace,
Have sent out Colonies, but to encrease
Their private gaine: since they faire shows have made
Of publishing thy Gospell when the Trade
For cursed lucre (as the Times reveale)
Was chiefest founder of their famed zeale:
Since they in that, and other things, pretend
Religion, when tis farthest from their end:
Thou didst but right, if thou shouldst force their seed
To settle on some barbarous Coast for reed;
And, there, thy Truth, to those, with sorrow preach,
Whom they neglected, in their weale, to teach.
But, since it were no more for thee to doe,
This Land to save, and call another too,
Then one such worke so compasse; why I pray
Shouldst thou remove their Candlestick away?

Why

Why maiſt not Thou, who all compaſſion art,
Thy people, rather, by thy pow'r convert,
Then quite deſtroy them? wherefore ſhouldſt thou not
Their errors forth of thy remembrance blot,
As heretofore? And alwayes praiſed be
For that abundant Love, which is in thee?
Why ſhould their Foes and thine, with jeering ſay,
Now, now we ſee our long-expected Day?
Why wilt thou give them cauſe to domineere?
Ev'n thoſe, who love not thee, to laugh, and ſcere
At their deſtruction, who, thy Truth *profeſt,*
(If not unfainedly) in ſhew, at leaſt.
Though they have ill-deſerv'd, why ſhould the ſhame
Of their offences fall upon thy Name?
And, thy Blaſphemers *(by thy Peoples fall)*
Aſſume the boldneſſe on themſelves, to call
Thy Goſpel *into queſtion? Or, thereby,*
Their ſhamleſſe falſhoods ſeeke to juſtifie?
Why ſhould the wicked, take occaſion from
Theſe Plagues, *to ſay*; Where is their God become?
Where is their pow'r, on which they did repoſe?
Where is their Faith? where are the hopes of thoſe
Their ſervices? *Oh! for thine owne deare ſake,*
(However they deſerve) compaſſion take.
Deare SIR, *have pittie: and, as often, thou*
Haſt granted my reqaeſt, vouchſafe it now.
Yea, to thoſe many thouſands, heretofore,
From thy abundance, adde one favour more:
By theſe, and other Motives (breathed from
A zealous breſt) the heav'ns are overcome.
His love of us, doth ſo our *Sampſon* wound,
That, he hath taught us, how he may be bound.
Yea, *Holy-writ* informeth us, that He,
By ſuch like *Charmings*, will compelled be.

And, now they so prevailed, that the rage
Of our great God, they partly did aswage.
Which, MERCY by his looke, had quickly heeded;
And taking that advantage, thus proceeded.
Oh! what a comfort is it, to behold
Thine Eye speak Mercy, and thy Brow unfold
A reconcilement! Now, I seeme to see
Thy gracious face, to shine againe on me.
I finde it is the jealousie of Love,
(And no effect of hatred) which doth move
Thy wronged Patience; and, that when thou hidest
Thy presence in an angry Cloud, or chidest,
It is not alwayes in consuming wrath,
(To punish, as the fault deserved hath)
But, that thy frighting Iudgements *might prevaile,*
To worke amendment, when thy Love *doth faile.*
That People, whom so much thou didst affect,
How canst thou have a purpose to reject,
So long as in their Confines doth remaine
That Number, *which thy Vengeance doth restraine?*
Who can beleeve that thou defraia'st such cost,
To purchase what, thou meanest shall be lost?
Or, labour to erect them, didst bestow,
For nothing else, but them away to throw?
VVhy should I thinke, thy endlesse goodnesse, had
So little care, to save what thou hast made,
That Sathans *Hate, should for their Desolation,*
Out-worke thy Love, in working their Salvation?
Or, that the boundlesnesse of Mans transgression,
Could over-match thine Infinite Compassion?
It may not be beleeved; Or, that this
Pretended warre, for finall ruine is.
Since, if in summoning thy Iudgements, *now,*
Thou hadst propos'd their utter overthrow,

Thou wouldſt not have diſcovered an affection,
By ſtill continuing them, in thy protection,
As yet thou doſt: Nor daily ſend unto them
Love-tokens, (*as if kindneſſe, thou wouldſt doe them*
Which they ſhould never know of) *nor, make ſhow*
Of having left them, when tis nothing ſo.
Thus have I ſeene, on earth, a Lover uſe
His Beſt-beloved, *when ſhe did abuſe*
His true affection. Though he ſeeme unkinde,
That her unkindneſſe ſhe may thereby finde;
Yea, though he faine ſome outward diſreſpects,
Yet, in his heart, ſo truly he affects,
That, whatſoever good, he can, he does her:
By meanes unſeene, to her loſt vertues, woees her:
For her well-doing, takes a thouſand cares:
Of her ill-doing, hath ten thouſand feares:
Wakes not, but thoughts of her, in waking, keepes;
Sleeps not, but dreameth of her, when he ſleepes.
Not ceaſing to endeavour, till he ſee
Some ſparkes of loſt affection kindled be.
And, as her over ſights ſhe doth deplore,
So, he his love diſcovers, more and more;
Untill the fire, that was a long time hid,
Breake forth, and flame as high as e're it did.
I never knew thee, yet, to ruinate
A wicked Kingdome, *or a ſinfull* State,
Profeſſing thee; but, thou didſt firſt withdraw
From thoſe Offenders, thy abuſed Law.
And, as in Chriſtian Realmes, *the temp'rall Sword*
Cuts off no Preacher of thy bleſſed Word,
(*For any Crime committed*) *untill he*
Of Holy-orders, *firſt degraded be:*
So, thou (*moſt frequently*) *doſt firſt remove*
The Seales *of Grace, and* Pledges *of thy Love,*

Before thou give up Lands *into their pow'r,*
Who them, and theirs, shall finally devoure:
For, till thy holy things, *be fetched from*
Their Coast, such Desolation shall not come.
Those, they retaine. And, if conclude I shall
From hope of any blessing temporall,
That yet thou lovest them (and dost intend
Their Land, *with future favours, to befriend)*
That King *which thou hast now on them bestowne,*
Some token of thy Clemency hath showne.
For, if man may by good externall signes,
Conjecture whereunto his heart enclines:
If Thou, *to whom all secrets open be,*
See'st that in him, which mortalls hope they see;
And hast not mockt that People, *for their sinne,*
With shewes of things that have not reall bin:
(As Lord *forbid) No* Kingdome *hath a* Prince,
Whose infant yeares, gave better evidence,
That with an earthly Crowne he should inherit,
A plentious portion of thy sacred Spirit.
None liveth now, on whom the gen'rall eye
Did so much gaze, and so few scapes espy.
Few private men were in their youth so free
From all those vanities, which frequent be
In these rude times (he having meanes to doe
His pleasure, and, perhaps, strong temptings too)
Who seemed of those knowledges, more faine
That might informe him, to obey, *and* raigne?
How well those crossings was he thought to beare,
Which in the times of his subjection were?
And, with how brave a temper to neglect,
To be aveng'd of wrongs and disrespect?
What Sonne, *did in his Fathers life time, show*
A filiall feare *and* love, *united so?*

Or, which of all thy Vice-royes didſt thou ſee
Appeare more zealouſly devout then he?
Thou knoweſt which: But, if they doe not erre
Who, things by probability, inferre,
It might be ſaid, The world had not his peere
In all thoſe vertues, that are mention'd here.
And ſhould confeſſed be, ev'n of his foe,
They had not flattred who affirmed ſo:
Since, what was of his worth, at home conceived,
All Europe for a verity received.
And loe; now by thy Grace he ſitteth on
The ſeat of Rule, and in his Fathers Throne;
VVho giveth ſignes of truer love to thee?
Or of more conſcience, of his Charge, then He?
VVhat Monarke, in appearance, better preacheth
By good Examples, what thy Precepts teacheth?
Or which of all his reverend Prelacy,
In ſhewes of true religious conſtancie,
Outgoes or equals him? Oh! if ſo cleare
His vertues prove, as yet they doe appeare,
How glorious will they grow? And, what a light
VVill he become, when he aſcends the height
Of his great Orbe? And, oh! what pitty 'twere
His minde ſhould ever fall below that ſpheare
Of Grace which he hath climb'd! or, that thy Love
Should wanting be, to keepe him ſtill above!
How grievous would it be, that his beginning
(So hopefull, and ſuch love and honour winning)
Should faile that expectation, which it hath?
And, make thee ſhut thy favour up, in wrath?
Let not oh God! let not the ſins of others
Nor any fog (which Vertues glorie ſmothers)
Aſcending from his frailties, make obſcure
His riſing honor, which yet ſeemeth pure.

If ought, in him, be wanting of that worth
Which to the publike view is blaz'd forth,
Forgive, and perfect him, that he may grow,
To be in deed, what he appeares in show.
Yea, Lord *(as farre as humane frailty can*
Permit the same) make him, ev'n such a Man
As now that Kingdome *needs; and spare that* Nation
For him, which else deserveth Desolation.
If he be what he seemeth; Thou (I know)
Wilt save his Land *from utter overthrow.*
Thou, in the life-time of a pious King,
Wert never yet accustomed to bring
Destruction: For, thou shewedst him compassion,
Who did but once, well act humiliation;
Ev'n wicked Ahab; *and within his Times*
Thou wouldst not punish (no no!) his owne Crimes.
Oh! be as mercifull, as thou hast bin;
And let this King, *thy favours triumph in.*
Let that exceeding Grace already shew'd him,
(Ev'n that wherewith thy Spirit *hath indu'd him)*
Be Pledges of some greater Gifts, with which
Thou shalt in future times, his heart enrich.
His brest inflame thou, with a sacred fire;
Teach him to aske, and give him his desire:
Grant him thy Wisdome, and thy Righteousnesse,
The wrongs of all his People to redresse.
Let him the Widow, and the Orphane save,
Releeving all, that need of succour have:
And, let his Mountaines, *and each lesser* Hill,
His humbler Dales, *with peace, and plenty fill.*
As he was honor'd in his Preservation,
So, let him glory still in thy Salvation.
As he persisteth to relie on thee;
So, let him sure of thy protection be.

Be thou his onely joy. Be thou I pray
His Triumph on his Coronation-day.
Crowne thou his head with purified gold:
Make strong his Scepter, *and his* Throne *upheld,*
To be renowned by thy Grace divine,
As long as either Sunne, or Moone shall shine.
Since thou to rule thine Isr'el *dost appoint him,*
Let thy most holy Spirit, *Lord, anoint him.*
Make thou a league with him, as thou hast done
With David, *and adopt him for thy* Sonne.
To thee, Thou art my Father, *let him say,*
My God, my Rocke of safety, and my stay.
Throghout those Lãds, *where thou to raign shalt place him*
With Title, of thy First-begotten, *grace him.*
And, let his Kingdomes harbor none of them,
Who shall deny him to be their Supreme.
So guard, and so enclose him with thine Arme,
The Man of Sinne, *may never doe him harme.*
To him, his Adversaries all subject,
And, prosper none that him shall disaffect.
Lead thou his Armies, *when his* Warre *beginnes;*
Make thou his Peace, *when he the Battle winnes.*
Let still thy Truth, *and* Love, *with him abide;*
Let in thy Name, *his name be glorifi'd.*
Doe thou the Seas *into his pow'r deliver;*
Make thou his right hand reach beyond the River;
And, plant so strongly on the Banks of Rhyne,
Those fruitfull Branches of his Fathers *Vine,*
(Whom late the salvage Bore *(with tripled pow'r)*
Hath rooted up, with purpose to devoure)
That they may spread their Clusters, far and nigh;
And fill, and top, the Germane *Empery.*
Yea, minde thou, Lord, *the scornes and defamations,*
Which they have borne among their neighboring nations:

And, please to comfort them, and make them glad,
According to the sorrowes they have had.
To them, so sanctifie their great affliction,
That it may bring their vertues to perfection;
And, fit them for some place, in which they shall
Helpe reare againe, decaying Sions *wall.*
Oh! keep for them, a favour still in store;
Preserve them in thy League, *for evermore;*
Blesse thou that Race, which is or shall be given:
As lasting make it, as the dayes of heav'n:
And, if thy Lawes *or* Iudgements, *they forsake,*
Or, if thy League, *or* Covenant, *they breake,*
With Rods, let them, in mercie, be corrected;
But, never fall, for aye, to be rejected.
The like for this new Monark, *I emplore:*
In him, encrease thy Graces, more, and more.
Make him a Blessing, for all Christendome:
Make him, a Patterne, for all Times to come:
Make him, in ev'ry happy course persever;
And, let him live, for ever and for ever.
His Royall Robe, *he hath but new put on;*
And, I my prayers have but new begun.
Oh let me to thy Majestie *prefer*
These few Petitions, *in particular:*
And place them where, they may both day and night,
Stand, evermore, unfolded in thy sight.
First, teach him, to consider, how and why,
Thou hast enthron'd him on a seat so high;
And, so to think on his great charge; and trust,
As one who knowes he come to reckning must:
For, honors if by thee they be not blest,
Make wisest men as brutish as a beast.
Teach him to minde, how great the favour was,
When thou, of thy meere motion, and thy Grace,

Didst

Didſt from ſo many millions chuſe out him,
To weare this Kingdomes *foure-fold* Diadem:
And, make thy Servants, *favour'd in his ſight,*
As thou haſt made of him, thy Favorite.
Teach him, the fitteſt meanes to take away
(*And let none murmure at his juſt delay*)
Thoſe Groves, *and thoſe* Hill-Altars *in the Land,*
Which ſuffred are untill his dayes to ſtand:
And, give him wiſedome, wiſely to foreſee,
That Wheat from Chaffe, may well diſtinguiſht be.
For, ſome will, elſe, bring Truth *into ſuſpition,*
Condemne good Diſcipline, *for* Superſtition;
And with faire ſhewes, of Piety, beguile,
That underhand they may encroach, the while,
On Gods Inheritance; *and from her teare*
Thoſe outward Ornaments *his* Bride *doth weare.*
Oh! let him purge from Church *and* Commonweale,
Thoſe inflammations of corrupted zeale,
And indigeſted humors, which doe ſpread
Diſtempers through the Stomacke; *paine the* Head:
And, by prepoſt'rous courſes, raiſe a ſtorme
To rend that Body, *which it would reforme.*
Let him, his Reformations, *firſt begin,*
Like David, *with* himſelfe: *and ſearch within*
The cloſſet of his heart, what he can finde,
Which may annoy him there, in any kinde:
And let him thence expell it, though it were,
As deare unto him as his eye-balls are.
His Houſhold, *let him next enquire into,*
And, well informed be, what there they doe;
That, ſo he may expect thy Comming-day
With heart upright, and in a perfect way.
Let him in no prophaneneſſe take delight,
Nor brook a wicked perſon in his ſight.

Let no Blaſphemer *in his preſence tarry;*
Nor they that falſhoods, to and fro, doe carry.
Let him acquaintance with all ſuch refraine;
The lowly cheriſh; haughty mindes reſtraine;
Enquire for them that vertuouſly excell,
And take in honeſt men with him to dwell.
No ſuch Projector, *who doth put in vſe*
Great Injuries, to mend a ſmall abuſe;
Nor ſuch, who in reforming, doe no other
But rob one Knave, *to helpe enrich another;*
And prove themſelves, when tryall doth befall,
To be, perhaps, the veriеſt Knaves of all.
Let him be curſt with no baſe Officer,
Who doth before true Honor, Gold *prefer;*
And, to enrich his Cheſt, a little more,
Would in his Reputation, *make him poore:*
Or with ſome needleſſe Treaſure, to ſupply him,
Loſe him more Love, then all his Lands *can buy him.*
Let no man of his daily bread partake,
Who at thy holy Boord *ſhall him forſake;*
And, lay thou open their diſſimulation,
Who ſhall approve of Naaмans *Tolcration.*
Keepe from his Counſells, *though their wit excels,*
All Hypocrites, *and all* Achitophels.
Yea, let thy Wiſdome, *his diſcretion bleſſe,*
From Rehoboams *childiſh wilfulneſſe,*
Who left his ancient Princes *good directions,*
To follow his young Nobles *raw projections.*
Or, if he like their Counſels, and receive them,
Harme let them bring to none but thoſe who gave them:
And, if to him ſome dammage they procure,
Let preſent loſſe his future peace procure.
Make him perceive that humane Policy
Is Hand maid to religious Honeſty;

And

And that, the man who doth foundation lay
On Iuſtice, (and proves conſtant in his way)
Shall mad the Politician; *and make vaine*
His underminings without feare, or paine.
For, as a Fowler *ſeldome doth ſurpriſe*
That wary Bird, which can her ſelfe ſuffiſe,
With what thy hand provideth in the fields,
Or, what the Forreſt, for her diet yeelds:
So, ſleights of Policy *(although, perchance,*
They ſeeme, a while, to worke ſome hinderance)
Can diſadvantage none, but thoſe, who leaving
The pathes of Vertue, *and themſelves deceiving*
With ſome falſe hopes (which were before them laid)
Made them the meanes, whereby they were betrayd.

Make him as precious in his Peoples *eyes*
As their owne blood. Far higher let them priſe
His honor then their fortunes; and let him,
Be ev'ry way as tender over them.
Yea, let the mutuall love, betwixt them bred,
Vnite them as the Body, *and the* Head.
For, ſuch a bleſſed Vnion *doth procure*
More ſafety then foure Kingdomes can aſſure;
Commands mens hearts, their fortunes, and their lives,
Is chiefe of all his chiefe Prerogatives;
And ſhall more comfort, and more profit doe him,
Then all thoſe fruitleſſe claimes can bring unto him;
Whereto, perchance, they urge him will, who ſhall
Pretend his honor, when they ſeeke his fall.

Such men in Princes *Courts were ever found,*
But, thou their lewd Projections *wilt confound;*
And, when their vaine deviſes bring on them,
Confuſion, who this reall Truth contemne;
When ſuch mens fooliſh counſels, ſhall have brought
Thoſe miſchiefs on them which their hāds have wrought:

(Yea, when oppreſt, with feares and diſcontent,
They ſhall, too late, perhaps, their courſe repent)
Then, they in heart ſhall forced be to ſay,
That, what they ſleighted was the ſafeſt way.

Bleſſe him from thoſe, who cenſure his Intents,
His Counſels, or his Actions by events:
And ſawcily, his Iudges dare appeare
On ev'ry ſland'rous Rumor they ſhall heare.
Preſerve him from thoſe Minions (who do raiſe
Their credits by another mans diſpraiſe)
That Machivillian crew, who to endeare
Their baſe immerits, fill the royall care
With tales, and falſe reports, concerning thoſe
Who their miſdoings legally oppoſe:
They, who growne great with rapine, and made ſtrong,
With wealth extorted to the publike wrong,
Still add (to cover what miſdone hath bin)
New wrongs; and make new partners in their ſin,
In hope their number keep them ſhall unſhent:
And, ſilence and condemne the Innocent.

Make him abhor ſuch Apes, and ſuch Baboones,
As Paraſites, and impudent Buffoones:
Such, as would make their Princes glad with lies:
Such, as with filthy tales of ribaldries,
With ſcurvile ſongs, with unbeſeeming jeſts,
And ſtuffe which ev'ry civill eare deteſts,
Abuſe Kings Chambers. Let all thoſe who buy
Their Offices (which is lay Simony)
Have alwayes his diſlike; and not recover
His good eſteeme againe, till they give over
Their evill gotten places. Let all ſuch
Who for the ſeats of Iudgement, do as much,
Appeare to him as men who are detected
Of heinous crimes; and ever be ſuſpected

Of

Of some Corruption: for, it may be thought,
That mony must be made of what is bought.
Let him the causes of Abuse *discerne;*
Let him the cure of ev'ry mischief learne;
Let him of what he knoweth, practice make;
Let all his People, *his example take.*
Give them repentance for their passed crimes;
Assist them by thy grace, in future times;
And send thy Holy-Spirit *through their* Lands,
To keep them in the way of thy Commands.
So, thou in their Devotions wilt be pleas'd,
So, all thine anger will be quite appeas'd;
So, King *and* People, *praise thee shall, together;*
And, then, thou need'st not send these Armies *thither.*
Thus *MERCIE* spake; & more she would have (said
(For, she could everlastingly have praid)
To this effect. But, *JVSTICE* having spy'd
Gods eye to marke, how she seem'd satisfi'd;
(And looking somewhat sternly, to betoken
That *MERCIE* in her injury had spoken)
Thus interrupted her. *Faire Sister, stay;*
And, doe not think to beare my right away
With smoothed words. Thou art an Advocate
Well knowne to be the most importunate
That ever pleaded: and, thou hast a trick
With these moist eyes, beyond all Rhetorick.
So that, unlesse I make it still appeare,
What grosse offenders all thy Clients *are,*
A Bill *of mine (how just soe're the* case)
Would seldome in this great Star-chamber *passe.*
No place, no persons, are so dissolute,
But if they whine to thee, thou makest sute
On their behalfes. Thou wert Soliciter
For King Manasses *(that Idolater*

And

And got'st his pardon. Thou hast Prostresse *him*
For Ieroboam (*who made* Isr'el *sin*)
That hand recuring which he did extend,
The Messenger of God, to apprehend.
Thou art for any who in thee beleeves,
Though Traytors, Strumpets, Murtherers, or Theeves.
Thou pray'st for Nineveh; *yea thou hast pray'd*
For Sodome; *and my hand had sure beene staid*
When I consum'd them, if there had beene, then,
In five great Cities, *but tenne righteous men.*
I never yet could get a verdict past
On any Sinner, but thou crost it hast,
Vpon the least repentance. And if ever
To serve an Execution *I endeavor,*
Thou, still, one meanes or other dost procure,
To mitigate the strictiest forfeiture.
Thee, for delaying Iudgements, *I prefer*
Ev'n farre before the Courts *at* Westminster.
And, if I longer these thy dealings beare,
Thou here wilt use me, as they use me there.
For, lately I survey'd it; and saw
Their Chauncery *had halfe devour'd their* Law.
Sweet Lady *call to minde, there is a due*
Pertaining equally to me and you.
As nothing without MERCIE should be done;
So IVSTICE should not be encroacht upon.
I claime a Daughters *part, and I desire*
To keepe mine owne inheritance intire.
I, for your sake, huge Armies, often save,
When they had, else, beene rotting in the grave.
I suffer you to wipe more sinnes away
Then twice tenne thousand millions in a day.
There's none whom I doe punish for his crimes,
But I doe scarre him first, a thousand times

(At

(At your entreaty) when, if I had pleased,
I might so many times his life have seized.
Yea, I should none have injur'd, though I had
Of all the World, long since, a Bone-fire made.
For, what effects hath your Compassion wrought?
What Offrings, to Gods Altars, now are brought
By my long sparing them? Nay, have they not
Him, and his aw-full pow'r, the more forgot?
What did I say? forgot him? If they had
Us'd him and his Indulgence but so bad,
Thou might'st have spoken for them; and I could
Have left thy supplications uncontroll'd.
But, they have aggravated their neglect,
With such base villanies, such disrespect,
And such contempt of Him, of Thee, and Mee,
That if we beare it, we shall scorned be.
They so presumptuous are, that well I know,
Were but a petty-Iustice used so,
He would not brooke it: But, so rough appeare,
That all the sin-professing houses neare,
Of Reformation would be much in doubt;
And feare they should not buy his Anger out,
Though they presented him with coyne and wares;
And bribd his Clarke, with whom, 'tis thought he shares.
I will not therefore palliate their despight;
I will not be debarred of my right;
I will not make my selfe a publike scorne;
Nor will I longer beare what I have borne.

Here with (as if she thought it were in vaine,
For Vengeance, unto *MERCIE* to complaine)
She rais'd her eyes; she fixed them upon
The Throne of heav'n, and Him that sate thereon:
Then bowed thrice, and, then to her complaint,
She thus proceeded like an Angry Saint.

Great-

Great IVDGE of all the world, juſt, wiſe, and holy;
Who ſin abhorreſt, and correcteſt folly:
Who driveſt all uncleanneſſe from thy ſight,
And feared art, ev'n of the moſt upright:
Conſider well my Cauſe, and let thou not
Thy IVSTICE in thy MERCIE be forgot,
As well as this my ſiſter, ſo am I
Vnited unto thee eſſentially
Before all Time; and there is cauſe for me
To boaſt thy favour, full as much as ſhe.
For, to maintaine thy Iuſtice (and approve
That ſacred, never violated Love
Thou beareſt me) great Monarkies have drunk
Thy cup of wrath; and into ruine ſunk.
For their contempt of me, thou haſt rejected
The Nation, of all Nations, moſt affected.
Once, thou the Globe of Earth didſt wholly drowne;
From Heav'n thou threw'ſt the ſinfull Angels downe:
And (which is more) thy Beſt beloved dy'd,
That my diſpleaſure might be ſatisfi'd.
But, let no former favour me availe,
If now of Reaſon on my ſide I faile.
I never did a Vengeance, yet purſue
Before it was requir'd by double due.
I never plagued any in deſpight,
Nor in the death of ſinners took delight.
Why thereſore this is my proceeding ſtaid?
And thy juſt wrath ſo ſuddenly alaid?
Hath Mercy their offences vailed ſo,
That thou beholdeſt not what faults they do?
And wilt thou ſtill continue thy compaſſion
To this unthankfull and forgetfull Nation?
What are they, but a moſt corrupted breed?
A wicked, a perverſe, ingratefull ſeed?

A people for instruction so untoward,
So stubborne in their courses, and so froward, (them,
That, neither threats, nor plagues, nor love can mend
And therefore Desolation must attend them.
Me they have injured, past all compare;
They flout me to my face; they me out-dare
Even on my Iudgement-seats; they truth deny,
Although they know, their hearers know they lye.
They use my Titles, and my Offices,
But as a meanes to rob, or to oppresse
The poorer sort: and he that wrong sustaines,
Is sure of more, if he for right complaines.
Search thou their Streets, their Markets, & their Courts;
Note where the greatest multitude resorts,
And if thou finde a man among them, there,
That hath of Truth or Iudgement any care,
Him let thine Angell save. But, thou shalt see
That nothing else from heele to head they be,
But swellings, wounds, and sores: that they are wholly
O'regrowne with leprosies of noysome folly;
And that, among them, there abideth none,
Whose path is right and perfect, no not one.
Their studies, are in cheating trickes, and shifts.
Their practice, is to compass bribes, and gifts.
Their silver is but dross. Their wine impure.
Their finest gold, will not the touch endure.
The poore oppresse the poore. The Childe assumes
An Elders place. The basest Groome presumes
Before the Noble. Women take on them
Mens habits, and subjection doe contemne.
Men grow effeminate. Age doates, Youth raves,
The begger's proud. The rich man, basely craves.
The neighbour of his neighbour goes in danger;
The brother to the brother growes a stranger.

There

There is no kin, but Cousnage. *Few profesſe*
Affection, Amity, or Friendlineſſe,
But to deceive. If men each other greet,
With ſhewes of woondrous friendſhip, when they meet,
They doe but practiſe kindly to betray;
And jeere, and ſcoffe, when they depart away:
They labour, and they ſtudy, lyes to make:
To grow more wicked, ſerious paines they take:
Wolves *are as mercifull: Their* Dogs *as holy:*
Vertue, *they count a Foole:* Religion, *folly.*
Their Lawes *are but their nets, and gimes, to take*
Thoſe whom they hate, and ſeeke their prey to make:
The patronage of Truth, *none ſtandeth for:*
The way of Piety, *they doe abhor:*
They meet unſeene, the harmleſſe to deceive:
They hatch the Cocatrice: *They ſlely weave*
The Spiders *web; and, when in bed they are,*
They lye and ſtudy plots of miſchiefe there.
And, why thus fares it? but, becauſe they ſee
That (how unjuſt ſoe're their Courſes be)
They proſper in their wickedneſſe, and thrive,
Whilſt they who honor thee afflicted live.
If any man reprove their damned way,
They perſecute, and ſlander him, and ſay;
Come, let us ſmite him with our tongue, that he,
And his reproofes, may unregarded be.
They deſp'rately reſolve a wicked Courſe;
And, ev'ry day proceed from bad, to worſe.
Themſelves they ſooth in evill: and profeſſe
In publike manner, Trades of wickedneſſe.
They impudently boaſt of their Tranſgreſſions,
And madly, glory in their great Oppreſſions.
Yea, ſome ſo farre have over-gone the Devils
In ſhameleſneſſe, that they make bragge of evils

Which

Which they committed not (as if they fear'd
That else they had not lewd enough appear'd)
Whereas, they from themselves would strive to flie,
If they could see their owne deformity.

For, what remaineth to be termed ill
Which they are guiltlesse of, in act, or will?
They, gall unto the hungry proffer'd have:
They, vineger unto the thirsty gave:
With brutish fiercenesse they themselves array:
Unsatisfied in their lust are they,
And neither earth nor heav'n escapes the wrongs
Of their injurious and blasphemous tongues.
With ev'ry member, they dishonor Thee,
No part of them from wickednesse is free:
Their Eyes, are wandring after vanitie,
And leere about, advantages to spye.
Their Eares are deafe to goodnesse; but most prone
To heare a slander told of any one:
And have an itching after ev'ry thing,
Which, newes of sensualitie, may bring.
Their brazen Foreheads, without shame appeare:
Their Teeth are sharper then a sword or speare:
Their Lips, as keenly cut, as Razors doe;
And, under them, is Adders poison too.
Their Mouthes with bitter cursings, over-flow:
Their oily Tongues, contention daily sow:
In Heart, they Falshood before Truth, preferre:
Their Throats, are like a gaping Sepulcher:
Foule belchings from their Stomacks doe arise,
Ev'n filthie speeches; and ranke blasphemies.
Their Hands (their right hands) lawlesse gifts receive:
With Bribes, their Fingers, they defiled have.
Their Feet, are swift in executing ill,
And, run the blood of innocents to spill.

They are corrupt in ev'ry Facultie;
In Vnderstanding, Will, *and* Memorie;
Yea, their most specious works of pietie
Are little else, but meere hypocrisie.
All stain'd with Murthers, Thefts, Adulteries,
And other unrepented Villanies
Thy House *they enter, as if they were cleare,*
Or, thither came, but to out-brave thee there.
There, they display their pride: there, they contemne
Thy Messengers; *or, sit and censure them.*
There, they disturbe thy Children in their pray'rs,
By tatling of impertinent affaires.
The many roving lookes, they throw about,
Doe prove them, far more wanton, than devout.
And, say, they bring devotion for a fit:
Alas! what pleasure canst thou take in it?
Or, what doe they but mocke thee, when they pray,
Vnlesse their wickednesse they cast away?
What profits it, to kneele sometime an houre?
To fast a day? to look demure, or soure?
To raise the hands aloft? the brest to strike?
To shake the head, or hang it Bulrush like?
And, all that while to have no thought of thee;
But on base projects, musing, there, to be?
I many such enormities might name,
Wherein this People have beene much to blame.
And, shall they still, thy gentlenesse contemne?
Wilt thou forbeare, for this, to punish them?
Shall such devotion be regarded more,
Then if they brought the hyring of a whore?
Or sacrific'd a Dog? *Nay, though they had*
Of farre fet Calamus *an Offring made,*
Or, incense brought from Sheba; *doe they think*
The smoke of that, shall take away the stink

Of

Of their corruption? ſhall this wicked Throng,
(Who partners are in ev'rie kind of wrong,
And Reformation *hate) ſtill ſpared be*
Becauſe they can a little prate of thee?
Make zealous outward ſhewes; and preach thy word,
Whoſe pow'r they have deny'd? (if not abhorr'd:)
Let me conſume them rather. For, Compaſſion
So often hath prevailed for this Nation,
That, all my threatnings are no whit regarded,
Thy Pittie is with diſreſpect rewarded;
Thy Blowes doe nothing ſoften them: but, more
Hard hearted, rather, make them then before.
They neither know nor ſeeke thee. They ſcarce daigne
So much as thoughts of thee to entertaine.
Or if they doe; yet, thou in kindneſſe, haſt
So frequently, their errors over paſt
With gentle ſtripes; that they conjecture, now
That thou art like to them, and doſt allow
Their wicked courſes. For, Is there *(ſay they)*
In God, or ſight, or knowledge of our way?
Doth he behold, or care what things we doe?
Will he take vengeance? Tuſh, it is not ſo.
Such fables were devis'd in times of old,
And of ſtrange judgements, ſtories have beene told;
But, who hath ſeene them? or, when will appeare
That Day of Doome, whereof ſo oft we heare?
Sure never. For the world doth ſtill remaine
The ſame it was; and theſe are feares in vaine.
Oh! what will this increaſe unto, if thus
Thou ſuffer them to make a ſcorne of us?
Where is thy feare, if thou a Maſter *be?*
Why, (if a God) ſhould they not honour thee?
What meanes thy long long-ſuffring? and, what way
To worke amendment wilt thou next aſſay?

Thou

Thou hast already mov'd them to repent,
By Threats, Gifts, Precepts, *and by* Punishment.
To stop their wickednesse, thou Flouds, *and* Drought,
Frosts, Fires, *and* Tempests, *hast upon them brought.*
Distempers, Frights, *and (many times of late)*
Distrusts, *and hazzards of the publike* State.
With ev'ry kind of Sicknesse, *thou hast try'd them;*
With Pestilence, *and* Famine, *mortifi'd them:*
With Slaughters *thou hast foild them; and betwixt*
Each Plague, *thou* Mercy *still hast intermixt;*
Yet, all in vaine. Oh! rise, and suffer me
On all at once avenged now to be.
Plucke from thy bosome, thy sure striking hand,
And, let it fall so heavy on that Land,
That, all their Follies may their merit have,
And, they be put to silence in the grave.
Permit them not unplagued to persever,
Blaspheming thus, thy Name and thee for ever.
But, let me ev'ry Plague upon them cast,
Which thou, for such as they, prepared hast.
Let them perceive, that they have lov'd and served
Those gods, by whom they cannot be preserved.
Let me transport from their polluted Coast,
Those Holy-things, *whereof they vainly boast:*
And, let not their prophanenesse be protected
By that, which they so much have disrespected.
For, why shouldst thou forbeare this people more
Then many other Nations heretofore?
Since they for their example those have had
The lesse excusable their faults are made.
Yea, though their wickednesse were but the same,
Yet, they are worthy of a greater blame.
What are they better then the stubborne Iewes?
Wherein, doe they thy blessings lesse abuse?

What

What have their Temples, *of more worth in them*
Then Shilo, Bethel, *or* Ierusalem,
That we should spare their many steepled Towres,
Not rather making them the Neasts, and Bowres
Of noysome Vermine, *and such fatall Fowles,*
As croking Ravens, *and loud screeching* Owles?
Why shouldst thou not, as low this Ile *decline,*
As Milke and Hony-flowing Palestine?
What have they more deserved of thy pittie
Then Sion, *thy so much beloved Citty?*
Or, wherefore should their Seed be thought upon
More kindely, then the bratts of Babylon?
Why should their Common wealth, *more prised be,*
Then those great Monarchies *destroy'd by me*
In former ages, whose transcendent Fate,
Each Time succeeding, hath admired at?
Yea, since the World thou didst for sinning, drowne,
Why should such mercy to this Land *be showne?*
If thou a pious King to them hast given,
What loseth he, if thou from thence to Heav'n
Translate him shalt? From earthly Crownes, to weare
Those wreathes of Glory that immortall are?
And from a froward People, to have place
With Angells, *and there triumph in thy grace?*
If any man be found observing thee,
To him what discontentment can it be
To view my hand prevailing over those
Who me in my proceedings did oppose?
And see these Tyrants ruin'd, who have long
Committed violence, and offred wrong
To him, and his? what harme hath he I pray,
To passe through all that sorrow in one day,
And in thy blessed presence to appeare,
Who else might here have lingred many a yeare?

of

Of what can he complaine, if being borne
Above the reach of ev'ry future ſcorne,
Within thy heav'nly Manſion, he poſſeſſe
A perfect, and an endleſſe happineſſe?
Why may not IVSTICE *glorifie thy* Name,
As well as MERCY *can extoll the ſame?*
Why ſhould thy former favours, being loſt,
Oblige thee to defray a future coſt
On Prodigals, *and* Vnthrifts, *who had rather*
Live Swineherds, than returne to thee their Father?
Why may not that reproach diverted be,
Which irreligious men will caſt on thee
Although thou ſpare not hypocrites; *and them*
Who are the cauſers that thy Foes blaſpheme?
What diſadvantage can their fall effect
To thy pure honour? *or, to thine* elect,
Which may not be prevented (if thou pleaſe)
Although thou be not mercifull to theſe?
Sure, none at all: and, therefore, I will ſtay
My hand no longer; but breake off delay.
Thy Sword *and* Ballance, *are with me in truſt;*
To puniſh Sin, I know it to be juſt;
They both arraigned, *and* condemned *are;*
My warrants, *in thy written Word appeare:*
Their crimes, for Vengeance, *loudly crying be:*
Thy Iudgements, *ready muſtred are, by thee:*
Thine eye doth ſpeake unto me to be gone;
And, loe; I flye to ſee thy pleaſure done.
As when a *Mother* on a ſudden hearing
Her babe to ſhrieke, (and ſome diſaſter fearing
That may befall the childe) ſtarts up and flyes
To ſee the reaſon of her *Infants* cries:
So quick, was IVSTICE; &, e're now, had brought
Her work, to ſomething; and, this *Land*, to nought.

But,

But, to prevent her purpose, *MERCIE* cast
Her arme about that angry *Virgins* waste;
Look'd sadly on her; hung about her; kist her,
And (weeping in her bosome) said, *Sweet Sister,*
I pray thee, doe not thus impatient grow,
Nor prosecute deserved Vengeance, so.
Thou art most beautifull; sincerely just;
Most perfectly upright in all thou dost;
For which thine excellency, and perfection,
I love thee with an excellent affection.
And though thou frowneſt; yet thy frownings be
So lovely, that I cannot part from thee.
What though some Worldlings *offer thee disgraces,*
Shall they (Sweet heart) *make loathed my embraces?*
Shall thou, and I, (*who nearer are then twinnes*)
Fall out, or be divorced by their sinnes?
Oh never let it said, or must red be,
That we in any thing can disagree.
For what's more lovely, or more sweet then this,
That we each other may embrace and kisse?
And by our mutuall workings, and agreeings,
Bring all Gods Creatures to their perfect beings.
Beleeve me (Deare) *Heav'n doth not comprehend*
That pleasure, which this pleasure doth transcend:
Nor is our Father *better pleas'd in us,*
Then when he sees our armes entwined, thus.
For should we jarre, the world would be undone,
And Heav'n, and Earth, into a Chaos *runne.*
What profit can it bring, or what content,
To see a Kingdome miserably rent,
With manifold afflictions? what great good
To us redoundeth by the death, or blood
Of any man? what honour can we have?
What praise, from those that in the silent grave

Lye raked up in ruines dead and rotten?
Or in the Land where all things are forgotten?
Seeke not thy Glory by their Overthrow,
That are pursued by too strong a Foe,
And over-match'd already; thinke upon
The pow'rfull hate of that malicious One.
Remember they were framed of the dust;
And that to Clay againe returne they must.
When they are dead they passe away for ever,
Ev'n as that vapour which returneth never.
Oh; make them not the Butt of thy displeasure,
Nor give them of Gods wrath the fullest measure.
I grant this Realme is sinfull; But, what hath
That Realme, or people equalling thy wrath?
T'is honourable, when we stoope below
Our selves; that love or favour we may show;
Or to correct, with purpose to amend:
But if with such we Foe-like should contend,
It would appeare, as if some Empery
Did arme it selfe, to combat with a Fly.
When we correction, or forgiveneſſe daigne,
We may correct them, or forgive againe:
But in destroying quite, our selves we wound,
And to our Infiniteneſſe, set a bound;
For IVSTICE neither MERCY can have place,
In subjects, which we totally deface.
We must not seeke for purity divine
In dust and ashes; till we first refine
From earthly drosse the gold that we desire,
By using of the Bellowes and the Fire.
For till we purge it, what (alas) is good,
Or what can holy be in Flesh and Blood?
Who lookes that Figs on Thistles should be borne,
Or that sweet Grapes should grow upon a Thorne?

It cannot be. As therefore heretofore
God promiſed, (that he would never more
Contend with man) let us reſolve the ſame;
And by ſome other meanes, their wildeneſſe tame.
Keepe, yet a while, this Army where it is;
And let us try to mend what is amiſſe,
(As erſt we did) by ſending jointly thither,
Our Favours, and Corrections, both together:
And if they profit not, there is a Day
In which thine Indignation ſhall have way.
As when a *Father*, who, in heat of wrath
To give a ſon correction purpos'd hath,
Enraged is, untill his lovely wife
Doth interpoſe her ſelfe with friendly ſtrife;
But (pleaſed in the ſweetneſſe of her ſpeech,
Who to forgive the Child doth him beſeech)
Doth lay aſide his whole diſpleaſure, then,
And turne his anger into ſmiles agen;
So, *IVSTICE* was by *MERCY* wrought upon:
And ſhe that would with ſo much haſte be gone,
Forgot her ſpeed; Her louing *Siſter* ey'd
With calmer lookes; and thus to her reply'd.
Thou, and thy charmings have prevail'd upon me,
And to abate mine anger thou haſt wonne me.
I therefore will not caſt my plagues on all,
But on worſt Livers, onely, let them fall.
Nay, nay, quoth *MERCIE, thou muſt favour ſhow*
To moſt of them, or thou wilt overthrow
The lawes of Deſtiny; *and croſt will be*
What God did from eternity decree.
For, ſome of theſe have not fulfilled yet
Their ſinnes, nor made their number up complete.
Some, that are wandring in the wayes of folly,
Shall be regenerated, and made holy.

Of them ſome have morality, that may
Be helpfull to Gods children, in their way;
Some, muſt be left, as were the Cana'nites,
To exerciſe the faithfull Iſr'elites;
Yea ſome, have in their loynes a generation
Vnborne, which muſt make up the bleſſed Nation.
And till that ſeed bud forth, thoſe trees muſt ſtand,
Although they grow but to annoy the Land.
It ſeemes (quoth *IVSTICE*) *I muſt then abide,*
(However they offend) unſatisfi'd.
Vnſatisfi'd (ſaid *MERCIE*) *Is it that,*
Sweet Siſter, which your zeale hath aimed at?
Then, looke you there. And with that word, her eye
She plac'd on him, who ſits in Majeſty
At Gods right hand. *Behold that Lambe* (quoth ſhe)
By him thou fully ſatisfi'd ſhalt be.
He poore was made, that He their debt might pay;
He baſe became, to take their ſhame away;
He entred bond, their freedome to procure;
He dangers try'd, their ſafeties to aſſure;
He ſcorned was, their honor to advance;
He ſeem'd a foole, to helpe their ignorance;
He ſin was made, their errors to conceale;
He wounded was, that he their wounds might heale;
He thirſted, that their thirſt might have an end;
He wept, that joy their ſorrow might attend;
He loſt his blood, that they their blood might ſave;
He dy'd, that they eternall life might have.
Nor canſt thou any for their ſins condemne,
(Since he hath over-paid the price for them)
If by partic'lar faith they ſhall apply
That pardon, which he granteth gen'rally.
And leſt to that whole Kingdome thou deny it,
For want of application, I apply it.

Why

VVhy then (said *IVSTICE*) *I may quite dismisse*
This boast of Plagues *which here assembled is.*
Not so, replyed *MERCIE*: *For no curse*
Is greater, nor is any mischiefe worse
Then want of due correction: And if I
Should yeeld to that, it were not Clemency,
But cruell dealing; and my love no other
Then is the kindnesse of that cocking mother,
Who spares the rod (out of her pure affection)
And sends unto the Gallowes *for correction:*
As if she thought her children apt for learning,
If they could take a hanging for a warning.
I seeme to crosse thy workings, and thou mine,
To those that neither know my wayes, nor thine:
But, as the motions in a Clocke doe tend
And move together to one purpos'd end,
Although their wheeles contrary courses goe,
And force the even ballance to and fro.
Ev'n so, although it may to some appeare,
That our proceedings much repugnant are;
Yet in our disagreeings, we agree,
And helpfull to our chiefe designe they be:
We therefore, from Gods Army *will select*
One Regiment, *this people to correct.*
Not his that is the Generall: *for, he*
Resisteth us if he prevailing be.
Nor Famine; *For, (unlesse permit we shall*
That she devoure, untill we starve up all)
She most unequally consumes the poore,
And makes the rich to be enriched more.
Nor will we send the Sword; *for, that makes way*
For ev'ry plague to follow; yea, doth lay
All open to confusion; and bestowes
The pow'r of God oft-times upon his foes.

But, we to punish them, will send from hence,
The dreadfull, and impartiall PESTILENCE.
For, she doth neither Rich, nor Poore preferre;
The foolish, and the wise, are one to her:
Nor eloquence, nor beauty, nor complexion,
Prevailes with her; Nor Hatred, nor Affection.
She seizeth All alike; she visiteth
The Palace, as the Cottage; and with death,
Or else with sickneſſe, strikes at each degree,
Vnleſſe our Superſedeas, granted be.
By meanes of her, in any State, or City,
Thou maist avenge, and I may show my pitty
With little noise; and both at once, fulfill
Our wishes, and accomplish all our will.
For, where a noysome weed is seene to sprout,
She shall, at thy appointment, weed it out.
Or if a plant, or bud, or flow'r we see,
That's ripe for Heav'n, and may impaired be
By standing longer; we the same will gather,
To make a precious Poſie for our Father.
And, as thou hast thy purpoſe, by their fall,
Or smart, whom she or wound, or slaughter shall:
Right so have I: For, if they wicked are
Whom she removes; the better shall they fare,
Whoſe Converſations truly honest be;
And from oppreſſion live the longer free.
If righteous men this Judgements prey become,
It is appointed to secure them from
Some greater Plague, which must (perhaps) be sent
To scourge this Kingdome, ere it will repent;
Or (peradventure) that my hand may take them
From Earth, the Citizens of Heav'n to make them:
And some, who never else on God had thought,
Shall, (by her whip) unto his love be brought.

This

This pleaſed well, and *IVSTICE* did agree
With *MERCY*, that it ſhould allowed be:
And, for the ſwift fulfilling of their minde,
The *PESTILENCE*, by warrant, was aſſign'd
Great Brittan to invade; and limited
Where to begin the *Plague*; how far to ſpread;
How many ſhe ſhould wound; how many ſlay;
How many grieve; how many fright away;
How long abide; and when her terme was done,
On what conditions (then) ſhe muſt be gone.
Moreover leſt her ſtroke ſhould not amend us,
Gods *Hoaſt of Plagues* had warrant to attend us;
That if the *Peſtilence* could not prevaile,
Another might our wicked Land aſſaile;
And then another, till we did repent,
Or were conſumed in our chaſtiſement.
The *Prince of Darkneſs*, (though he could not gaine
Permiſſion, fully to unlooſe his Chaine)
His uſuall pow'r obtain'd to worke deſpite
On ſome offenders, and to uſe the ſleight
Of Lying-wonders: or by ſtrong temptation
To ſeize upon the Sonnes of *Reprobation*:
Yea many times to buffet (for correction)
Ev'n thoſe that have the ſeales of *Gods election*.
Dearth was commanded, that (to make us feare
A *Scarceneſſe*) ſhe ſhould ſcatter here, and there,
A *Floud*, or *Tempeſt*; and at ſometime bring
A *droughty Summer*, or a *froſty Spring*,
Or *Mel-dewes*, to remember us, from whom
The bleſſings of a plenteous yeare doe come.
Warre, (who had quite forgotten us almoſt)
Injoyned was to ſit upon our *Coaſt*;
To ſaile about our *Shore*, to view our *Forts*,
To viſit all our *Havens*, and our *Ports*:

And with her dreadfull ſounds, to rouze and keepe
This Kingdome, from *ſecurities* dead ſleepe.
But was commanded, not to ſeize a hooſe
Of what was ours, till God hath made a prooſe
How mollifi'd our ſtony hearts will be;
What fruits of true repentance he ſhall ſee;
What change will be effected in this Land,
By his correcting us with his owne hand;
And what oblations of true thankes, and love,
We render will upon this *Plagues* remove.
Wherein, if we doe faile his expectation,
We ſhall be made a miſerable *Nation*.
The *Sea* that now doth cloſe us, like a wall,
Shall be a Sea of terror; and it ſhall
Let in our foes upon us, or with flouds
O're-flow our borders, and devoure our goods.
Our wealthy *Traffiques*, and that forraine Trade,
(Whereby ſo proud, and wanton we are made)
Cut off ſhall be, and faile in ev'ry Coaſt.
Our num'rous *Fleets* (whereof ſo much we boaſt,
(And, in whoſe pow'r and mu'titude, I feare
Our truſt, and hopes too much repoſed are)
By Stormes, and Piracies, that ſhall purſue them,
Or want of meanes, and trading to renue them,
Shall waſte away unheeded; till we ſee
Our harmes beyond our meanes of curing be.
Our *Houſes* ſhall by ſtrangers be poſſeſſed;
Our goodly *Temples*, which, (as yet) are bleſſed
With Gods true worſhip, ſhall be raz'd, or burned,
Or into dennes of theevery be turned.
Throughout thoſe champain fields, & forreſts, where
We hunted for our pleaſure; we by Feare
Shall hunted be: and made a prey for them
Whom we (perhaps) did moſt of all contemne.

Our

Our *People*, (on whoſe numbers we preſume)
Shall by degrees be leſſ'ned, and conſume.
Our *Nation* (late renowned through the World)
Shall be unvalu'd, as old rubbiſh, hurl'd
In ſome by-corner, and quite round about us
Our Foes, our Neighbors, & our Friends ſhal flout us.
Our *Peace*, ſhall make us but effeminate.
Our *Riches*, and our plentifull eſtate,
Shall but enrich our enemies; and we
(That of our *King* ſo glad, and hopefull be)
Shall (for our ſinnes, perchance) be quite deprived
Of thoſe great comforts, which we have conceived.
For, either God may give an ill ſucceſſe
To his beſt Counſells, for our frowardneſſe;
Or leave us ſome diſtruſtings in our heart,
To make us cenſure in an evill part
His gracious purpoſes; or give a pow'r
To ſome ill-willers of his peace, and our,
To ſow the ſeeds of Diſcord, and divide
Our hearts, which now ſo lovingly are ty'd:
Or let ſome *Politician* worke upon
His Goodneſſe; and ſo cunningly goe on,
That he ſhall never finde, how he, and his
Are injured, till all things are amiſſe:
Which God forbid; yea, grant (O Lord) that I
In theſe ſurpoſals may not prophecie;
As (out of doubt I ſhall) if any ſin
(That may procure it) we continue in.
Yea, though our *Projects* may a while poſſeſſe
Our hearts with flatt'ring hopes of good ſucceſſe;
Though in affaires of *VVarre*, and in our *Fights*
We thrive a while, as did the *Benjamites*;
Although a league with *Baalam* we began;
And *Berodach* the ſonne of *Baladan*

Had ſent us preſents; and though he ſhall ſeeme
To have our health and welfare in eſteeme;
Though to his *Lords* the treaſures we declare,
Which in Gods *Temple* here among us are:
Yea, though we gave thoſe *holy things*, to buy
His love, and *Babyloniſh* amity:
It ſhould but linger us along, till they
(Who ſeeke our overthrow) their ſnares doe lay;
Vntill they have enlarg'd their growing pow'rs,
And by their *Policy*, befooled ours;
Or, till our ſinnes, or our ſecurities
Have made us objects for their Tyrannies,
And, there enthrall'd us, where long ſince were hung
On willow trees, untuned, and unſtrung,
The Harpes of *Syon*; and where Men contemne
The heav'nly Sonners of *Ieruſalem*.

Ev'n this ſhall be our lot, and worſe then this,
If we continue ſtill to doe amiſſe,
Or bring not forth the fruits of Penitence,
When God hath ſcourg'd us by the *Peſtilence*.
But, if that ſtirre us to repenting ſhall,
He will not onely back againe recall
That raging *Plague*, to which he gave ſuch pow'r
Within our peopled Cities to devoure:
But, he will alſo on this *Realme* beſtow
New benefits, for entertaining ſo,
With lowlineſſe, his fatherly correction;
And yeelding him our filiall affection.

Then, ev'ry one beneath his Vine ſhall ſit
Without diſturbance; and with pleaſure eate
The profit of his labours. Men ſhall goe
In ſafety through the Kingdome, to, and fro.
Their Lands they ſhall enjoy in peace; and weare
The warmeſt fleeces, that their flockes do beare.

No

No ſonnes of *Belial*, ſhall from them divert
Their *Princes* favour (in the ſmalleſt part)
Nor ſhall Seditious Lovers draw from him
Their loyalties, by miſinforming them;
But God that bleſſed *union* ſhall maintaine,
Which ought 'twixt *King* and *People* to remaine.
He, then, will multiply the fruits encreaſe;
Preſerve our plenty, ſanctifie our peace:
And guide by Land and Sea, our preparations
Of lawfull *warre*, to ſeize upon thoſe *Nations*
That are our foes, and his. Which, that He may
Vouchſafe unto us; let us ev'ry day
Produce of thankfulneſſe ſome new effect:
Let us obſerve (with ev'ry due reſpect)
The progreſſe of that *Plague* ſent lately hither;
How *CLEMENCY* & *JVSTICE* came together;
Relating to each other what we ſaw
To kindle love, or keepe our ſoules in awe;
And ſo record it, that (ſhould we be rotten)
It may be ſtill preſerved unforgotten.
For, that we might his honour forth declare,
We both created, and preſerved were.
To ſuch a purpoſe, I doe thus employ
That ſcorned Faculty, which I enjoy;
And (for the compaſſing of my intention)
Have offred up the beſt of my invention;
And what that is (to thoſe, who doe regard
Such paines) the following *Cantoes* have declar'd.
Behold (O Lord) my purpoſes from heav'n,
Accept of me the gift that thou haſt given.
Permit not thoſe, who ſpite or malice me,
To interrupt my Muſe in praiſing thee.
Let none of thoſe, who finde that I neglect
The way to wealth, *which they too much affect,*

Conceive

Conceive, that I my Time have ſpent in vaine,
Becauſe their Studies *yeeld them greater gaine;*
Let them perceive, though this endevour brings
Nor Riches, Honours, *nor eſteeme of* Kings;
But rather waſts my Fortunes, *and doth more*
Increaſe my charge, and troubles, then before;
Let them (I ſay) conceive, and alſo know,
That I am highly pleas'd, it ſhould be ſo;
And would not change the bleſſing of my Fate
With thoſe, whom they doe hold more fortunate.
And let not that, which I have here compriſed,
Become (through my unworthineſſe) deſpiſed;
But grant it ſuch a moderate reſpect,
That I may ſee my labours take effect
For their encouragements, who ſhall apply
To ſuch goodneeds, their gift of Poëſie;
And let all thoſe, who ſhall peruſe my Story,
Receive ſome profit, and give thee, the glory.

The ſecond *Canto.*

Our Muſe *defends her lowly* ſtile;
And (having flowne aſide a while)
Tells, how the Plague *firſt entred here;*
What meanes to ſtay it practis'd were.
Some vulgar Tenets *are diſputed;*
Some rectified, ſome refuted.
She from the Nature, and the Cauſe,
Of that Diſeaſe, concluſions drawes;
Declareth how it ruunes and creepes,
And what uncertaine paths it keepes:
How long ſtrict orders *uſefull ſtood;*

The

The fruit of Chriſtian neighbourhood;
And many other things, betwixt
Theſe mentioned, are intermixt.
She ſheweth (alſo) meanes aſſured
By which, this miſchiefe may be cured;
How to apply that meanes; how thoſe
Who uſe it, ſhould themſelves compoſe;
How violent the Plague *did grow;*
Who from it might, or might not goe;
How much t'was feared; how men fled;
How ill, in flying, many ſped;
And laſtly (as occaſion moves)
She grieves, ſhe counſells, and reproves.

LEt no fantaſtique *Reader* now condemne
Our homely *Muſe*, for ſtooping unto them,
In plaine expreſſions, and in words, that ſhow
We love not, in affected paths, to goe.
For, to be underſtood, is language uſed;
And ſpeech to other ends as much abuſed.
Lines, therefore, over-darke, or over-trimm'd,
Are like a *Picture* with a Viſour limm'd;
Or like *Pomanders* of a curious ſent,
Within a painted Box that hath no vent;
Or like *Peach-kernels*, which, (to get them forth)
Require more cracking, then the fruit is worth.
Let no man gueſſe, my *Meaſures* framed be,
That wiſer men, my little wit may ſee;
Or that I doe not hold the matter good,
Which is not more admir'd then underſtood:
For, chiefly, ſuch a *Subject* I deſire,
And ſuch a plaine *Expreſſion*, to acquire,
That ev'ry one my meaning may diſcerne;
And they be taught, that have moſt need to learne.

It

It is the uſefull matter of my Rimes
Shall make them live. Words alter as the Times:
And ſooneſt their fantaſtique Rhetoriques,
Who trim their *Poeſies* with ſchooleboy-tricks.
That, which this age affects, as grave, and wiſe,
The following generation may deſpiſe.
Greenes phraſe, and *Lillie's* language were in faſhion,
And had among the wits much commendation;
But now, another garbe of ſpeech, with us
Is priz'd; and theirs is thought ridiculous;
As ours (perchance) will be, whē Time (who changeth
Things changeable) the preſent phraſe eſtrangeth.
Let no man therefore dreame, I will beſtow
My precious Time in what will vary ſo;
Since that, which, with moſt eaſe I ſhall produce,
May have (for ought I know) the longeſt uſe.
Let no man thinke, I'le racke my memory
For pen-and-inkehorne-termes, to finifie
My blunt invention; trimming it, as they
Who make rich clothes but for Saint *George* his day;
When they may better cheape a ſuite provide,
To fit that feaſt, and many dayes beſide.
Nor let unlearned *Cenſurers* ſuppoſe
Our *Muſe* a courſe unwarrantable goes,
In framing *Objects repreſentative*,
Which may imprint, or in the ſoule revive,
True feelings of that wrath or love, which we
In God almighty, by Faiths eyes doe ſee.
For, though his holy *Spirit*, when he will,
Can eaſily the ſoules of mortals fill
With heav'nly knowledges, by wayes unſeene;
Yet, he himſelfe hath ſometime pleaſed beene
By outward objects to employ the ſenſes,
In reaching to the ſoule ſome excellencies

Con-

Conceal'd before. Yea, many times he ſuites
His Deity in our poore attributes;
And (that our weakneſſe he may work upon)
Our uſuall ſpeech, and paſſions, he puts on.
If ſo; then we, that have no other way
Our hidden apprehenſions to conuey
From Man to Man, but by the quaint creation
Of ſome *Ideaes* in our contemplation;
That ſo the ſenſes may become inclin'd
To give ſome information to the mind:
Then we (I ſay) whoſe fluid memories
Would elſe let goe our ayrie fantaſies,
May ſuch a liberty with warrant uſe.
And I (no doubt) my ſelfe may well excuſe,
If other while things bodileſſe I cloath
With mortall bodies; and doe give them both
Our ſpeeches, and our geſtures. For, by this
A dull affection often quickned is.
Nor thus to doe, are *Poets* onely moved
But, theſe are ſtraines *Prophetical*, approved.
To ſay, that God is angry; or that he
Will of our wickedneſſe avenged be;
Moves little: but, to paint his fury, ſo
That Men the dreadfulneſſe thereof may know,
As if they ſaw it: or his love to make
So pleading of our cauſe, as if it ſpake
(Within our hearing) with ſuch earneſtneſſe,
As friends would plead for friends in their diſtreſſe;
Doth much incite the *Reader* to attention,
And rouſeth up the dulleſt apprehenſion.
Me thinks, I doe, (as with mine eye) behold
The reall ſight of all that I have told:
Yea, that which I my ſelfe deſcribed here,
Doth touch mine heart with reverence, and feare.

I have perpetuall Visions of that rout
Of *Plagues*, and *Iudgements*, which doe rove about
To punish us. And, from that dreadfull *hoast*
I see (me thinkes) how to invade our Coast,
The *Plague* march'd hither, like a *Regiment*
That is for services of moment sent
From some great *Armie*. And, when I can bend
My troubled spirits truly to attend
Gods *Iudgements*, and his *Mercies*, as they goe
Their daily progresse; I can reach unto
Much pleasing thoughts; and oftentimes foresee,
What his intents, and their events will be:
For, when Mans heart is filled with his Feare,
The secrets of the Lord to him appeare.

Oh! what rich treasures doth my soule possesse,
When I doe contemplate the blessednesse,
The Wisedome, and the Way of God most high?
How farre above my selfe rais'd up am I?
How little want I, that the world can give?
What *heights* ascend I? what huge *depths* I dive?
How much contemne I dangers here below?
How certaine of Gods favours can I grow?
And with what sweetnesse is my breast inspired,
When (by the heat of *Contemplation* fired)
I sit lock'd up within a lonely roome,
Where nothing to disturbe my thoughts may come;
And where may enter neither sight, nor Notion
Of any thing, but what may stirre Devotion?

Sure, were it not, that I am cloth'd about
With flesh, that doth compell me to come out;
Or, knew I not the Christian Mans estate
Extended further, then to contemplate;
Or saw not them unthankfully precise,
Who Gods externall blessings quite despise;

Or

Or fear'd I not, I never ſhould have union
With God, unleſſe I were in ſome communion
Of *Saints* on earth; whom I might ſharers make
Of thoſe ſweet thoughts of him, which I partake;
Or, if I doubted not, I might with *Lot*,
Vpon the daughters of my braine begot,
Commit ſome ſpirituall inceſt, had I none
To ſpend the ſeed of my full *Soule* upon:
Or, if I found it not unnaturall,
To leape out of the world, till God did call;
And that fantaſtique wayes of ſelfe-contenting
Are but the certaine paths to ſelfe-tormenting;
If all theſe things I knew not; I could bide
Shut up, untill my fleſh were Mummy-fi'd;
And (though the world ſhould woo me) would diſdain
(For ever) to uncloſe my doore againe.
For though (when I come forth) I loſe agen
My *Raptures*; and have thoughts like other men,
Becauſe my nat'rall frailties, and the fog
Of earthly Vanities, my ſoule doth clog:
Yea, though I can as hardly keepe thoſe firings
Vnquench'd abroad, which are (in my retirings
Inflamed in me;) as a naked Man
Retaine that heat upon a Mountaine can,
Which in a cloſe warme chamber he retaineth:
Yet (for my comfort) ſomewhat ſtill remaineth:
And in my recollections I poſſeſſe
More happineſſe, then I can well expreſſe.
I view contentments, which I cannot meaſure;
I have ſome taſtings of immortall pleaſure;
I glimmerings have of hidden *myſteries*;
My ſoule on glorious things doth fix her eyes:
And though ſome whited walls (who did attempt
To bring my *Muſe* and Me, unto contempt)

Endevor

Endevour ſtill (with ſhewes of Pietie)
My beſt-approved paines to vilifie:
I can with ſcorne of their baſe envy, raiſe
My thoughts above their ignorant diſpraiſe:
And pitty their dull ſottiſhneſſe, who prize
Their ſhadowes better, then realities.
For I have ſearch'd their folly, and eſpy'd
That they have drown'd their wiſdome in their pride;
Yea, by their partiall dealings, I now ſee
They judge mens merits, as their titles be:
And I have gotten thoſe brave things in chaſe,
That ſhall advantage me, by my diſgrace.
When, therefore, by my ſelfe I am encloſed,
And for an heavn'ly *rapture*, well diſpoſed;
I doe not grudge mine enemies to ſpue
Their ſlanders on my name; or to purſue
My labours with reproach; nor prey to make
On all my fortunes: But all well can take,
I doe not then repine, although I ſee
That Fooles ennobled, Knaves enriched be,
And honeſt men unheeded: but I bide
As pleaſed, as I am at *Whitſontide*,
To ſee faire *Nymphs* in Country Townes rejected,
And ſluttiſh *Milkmaids* by the Clownes elected
For *Ladies of the May*. And if I chance
Where any of thoſe *Hobby horſes* prance;
I can in ſport, or courteſie, beſtow
Thoſe termes upon them, which I doe not owe.
For when on Contemplations wings I flye,
I then o're-looke the higheſt *Vanity*.
I ſee how baſe thoſe fooleries doe ſhow,
Which are admired, while I creepe below:
And by the brightneſſe of a two-fold light
(Reflecting from Gods word to cleare my ſight)

Faiths

Faiths objects to her eyes, much plainer are,
Then thoſe which to my outward ſight appeare.
My towring *Soule* is winged up, as if
She over-flew the top of *Tenariffe*,
Or ſome far higher Mountaine; where we may
All actions of this lower World ſurvey.
I am above the touch of malice borne;
I am beyond the reach of ev'ry ſcorne;
And could——But what mean I? this ſeems a *ſtrain*
Impertinent. Sweet *Muſe*, come downe againe;
Soare not ſo high. For in theſe lofty flights
The Fooles below, doe thinke our *Eagles*, Kites:
The world, to flout ſuch *Raptures* now is prone;
I will enjoy them (therefore) all alone:
Of their unhallow'd cenſuring take heed,
And in my former purpoſe, thus proceed:
When (as you heard before) the *Court of Heav'n*
Commiſſion to the *Peſtilence* had given
To ſcourge our ſinnes, and ſigned her directions;
She tooke vp all her boxes of *Infections*,
Her *Carbuncles*, her *Sores*, her *Spots*, her *Blaines*,
And ev'ry other thing which appertaines
To her contagious practices; and all
Her followers ſhe did about her call;
Appoint them to their places, and their times,
Direct them to the Perſons, and the Crimes
They ſhould correct, and how they ſhould advance
Her maine *Deſignement* in each circumſtance.
Then, on ſhe marched; not as doth a Foe
Proclaiming Warre, before he ſtrikes the blow;
But like an Enemy, who doth ſurpriſe
Vpon the firſt advantage he eſpies.
For (paſſing through the ſtreets of many a Towne
Diſguiſed like a *Fever*) ſhe, (unknowne)

Stole

Stole into *London*; and did lurke about
The well fill'd Suburbs; ſpreading there (no doubt)
Infection unperceiv'd, in many a place
Before the bleare ey'd *Searchers*, knew her face;
And ſince they knew her, they have bribed beene
A thouſand times, to let her paſſe unſeene.
But at the length, ſhe was diſcover'd at
A *Frenchmans* houſe without the *Biſhopſgate*.
To intimate (perhaps) that ſuch as be
Our ſpirituall *Watchmen*, ſhould the more foreſee
That they with diſcipline made ſtrong the *ward*,
Which God appointed hath for them to guard;
And chiefly, at this preſent, to have care,
Leſt now, while we, and *France* united are
In bodily commerce; they bring unto us
Thoſe *Plagues* which may eternally undoe us.
For, ſuch like *Peſtilences* ſoone begin;
And (ere we be aware) will enter in,
Vnleſſe our *Biſhops*, both betimes, and late,
Be diligent and watchfull at their *Gate*.
As ſoone, as e're the *Women-ſpyes* deſcry'd,
This Foe about the City to reſide;
There was a loud *All-arme*. The Countrimen
Began to wiſh themſelves at home agen.
The *Citizens* were gen'rally appall'd;
The *Senators* themſelves to Counſell call'd;
And all (who might adviſe in ſuch a caſe)
Aſſembled in their Common meeting place;
Where, what diſcretion publikely was uſed;
What was admitted of, and what refuſed;
What policies, and ſtratagems invented;
That miſchiefes, comming on, might be prevented,
I cannot ſay: For I had never wit,
Nor wealth enough, to ſit in Counſell, yet.

But

But if to judge of things it lawfull were
By their events; the propoſitions there
Were ſuch as theſe. Moſt thought the ſureſt play
To ſave their perſons, was, to runne away;
But leſt ſome higher pow'r might then forbid it,
They did not publiſh that, before they did it.
Some urged, that the *Scavenger* ſhould keepe
The ſtreets more cleane, and oft the channell ſweep;
Some thought it fit, (and theſe no harme did thinke)
That ev'ry morning we ſhould eate, and drinke.
Some (to allay the heat) did hold it meet
To ſprinkle water often in the ſtreet.
Some did a little further nat'rallize,
And theſe unto the *Ayre* would ſacrifize
(In evening fires) pure Frankincenſe or Myrrhe,
Sweet herbes, or odoriferous Iuniper;
Or (for default of thoſe) Pitch, Roſin, Tarre,
And ſuch perfumings as leſſe coſtly are.
For if the Heart and Liver of a Fiſh
(Burnt by young *Tobit* in a Chafindiſh)
A Spirit from his chamber could expell;
They hoped theſe might purge ill ayres, as well:
Some others (not contented herewithall)
Did into conſultation alſo call
The *Prieſts* of *Æſculapius*, and *Apollo*;
And held it fit their grave advice to follow:
Nor without cauſe. For, from the wiſe *Phyſitian*
We beſt ſhall know this Enemies condition.
And ſome there were of thoſe, who did adviſe
Not onely to aſſume thoſe remedies
Which Art preſcrib'd; but alſo therewithall
Obſerved what was Metaphyſicall.
Yea, ſome ſincerely, and religiouſly
Vpon the ſoules infection had an eye,

As well as on the bodies: and these went
The surest way that sickness to prevent.
But there were others, who derided these,
And talked heath'nishly of this disease.
They prated much of *Humours, Inclinations,*
Conjunctions, planetary Constellations;
Of nat'rall causes, unbeleeved fictions;
Impostures, Fables, and meere contradictions
In that *Philosophy*, which they professe:
VVhich fill'd mens mindes with much unsetledness.
Yet in their disagreeings, they agree'd
On that which might their common profit breed.
One had a rare *Perfume* of speciall note;
Another had a precious *Antidote*,
VVhich at *Constantinople* had been tride
VVhen there two thousand on a day have di'de.
A third, preferr'd a *Mixture* in a bag,
Of whose large vertues he did largely brag,
And said, the same they doe in Plague times, weare
At *Rome*, (and so I think when he was there.)
A fourth, by *Diets*, safety did assure.
A fifth, by *Drinkes*, the Pestilence would cure.
A sixth of *Cordials*, and *Elixars* prates;
And some of *Treacles*, and of *Mithridates*.
To offer up a portion of the blood
(To save the rest) for some, it seemed good.
For other some to purge: for all to take
Such meanes as might their purses heavie make.
They to the rich prescrib'd *Preservatives*
On costly termes: and, to prolong the lives
Of poorer men, their consciences abated
The value much: For, health, to them was rated
At some few handfuls of that herbe or grasse,
Which to be gotten, for the gathering was.

This

This being knowne, the *Senators* diſmiſſe
Thoſe men; and by advice it ordered is,
That ſome *Inſtructions* ſhall be publiſhed,
To further what was gravely counſelled.
Moreover, that their *diſcipline* might cary
Some likeneſſe to proceedings *military*,
A band of *Halberts*, muſtred was, to guard
The people from the *Plague*, in ev'ry *Ward*.
And, if they found, by ſerious inquiſition,
(Or, had but any probable ſuſpition)
Where lodg'd it was (although but for a night)
That *Hoſt*, exiled was from publike ſight;
Cloſe pris'ner him they kept both night and day,
As one that elſe their Citie might betray.
And, to compell that his unwelcome *Gueſt*
Should keepe within; his doore was *croſt*, and *bleſt*:
And many *VVatchmen*, ſtrengthned by command,
Did round about his dwelling, armed ſtand.
I doe not thus expreſſe, or mention this,
As if I thought thoſe *Orders* were amiſſe:
But, that I might, hereby, the better ſhow
What miſeries, attended on this *Foe*;
And, that this *Malady*, on us did ceaze,
With circumſtances, worſe then the *Diſeaſe*.
My *Muſe* inſpires not me ſo fooliſhly,
That I all naturall cauſes doe deny.
I doe not thinke, but to this *Peſtilence*,
The *Conſtellations*, by their influence
Might ſomewhat adde: and that corrupted *ayre*,
Might helpe our healthy being to impaire.
I hold, that *Diets*, *Meats*, *Complexions*, *Paſsions*,
With ſuch as theſe, and all their *mitigations*,
May helpe or hinder much in ſuch diſeaſes
As we endeavor ſhall; and as God pleaſes.

Nor

Nor doe I flout the wisedome, or the paine
Of those who sought this mischiefe to restraine:
Nor blame I their much diligence, or care;
But praise it; and could wish it doubled were;
With some such observations, as would make
Their practices, the more successe to take;
And that their naturall meanes had hallowed bin,
With so much *Faith*, and penitence, for sin,
As might have brought more workes of Piety,
To sanctifie their outward *Policy*.
For those dull *Naturalists*, who think, this *Foe*,
Doth by meere nat'rall causes, come or goe,
Are much deceiv'd. Yea, in their hearts, they say,
There is no God, how ever gloze they may:
And as their cogitations are unholy,
So is their seeming wisedome, sottish folly.
They are the base *Conjunctions*, and *Aspects*
Of *Sin*, that this our Climate, so infects;
And neither *Constellations*, nor the *Weather*:
For, then we had beene poi's'ned all together,
By this *Contagion*; and had breath'd the longer
Or shorter while, as nature had beene stronger,
Or weaker in us. Nothing had beene free,
But birds and beasts had dy'd as well as we;
And this Disease had seiz'd on ev'ry Creature
Or more or lesse, as it partakes our nature.
It was no noysome *Ayre*, no *Sewre*, or *Stinke*,
Which brought this *Death*, as most among us thinke,
For, then those places where ill smells abound,
Had more infectious at that time beene found,
Then we perceive they were; yea, this *Disease*,
On ev'ry person delicate, would seize,
Without exception. And where Savours ill
Still bide, the *Plague* should there continue still.

For,

Then, if they brought the ſame, they ſure ſeed it,
And, keepe it alwayes there, as well as breed it:
Which *God forbid*; and teach us to diſcerne
His providence, and what thereby to learne.
Vaine thoughts have alſo they, who credit can
That, this *Infirmity*, at firſt, began,
By meanes of populouſneſſe. For, were it ſo;
Some Courts and Allies, many yeares agoe,
Had beene infected: And, theſe places, where
Throng'd up together, greateſt numbers are;
From *Viſitation*, had not free remained,
When open Streets, and Borroughs have complained.
And, let them not beleeve their fallacy,
Becauſe great *Cities*, have moſt frequently,
This fearfull *Sickneſſe*, or, afflicted be,
When little Townes, and Villages, are free.
For, as there is in great and popular places,
More ſin, and more abundance of Gods graces:
So, it is juſt; that thither ſhould be ſent
The greater meaſure of his Chaſtiſement,
That ſo, their eminence, might ſhew abroad,
As well the *Iuſtice*, as the *Love* of God;
Whoſe *Iudgements* being laid on Townes obſcure,
Might ſmall reſpect, and leſſe effect procure.
As ignorant as theſe, I reckon thoſe,
Who this Diſeaſe, infectious doe ſuppoſe
To ev'ry one: and, them, who credit not
That *Sickneſſe*, by infection may be got:
For, theſe opinions can have no defence;
Since both will falſe be found, in common ſenſe.
For, if we ſay, this *Plague* infects not any,
How commeth it, we daily ſee ſo many
Conſum'd beneath one roofe in little ſpace?
How comes it, that it creeps from place to place,

So orderly, as oftentimes we ſee,
In ſome cloſe Lane or Street? How may it be
That twenty Villages (far diſtant from
Infected Places) tainted ſhould become
Within ſome few dayes after their arriving
Who in contageous places had their living?
None being there, before they came, infected,
Nor any ſuch diſeaſe neare-hand ſuſpected?
How comes all this, unleſſe the *Malad.e*,
Hath in it ſelfe, as had the *Leproſie*,
A ſpreading Nature, and envenom'd that
Which of her poiſon can participate?
Beleeve it; as the *Violet*, or *Roſe*,
(With pure and pleaſing ſweetneſſe) where it growes
Perfumes the Aire, and ſendeth Odours out,
Which keepe a certaine diſtance there-about;
And, more or leſſe, affect the *Paſſers-by*,
As they have more or leſſe capacity
In ſmelling them; Or, as the calmed aire,
Is either, more or leſſe, corrupt or faire:
Right ſo, this *Plague*, ev'n naturally affects
A ſpace of Aire about it; and infects,
(At ſuch or ſuch a diſtance) ev'ry one,
As he hath weakneſſes, to worke upon:
Unleſſe, that her malignitie be ſtaid
By naturall meanes, or powre Divine alaid.
And yet, a falſe Poſition make they ſhall
Who thence infer, the *Plague* infecteth all,
Who breathe her tainted Aire. For, how did they
Eſcape it then, who long time, night and day
In places of infection were detain'd?
And in the boſome of this *Peſt* remain'd,
Ev'n where they often had their eares and eyes,
Affronted, by the ſad aſpect, and cries,

Of

Of *Death* and Dying men? How ſcaped he
That in the *Church*, obliged was to be
Among infectious people; and to ſpeake
Till tired were his lungs; and ſpirits weake?
Ev'n when the peoples, thronging, and their heat
Did vapour up their breathings, and their ſweat
For him to ſwallow? What preſerv'd the *Clarkes*,
The *Sextons*, *Searchers*, *Keepers*, and thoſe Sharks,
The ſhameleſſe *Bearers*? (who were nigh become,
A rout too bad, to picke out hangmen, from?)
How ſcap't the *Surgeon*, that oft puts his head
Within the ſteame of an Infectious bed,
And, ev'ry day doth handle, ſearch, and dreſſe,
Thoſe Biles, that over-flow with rottenneſſe?
Or (which is more) how ſcapt thoſe *Babes*, the *Peſt*,
That were not only weake, but ſuckt the breſt
Of Mothers deadly ſicke, when they did weare
Thoſe noiſome *Blaines*, that moſt infectious are?
This often chanceth. Yea, this hath beene ſeene
When on the very breſt, the ſore hath beene.
Nay, I have heard (by credible relation)
That neare to *Stratford-bow*, this *Viſitation*,
A little Infant was preſerv'd alive,
Who ſucked on the dying breſts of five.
How this may be I know not; If I ſhall
Conclude with ſome, this *Plague* hath powre on all:
Nor can I finde a reaſon how it ſtinted,
Or how our totall ruine was prevented.
For, when it was at height; and when appear'd,
Moſt cauſes, that Infection ſhould be fear'd;
Then, no man was confined, as before:
No *Bill*, or *Croſſe*, was fixt on any doore;
We viſited the *Sicke*; we ſhunned neither
The place nor perſon; but met all together.

Yet then, and (let us marke it) not till then,
This *Plague*, her fury did abate agen;
And constantly abate, though most refused
To keepe such *Orders*, as at first were used,
Which manifesteth well, that (howsoe're
Malignant in it selfe, the *Pest* appeare)
Gods hand restraines it; many a man protecting
Immediately: some, mediately directing
To such, or such a meanes of preservation,
That they might honour him in their salvation:
And, as he striketh some, that men might feare
His *Iustice*: So, he other some doth spare,
That they might love his *Mercies*; and perceive
That he can at his pleasure take, and leave.
For, if God saved none; some *Athe'st*, would not
Make doubt, perhaps, to publish that he could not;
And, scarce one man would be so neighbourly,
To helpe his brother in this malady.
Which Charity to further (and to shew
How safely, men their *Callings* may pursue
In ev'ry danger) we have had, this yeare,
Of Gods great *Providence*, faire tokens, here.
For, 'tis observ'd, that he hath few destroy'd
Who were in this mortality employ'd
About those *Offices*, which have to us
(In common sense) appear'd most dangerous.
Few *Sextons*, and few *Surgeons* have miscari'd,
Who in their callings at this want have tary'd.
And of those *Market-folks*, who at our need
Brought in provisions, this weake place to feed,
I cannot heare of one, who did become
Infected; or, who brought infection home.
Ev'n in that *Parish* where I did abide;
(And where, nigh halfe a thousand, weekly dy'd)

Not

Not one of all that number perished,
That were the common *Bearers of the Dead.*
But, though from midnight, till the break of day,
They did infectious Carkasses convay
From sickly Dwellings, to those *Pits of Death,*
Which breathed out a most contagious breath,
With life and health, their service, God rewarded;
Ev'n though the most of them nought else regarded,
But that base gaine which might their want supply,
Or feed them in some wicked vanity.

How then, can we, that of this favour heare,
From any lawfull action flye through feare?
Or doubt of Gods protection, when we make
A dangerous attempt, for conscience sake?
And know, beside, that what we strive to do,
We are both called, and oblig'd unto?

Moreover, since the latter sort here named,
Are (for the greater part) in life defamed;
Such, who their needfull *Offices* abused;
Such, who nor outward meanes, nor inward used;
To keep their healths (but, grew the bolder in
The practices of ev'ry kind of sin)
Such, whom Gods *Iudgements* stupified more,
And made far harder hearted, then before.
Since those (I say) of such condition were,
And yet preserved in their *Callings*, here:
For what good use I pray can we suppose
Those men were so preserved; but that those
Who truly seeke Gods glory in their stay,
Might have the more assurance in their way?
And know, that if to such God please to give
This mortall life, they shall much rather live;
Or else (which is far better) if they dye,
Obtaine a life, with immortality.

Some *Wiſeman-would-be*, now, perhaps, will prate
That this is *Claphamniſme*: And, that the *State*
(In her good policies to ſtop the breach
Of this great *Plague*) is wrong'd by what I teach?
But, rather they injurious are to me
Who ſo affirme; and vaine their cavils be.
For, though to ſhew the powre Divine the more,
Our *Muſe* declares, by what is gone before,
That Gods owne hand, our *Citie* did preſerve,
When we ſcarce *Meanes*, or *Order*, did obſerve.
Let no man gather thence, that we maintaine,
All *Meanes*, or Civill *Orders* to be vaine.
For, of ſelfe-murther that man guiltie dies,
Who, meanes of health doth wilfully deſpiſe.
Yea, doubtleſſe, there belongs a curſe to them,
That orderly proceedings doe contemne.
And, whereas we our *Orders* did tranſgreſſe,
It was neceſſitie, not wilfulneſſe,
That urged it; becauſe, our common woe,
Did farre beyond the powre of *Order*, goe.
At riſing of the *Flood* we made a *Bay*;
But, at the height, it carri'd all away.
In humane Policie, we ſaw no hope.
But, as the ſtones and Timbers which doe ſtop
A *Breach* at firſt; when all is drowned o're,
Doe nothing elſe, but make the waters rore:
So, when our Sickneſſe, and our Poverty,
Had greater wants than we could well ſupply,
Strict *Orders* did but more enrage our griefe,
And, hinder in accomplishing releefe.
Had ev'ry houſe beene lockt which we ſuppos'd
To ſtand infected, few had beene unclos'd,
Yea, our firſt *Orders* had we ſtill obſerv'd,
The healthie Houſholds would not halfe have ſerv'd

To

To keepe the Sicke. And who ſhould then have heeded
Our private cares? Or got us what we needed?
As long as from each other, we refrain'd,
We greater ſorrowes ev'ry day ſuſtain'd:
Yea, whilſt for none, but for our ſelves we car'd,
Our brethren periſht, and the worſe we far'd.
This made us from our *Policies* appeale,
And meete in *Love*, each others wounds to heale.
This, made vs from our civill *Orders* flie,
To make more practiſe of our *Charitie*.
And hereunto, perhaps, compell'd were we,
By meere neceſſitie, to let us ſee
Experiments, of that unmatched good,
Which floweth from a Chriſtian *Neighbourhood*:
And learne what publike, and what private eaſe
It bringeth in a generall Diſeaſe:
And how it may a *Common-wealth* ſuſtaine
When carnall *Wiſdome*, and *Selfe-love* are vaine.
Or, we perchance from vulgar helpes were driven,
Leſt Overmuch aſſurance might be given
To outward meanes: Or, leſt we us'd them ſo,
As if Gods powre were chained thereunto.
Or elſe, it was permitted, to declare
That fruitleſſe all our beſt endevours are.
Without his bleſſing: That, no creatures have
A Vertue to preſerve till he will ſave:
That, his immediate powre muſt countermand,
When any *Plague* hath got an upper hand:
And, that, ſuch *Mercy* ſhowne in ſuch diſtreſſe,
Might binde us to the greater thankfulneſſe.
But, leſt what here precedeth hath not ſhowne
My purpoſe fully; be it alſo knowne,
That to reſtraine, or ſpurre the PESTILENCE,
There is both ſupernat'rall *Providence*

And *Cauſes naturall*. The firſt of theſe
Can worke without the later, if it pleaſe.
The later cannot any thing effect,
But, as the former ſhall the ſame direct.
And, though in ev'ry ſickneſſe, thus it is,
Yet, ſuch hid properties are found in this,
Such oppoſitions in the *Naturall Cauſes*,
Such knots, and riddles; that it much amazes
The naturall man: becauſe he ſeldome findes
(As he perceives in griefes of other kindes)
The *Cauſes* and *Effects* agree together;
For, there is much uncertainty in either.
On ſome, this *Plague* doth ſteale inſenſibly,
Their muddy nature, ſtirring ſecretly
To their deſtruction. Some, it ſtriketh ſo,
As if a mortall hand had with a blow
Arreſted them; and on their fleſh hath ſeene
A palmes impreſſion, to appearance, beene.
One man is faint, weake, ſickly, full of feare,
And drawes his breath where ſtrongſt infections are,
Yet ſcapes with life. Another man is young,
Light-hearted, healthy, ſtout, well-temper'd, ſtrong,
And lives in wholeſome ayre, yet gets a fit
Of this *Land Calenture*, and dies of it.
Some are tormented by it, till we ſee
Their veines and ſinewes almoſt broken be,
The very ſoule diſtracted, ſenſe bereft,
And ſcarce the ſmalleſt hope of ſcaping left,
Yet ſoone recover. Otherſome, againe
Fall ſuddenly; or feele ſo little paine
When they are ſeized, that they breathleſſe lye,
E're any dying *Symptomes*, we eſpy.
On ſome, an endleſſe drowſineſſe doth creepe:
Some others, cannot get one winke of ſleepe.

This

This, useth ev'ry day preservatives,
Yet dies: another taketh none, yet lives.
Ev'n thus vncertainly this *Sickness* playes;
Spares, wounds, and killeth, many sev'rall wayes.
From this experience, let us not conclude,
As many doe among the multitude,
Who misconceiving (to no small offence)
The doctrine of *Eternall Providence*,
(Who from the truth of sober knowledge wandring,
And Gods *Decrees*, and *Justice* also slandring)
Doe so necessitate the *Fate* of man,
That, whatsoever he endevour can,
His paines is lost; and that foredoom'd, he must
At this or that set moment turne to dust:
And that no industry, no innocence,
No wilfull carelessnesse, or foule offence,
Nor any humane actions helpfull be
To life or death, but meerly Gods *Decree*.
Ev'n such there be. And, howsoever they
Preach *Faith*, or *Workes*, in show, yet, they denay
The pow'r of both; and secretly maintaine,
(By consequence at least) that meanes are vaine.
For, they affirme that ev'ry thing men doe,
They are by God predestinated to
Before all worlds; So, that our pow'r, or will,
Affecteth; not effecteth good, or ill;
And that we are by doome inevitable
In ev'ry kind of action made unable.
Which *Tenet*, seemeth rather to arise
From those, who write of heathnish *Destinies*,
Then from a Christian. For, though true it be,
That, God Almighty, all things doth foresee,
And order so, and so dispose of things,
That, to perfection his owne worke he brings,

In ſpight of *Satan*, and of every deed
That may from his malignant brood proceed:
Yet, they have Actions naturally their owne,
Which God permits. He likewiſe hath beſtowne
On us that are his children, grace, and powres,
Good Actions to performe, which we call ours
By Gods free gift. Moreover, he doth pleaſe
To promiſe bliſſe, or threaten plagues, for theſe,
According to their natures; that each one
May heed the better, what is to be done:
Be ſtirred up to put good workes in uſe,
Or elſe be left at laſt without excuſe.

For, though I am aſſured we poſſeſſe,
By Nature, no inherent Righteouſneſſe;
I, naitheleſſe beleeve that ev'ry one
(Whoſe being, firſt, from *Adams* loines begun)
Received ſince our Univerſall fall
One *Talent*, at the leaſt, to worke withall,
With ſo much powre of working alſo, that
We may and ſhould with God cooperate.
As *Adam* all men did of life deprive;
Ev'n ſo by *Chriſt*, were all men made alive:
Yea, ev'n as *Moſes* did not let remaine
One hoofe in *Ægypt* which did appertaine
To *Iſr'ell*; ſo beleeve I that not one
Was left unranſom'd by Gods only Sonne:
But that all through the ſea of bloud did come,
As well thoſe other who doe wander from
Truths path in this lifes wilderneſſe; as they
Who come within the Land of Promiſe may.

And, though like him, who impudently, laid
Injuſtice to his *Maſters* charge, and ſaid;
He reaped where he ſow'd not, though, I ſay;
There want not ſome among us, at this day,

Who

Who like to him, doe moſt unthankfully
This grace of God in IESVS CHRIST deny;
(Affirming, that he ſome injoynes unto
Much more, than he did give them power to)
Our *Maker* unto ev'ry ſoule that lives,
So much by vertue of *Chriſts* Paſſion gives,
That whoſoever falleth, fal's not by
Anothers, but his owne iniquitie;
And, by his actuall crimes, makes unforgiven
That *Debt originall* which was made even
By his *Redeemer*, who, that, backe will have,
(If we abuſe it) which at firſt he gave.

Who ev'r wants powre to doe what God doth bid,
Loſt in himſelfe, that powre as *Adam* did:
Yet, we that have it, neither had that powre,
Nor keepe it can, by any ſtrength of our;
But by his holy *Spirit*, who hath taught
That path of life wherein to walke we ought.
And, this is ſuch a *Myſtery*, that ſome
Which thinke they ſee, are blinde therein become.

Our guiltie Soules and Bodies were bereft
Of all good Faculties, and had not left
So much as *Will*, much leſſe the powre to doe
What ſoule or Bodies health conduced to.
Their guilt *Chriſt* from them tooke; and by his might
Depraved Nature ſo much ſets to right,
That unto ev'ry Soule, he gives the will
Which *Adam* had, of chuſing good or ill.
And then both Life and Death, he doth propoſe
Before them ſo, that either may be choſe.

To them, whom in his *Church* he doth afford
To live paſt Child-hood, He doth by his *Word*
(And by no other meanes) this tender make.
With Infants, and with Heathens, he may take

Some other courſe. But, ſurely, when, or how
He that effects; concernes not us to know.
When God doth make this tender (which is then
When he doth pleaſe, and no man knoweth when)
If any Soule by *Sathans* guile doth chuſe,
What Gods good *Spirit* moves her to refuſe,
She, then, to put in action doth begin
The haynous and impardonable ſin
Againſt the *Holy Ghoſt* (which fearfull crime
Is made apparant to the world, in time,
Or more or leſſe, by outward actions here,
As God ſhall pleaſe to let the ſame appeare).
And, after this refuſall, ev'ry thing,
Which doth encreaſe of grace, to others, bring,
Doth make her grow more ſenſeleſſe of her ſtate,
Or elſe enrage, or make her deſperate.
And, her *freewill*, in *Adam* loſt before,
Is loſt againe, by her, for evermore.
But, if ſhe chuſeth as the Spirit moveth,
The Lord, this Soule, without repenting loveth;
In her, preſerving ſuch affections ſtill,
And ſuch a portion of her firſt *Freewill*,
That though the frailties of her fleſh doe ſeeme
To choake them often, in the worlds eſteeme;
(And ſometime in her owne) yet ſhe for ever
Doth in her motion towards God perſever,
Till ſhe arive in him. Nor doth ſhe ceaſe
Of pious workes, her number to encreaſe:
But labours for aſſurance in election,
By reaching ev'ry day at more perfection.
And, far is it from God to take away
The guerdon of our *Faith*; or to denay
What he did by his *Covenant*, ordaine,
To be the wages of our Chriſtian paine:

Or

Or to command us what ſhould profit nought;
Or, to neglect the workes that we have wrought.
For, ſince God heeds thoſe things that are ſo ſmall,
As birds alightings, and as haires that fall;
Makes uſe of ev'ry circumſtance, and chaines
(To further thoſe maine ends which he ordaines)
Ten thouſand little trifling things together;
Not one omitting, none diſplacing neither,
Which may be pertinent his ends to further,
Or to effect them, in their timely *Order*.
How could ſo fond a crotchet be deviſed,
That God our ſeriouſt actions hath deſpiſed?
Or, that by his *Foreknowledge*, or *Decree*,
Our deeds ſhould all annihilated be?
Or, that he ſhould ſo oft incite us to
What he had giv'n to man, no pow'r to doe?
I dare not venture upon their diſtractions,
Who ſearch the order of *Eternall actions*;
Nor doe I further ſeeke what God *foreknowes*,
Then he within his Word revealed ſhowes;
Nor will I ever ſtrive to pry into
His hidden counſells, as too many doe:
But, their unwarrantable paths eſchewing,
And, Gods diſcloſed purpoſes purſuing,
Search onely for the knowledge of thoſe things
Which an effecting of his pleaſure brings.
Since, if I follow them, it cannot be
That he would purpoſe any harme to me;
Or in his ſecret counſell ought ordaine
To make his publike will to be in vaine.
For, though, when *Abram*, *Iſa'k* thought to kill,
God's hidden *purpoſe*, and reveal'd *will*
Did ſeeme to croſſe each other (And when he
Did threaten *Niniveh* deſtroy'd ſhould be)

Yet,

Yet, they appeare not oppoſite to thoſe
Whoſe faith, ſuch holy ſecrets can diſcloſe.
Or were it ſo; from acts particular
None ſhould concluſions generall inferre.
God neuer ſaid, as yet, that I could heare,
Man, ſuch a day ſhall periſh, howſoe're
By faithfull workes for ſafety he endeauour.
But, all his promiſes and threatnings, euer
Were made conditionall; and haue fore-ſpoken
Our life, or death, as they are kept, or broken.
Nor is this any barre, or contradiction
To Gods free *Grace*; or to his firme *Election*,
Or never-ending *Loue*. Nor helpes it thoſe
Who, *perſeuerance of the Saints*, oppoſe:
But, rather, maketh all thoſe Doctrines good.
Yea, being rightly weigh'd and underſtood,
Gods *iuſtice*, and his *mercy* it unites,
Whom mens blind Cavills haue made oppoſites.
God knew the doome, and date of *Adams* crime,
Yet, he did fore-expreſſe no certaine time;
But, ſpeaking of it, ſpake indefinitely,
And ſaid, *That day thou ſinneſt, thou ſhalt dye.*
And ſure, of all mens deaths (who e're gaine ſaies)
It is their ſinne that ſetteth downe the daies.
For, till tranſgreſſion forfeited our breath,
There was no peremptory day of death.
And, in affirming, where Gods Word is mute,
It is preſumption, to be abſolute.
Doe this, ſaith God, *and liue*; *Doe that and periſh.*
Yet ſome, whoſe overſights too many cheriſh,
Dare contradict it; and affirme that wee
Good, bad, dead, liuing, damned, ſaued be
Eu'n from eternity, without reſpects,
To any cauſes, or to their effects.

And

And theſe imply, that (whatſoe're we doe,
Or leaue vndone) God fore-appoints us to
A certaine doome; which we ſhall ſtriue in vaine,
With all our ſtrength, to ſhunne, or to obtaine.
And wherefore then did God his Goſpell ſend?
Why doth his Word exhort vs to amend?
Why doth he bid vs, this, or that to ſhunne?
Why hath he charged ſome things to be done?
If he no power hath giuen, or elſe by fate
Diſableth all men to cooperate?
And leaues them neither good nor ill to doe.
But what he fore-decreed long agoe?
Why threats he ſtripes? why promiſeth reward?
If there be no compaſſion, no regard,
Nor meed for what is done. And what I pray
Is all Religion, if theſe truth doe ſay?
I know God reprobates, and doth foreſee
Before all worlds, who reprobates will be.
But, none he forceth to be ſo accurſt,
Saue thoſe who haue his *Grace* reiected firſt,
And vnto thoſe, indeed, he powre denies
To worke his will, becauſe they did deſpiſe
His profered *Love*; And juſt it is in him,
To make them blinde, who did the light contemne.
He doth eternally abhorre the crime;
But he the *perſons* reprobates *in time*.
And None doth chuſe, or perſonally reiect
(What ever ſome conceive) but with reſpect
Vnto his *Covenant*; which hath implide
Something to be perform'd on either ſide.
For, were it ſo, that God hath fore-decreed
What ſhould befall unto us without heed
To any *Covenant*; and bar'd *Salvation*,
By an eternall doome of *Reprobation*,

(In ſuch like manner as the fantaſies
Of ſome (not well adviſedly) deviſe)
What compaſſe we by ſtriving therewithall?
Why ſpend we time, in riſing up to fall?
Why linger we to act ſo many crimes?
To ſuffer over griefe ſo many times?
And live ſo many ſev'rall deaths to taſte,
To be nor worſe, nor better at the laſt?
Or wherefore have we prayed, ſince we know
What muſt be, muſt be, though we pray not ſo?
I might be thought o're bitter, if as they
I ſhould interrogate, who ſharply ſay;
Why doe not theſe, who this opinion hold,
Goe hang themſelves before that they are old?
Or in their Gardens, TIMON *like, erect*
Faire Gibbets for the Schollers of their Sect?
What tends their life unto? why ſhould not they
Refuſe to eate and drinke; and, wiſely, ſay,
" God, for our end, a certaine day hath ſet,
" Which we ſhall reach, although we taſte no meat.
Why doe they ſhun a danger in the ſtreet,
Since they ſhall live their time, what e're they meet?
If they to any place, deſire to goe,
Why trouble they their feet to helpe thereto?
Since they are ſure, that if decreed it were
They ſhould come thither, they their paines may ſpare?
If thus I ſhould have ſaid, ſome men would deeme me
To be more bitter then did well beſeeme me:
For, I confeſſe that on the quick they grated,
Who in this manner have expoſtulated.
And I forbeare it. Yet, this generation
Hath ſome who need this tart expoſtulation;
With whom loud noiſes more prevaile by far,
Then doe thoſe proofes, that Faiths and Reaſons are.

I know to these *Objections*, most replies;
I know their strength, and where their weakenesse lies;
I know what holy Scriptures, men mistake,
Which proofes of their assertions seeme to make:
I know, how they their *Arguments* mis-lay,
From that of *Esau*, and the Potters clay:
I know what *Times* and *Termes* they misconceive,
And wherewithall themselves they doe deceive.
I know with what nick-names of heresie,
Some Readers will for this my *Muse* belye;
And that nor they, who call'd *Arminians* be,
Nor they who reprehend them, will with me
Be friends for this; for neither those nor these
Am I desirous to offend or please,
But to uphold the Truth, which is bely'd
Injuriously by most of either side.
I know their spight, their vineger, their gall;
I know what spirit most are led withall
Who spread the *Doctrines* which I have reproved,
And know such Reason never to be moved,
With favour to them that I dare to say,
It is the neareſt and the straighteſt way
To all prophaneneſſe. It the bridle gives
To carnall liberties, and makes the lives
And hearts of many men so voyd of care:
From hence distractions; hence despairings are.
Hence mischiefes; hence selfe murthers doe arise;
Hence is it that such multitudes despise
Good discipline: yea, this contemned makes
The life of *Faith*, if once it rooting takes:
Disableth pious practices outright,
And where it roots, destroyes *Religion* quite.
Let no man then admit into his thought,
That God Almighty hath decreed ought

Which

Which on his *Iuſtice* may infringement bring,
Or on his *Mercy* in the ſmalleſt thing:
Or that his *Wiſedome* any thing ordaines
Without the meanes which thereunto pertaines:
Or thinke, becauſe our ſinne he doth permit
That therefore he neceſſitateth it:
Or that he wills thoſe errours he foreſees,
As he the workes of righteouſneſſe decrees:
Or, that our humane actions cyphers are:
Or, that within this world there ever were
Or ſhall, thoſe perſons be, whom God will call
Vnto account, untill he giue them ſhall,
At leaſt, one *Talent*, which may ſerue vnto
The working of that worke he bids them doe.
Let no man dreame theſe dreames; nor cenſure this,
Till he hath well conſider'd what that is
Which I deliuer. For in this darke way,
Our learnedſt Clerkes doe ſometimes runne aſtray.
Nor let them thinke that I concurre with all,
Who in appearance hold this *Tenet* ſhall:
Or that I differ from all men that may
In termes diſſent from what I ſeeme to ſay.
For they that in expreſſion diſagree
In one *well-meaning*, oft united be.
And either (if that they in loue contend)
Shall then at length, obtaine their wiſhed end.
Oh! labour this, all you that would be thought
GODS glory in your ſtudies to haue ſought;
That though *offences* come, they may not moue
Diſunion; but Gods *worthy ones* approve.
And let us with a true ſobriety,
So heed his *Actions of eternitie*,
That we may ſee in them a boundleſneſſe,
Beyond our humane wiſdome to expreſſe;

Leaue

Leave quarrelling about his waies unknowne,
And take more heed hereafter to our owne.
For, though God pleaſeth, other while, to uſe
Our vulgar *Termes*, ſome *notions* to infuſe
Of his eternall workings, and apply
His deeds that way, to our capacity,
Diſcloſing them unto us one by one,
As if at ſeverall times they had beene done,
(Becauſe our ſhallowneſſe no meanes can find
To entertaine them in their proper kinde)
And though (reſpecting us who temp'ral be)
Wee ſay, that *God Almighty* doth *foreſee*,
Foreknow us, and *predeſtinate*; yet ſure,
His *Eſſence* no ſuch termes can well endure
In proper ſenſe; Becauſe with him, no *doome*,
Word, Thought, or Act, is paſſed, or to come.
But all things preſent. Yea, all *Times*, and all
Thoſe things which wee by ſeverall names doe call,
Our *Births*, our *Lives*, our *Deaths*, and our *Saluations*,
Our *free-elections*, and *predeſtinations*,
Are all at once with God, without *foreſeeing*;
Eu'n all in *one-eternall-preſent-being*.
Which few obſerving, many men have thought
That Gods *eternall actions* ſhould be wrought
Like ours in *Time*, which is, as if they ſhould
Endeavour how the world they might enfold
Within a Nut-ſhell. And while thus men ſtrive
(According to their fancies) to contrive
An order in Gods *workings*, they miſtake them
Blaſphemouſly, and orderleſſe doe make them.
Yea, to define his actions, they neglect
That part which is their duty to effect;
Themſelves and others loſing in a path
Which neither profit, end, nor ſafety hath;

And

And, by disputing what from us is hidden,
Disturb the doing that which God hath bidden?
I have digrest enough; and some there are
Who think, perhaps, that I have gone too farre.
Yet, let it not be judg'd impertinent,
That I have so pursu'd this *Argument*.
For, want of minding what is here rehearsed,
Hath often times the *Pestilence* dispersed.
Yea, some who fondly said, that ev'ry man
Shall live his time decreed, do what he can;
And that each one at his fixt houre shall dye,
'Gainst which he seeks in vaine, a remedy:
Ev'n these, made much good means of health neglected
Much wise and wholsome counsell be rejected;
And caused, oft, in this our common wo,
That *Death* was brought and caried, to and fro.
But, lest in chasing them, I run astray;
Ile prosecute againe my purpos'd way.
The *Pestilence* doth show her selfe inclin'd
So variously, she cannot be defin'd.
She neither certaine forme, nor habit wears,
But, partly *metaphysicall* appears,
And partly *naturall*. She oft may cary
Her *Progresse* on, by meanes that's ordinary;
But, rarely doth begin, or end her *Arrant*,
Save by an extraordinary *Warrant*.
It doth infect, and it infecteth not.
It is an *arrow* which is often shot
By Gods owne hand, from his far-striking bow,
Without the help of any meanes below.
It is Gods *Angel*, which to death can smite,
Miraculously, an *army* in a night.
It is a rationall *Disease*, which can
Pick, with discretion, here and there a man;

And

And paſſe o're thoſe, who either marked are
For *Mercy*; or, a greater *Plague* to beare.
We ſee, it ſuting hath to Natures lawes,
A nat'rall *motion*, and a nat'rall *cauſe*;
For, as a Fire among great Buildings throwne,
Burnes Timber, melteth Mettall, cracketh Stone,
Defaceth Statues, makes moiſt places dry,
The Vaults below to ſweat, the tyles to flye
And manifeſts his force, in ſev'rall kindes,
According to the objects which he findes:
So, hath the *Peſtilence* a nat'rall pow'r
To harden, fright, endanger, or devoure,
(And divers other changes to procure)
As ſhe doth find a ſev'rall temp'rature
In mind or body, fitting the rejection.
Or for the entertainment of *Infection*.
Theſe things conſider'd. They who ſhall deſire
To ſcape from this *Contagion*, muſt acquire
A double *Ward*. For, doubtleſſe, there is none
That can reſiſt it with one guard alone.
In times of Danger, vainly we preſume
Vpon our Iv'ry boxes of *Perfume*.
To little purpoſe, we defend our noſes,
With *Wormwood*, *Rue*, or with our *Radeliffe* Poſies
Of tarred Ropes. Small warrant for our lives,
Are all ſuch bodily *Preſervatives*,
As Cordiall waters, Gums, Herbes, Plants, and Rootes,
Our ſimple or compounded *Antidotes*.
Our *Bæzar-ſtone*; our med'cines *Chymicall*;
Or, that high-prized Iewell wherewithall,
For horne of *Vnicorne*, men cheated are:
Or, thoſe unhallowed *Charmes*, which many weare.
For, theſe are far unable to withſtand
The vigour of his incorporeall hand,

Who

Who ſtrikes for ſinne, unleſſe to theſe wee adde
A Plaiſter which of better things is made.
Yea *Nature* failes, unleſſe adjoyne wee doe,
A med'cine *metaphiſicall* thereto.
Moreover, fruitleſly devout are they,
And that they ſeeke to God they falſely ſay,
Who wilfully neglect, or elſe contemne,
That outward meanes, which Nature offers them,
And God provides, to cure, or to prevent,
The miſchiefe of Diſeaſes peſtilent.
For, ſince wee fram'd of ſoules and bodies are,
God pleaſed is, that wee ſhould have a care
To both of them; and labour how to finde,
What appertaines to either, in his kinde.
He therefore, who deſireth a defence
Againſt this *Arrow* of the *Peſtilence*;
A compleat *Armour* muſt from God procure,
And ſtill be arm'd, his perſon to ſecure.
He muſt put on the *Helmet* of *Salvation*,
And ſhoe his feet with holy *Preparation*.
A *Belt* of *Truth* muſt for his loines be ſought;
His *Breſt-plate* muſt of Righteouſneſſe be wrought.
The *Shield* of *Faith*, his Target muſt become,
The darts of *Sathan* to ſecure him from.
Gods *Word* muſt be the *Sword* upon his thigh,
His *Praiers*, like continuall ſhot muſt flie;
And he ſhould keepe for ever his abode,
Within the ſhadow of Almighty God.
Or elſe the Workeman looſeth all his paine;
And he that watcheth, waketh but in vaine.
He alſo muſt expell out of the ſoule,
That filthineſſe of ſinne, which makes it foule.
He muſt avoid the crimes he lived in;
His *Phyſicke* muſt be *Rue* (ev'n Rue for ſinne)

Of *Herb of Grace*, a Cordiall he muſt make;
The bitter Cup of true Repentance take;
The *Diet* of *Sobriety* aſſume;
His Houſe with workes of Charitie perfume;
And watch, that from his heart in ſecrecie,
Ariſe no ſavours of Hypocriſie.
He muſt beleeve, God ſo doth love him, that
His everlaſting good, is aimed at
In all he ſuffers; and, that, God doth know,
And marke his nature, and his temper ſo,
As that he will impoſe nor more, nor leſſe,
Than ſhall be needfull for his happineſſe.
For, ſuch a *Faith*, will keepe him ſtill content,
Still lowly, under ev'ry chaſtiſement;
Still thankfull, whatſoever doth befall;
And *Bleſſings* make, of what we *Plagues* doe call.
He muſt, moreover with a holy *Feare*,
In all his Chriſtian duties perſevere;
Still watchfull, and at no time daring ought
Which may from God divert him in a thought:
(So neere as poſſibly, the powre of man,
So great a diligence endeavour can.)
For, round about him are a thouſand Feares,
A thouſand Dangers, and ten thouſand Snares,
And, as a *Traveller*, who for his Bridges,
To paſſe deepe waters, having nought but ridges
Of narrow Timbers, dares not caſt his eye
From off the Plancke, nor ſet his foot awrie;
Becauſe beneath him, he beholds a *Streame*,
That runnes, and roares, and gapes to ſwallow him:
So, he that muſt an hourely paſſage make,
Through ſuch like *Plagues*, as this whereof I ſpeake,
(And many dangers waiting on him hath,
To catch him, if he ſlip his narrow Path)

Had

Had need be careſull that he never ſtray,
Nor ſwarve in any thing beſide the way.
Let, therefore, ev'ry man deſire, at leaſt,
This pow'r; that his deſirings may be bleſt,
With ſuch performances as he ſhall need,
Or, have his *Will* accepted for the *Deed*.
And, let him to his *Calling* ever ſtand:
For, whoſoe're doth leave that place unmann'd
Wherein God ſets him; forfeits that reward
(And is deprived of that *Angell guard*)
Of which His *Muſe* doth propheſie, who ſayes,
We ſhall preſerved be in all our wayes.
Far is it from my nature, to reprove
With proud inſultings, thoſe whom feare did move
To ſtep aſide: For, good and pious men
Give way to nat'rall frailties now and then;
And, we whom God emboldned now to ſtay,
Hereafter, from leſſe frights may run away.
Yea, ſure I am, that if it doe not flow
From Love, and Pity, that their ſcapes we ſhow,
God may, and will (our folly to deride)
Make them dare ſtand, where we ſhall ſeare to bide.
And therefore, hoping none amiſſe will take
What I have writ for truth and conſcience ſake;
(That men in times to come might looke into
This duty, and be heedfull what they doe)
I will affirme, that ev'ry one hath erred,
Who in his lawfull *Calling*, was deterred
So much, as in this danger to forſake it:
And, though a trifling matter many make it,
I know, the moſt apparant ſhowes of terror
Are not excuſe enough for ſuch an error.
For, that we ſhould not in ſuch caſes dread
The greateſt perils: God hath promiſed,

That

That if we keepe our *wayes*, and him obſerve,
He will not onely, from this Plague preſerve;
But, cauſe us without haime to walke among,
Ev'n *Adders*, *Dragons*, *Lyons* old and yong:
By which pernicious creatures, and untamed,
Is ev'ry danger meant that can be named.
These things we muſt obſerve, if we will hope
Gods extraordinary blow to ſtop;
And other circumſtances muſt attend
Thoſe meanes. But, they ſo nat'rally depend
On what precedes; that in well doing one,
VVe cannot leave the other part undone.
Such were thoſe holy med'cines, which prevented
The Plague, at *Niniveh*, when ſhe repented;
Such *Iſr'el* uſed, and it ſaved them;
Such kept the Plague out of *Ieruſalem*;
And when the bloody *Angell* came, had pow'r,
To ſtop him in *Araunah*'s threſhing floore.
Thus *Hezekiah* was preſerv'd; thus *David*
Was from the very ſame contagion ſaved:
And if unfainedly we practiſe thus,
He doth of ſafety alſo warrant us.
Yea (through this meanes) we ſhall be fortifi'd
VVith ſuch a coat of proofe, as will abide
That murth'ring *Arrow* which in darkneſſe flyes,
From Gods owne *Bow*, unſeene of mortall eyes.
And when we thus have done, attempt we may
To ſtop the *Shaft*, that flyes abroad by day;
I meane the nat'rall Sickneſſe, which doth ſmite
By meanes, that is apparant to the ſight.
For, as God ſtriketh, oft, immediate blowes
By ſome immediate way: right ſo he ſhowes
A nat'rall cure to thoſe, whom he doth pleaſe
To warrant from the naturall *Diſeaſe*.

Thus, he for *Hezekiah*'s health revealed
That *Plaiſter*, wherewithall his griefe was healed,
Thus from this *Plague* have many beene ſecured,
And many ſaved, who the ſtroke endured.
Here I could ſhew, what *Med'cines* may be tooke
To cure or to prevent the outward ſtroke;
To qualifie the *Aire*, what might be uſed;
What *Diet* ſhould be taken, what refuſed;
What *Symptomes* doe attend on this diſeaſe;
What good, or ill, from *Labour*, or from *Eaſe*
Too much, or over-little, may be got:
But, to proceed in this preſume I not.
For, to preſcribe externall med'cines, here
To ev'ry man, too hard a taske it were;
Since they muſt often chang'd and mixed, be,
As we the ſickneſſe changeable doe ſee,
And as we finde the meaſure of *infection*,
The parties *Age*, his *Temper*, or *Complection*.
To thoſe I therefore will commit this part,
Who are allow'd profeſſors of that *Art*;
Adviſing all, that none their aid refuſe,
Nor out of ſeaſon, their aſſiſtance uſe.
For, if, before our peace with God be made,
We (ſeeking outward meanes) a cure have had;
That meanes ſhall be the meanes our death to fet:
That cure ſhall onely cure us, to beget
Another *Plague*: unleſſe we have repented
Our folly, and the miſchiefe, ſo, prevented.
Yea ſuch, as take that courſe, doe ſugar o're
Strong poyſons, and skin up a feſtring ſore;
Becauſe thoſe med'cines, and that watchfulneſſe
(From which they did expect a good ſucceſſe)
Not being with repentance ſanctifi'd,
Nor (in their place) with faithfulneſſe apply'd,

Corrup-

Corruptd grow; make what was evill, worſe;
And (in the ſtead of bleſſings) bring a curſe.
This *Reaſon* proves. For, ſince it is from *Sin*
Whence all our griefes, and ſickneſſes have bin:
We ſhall as vainly ſtrive th'effects to ſtay,
Till we the Cauſes firſt remove away,
As if we went about to draine a River,
Before to ſtop the Springs we did endeavor.
And, as we neither ſhould o're-much rely
On outward helpes; nor take diſorderly
The meanes of Health; right ſo, beware we muſt
That we doe never uſe it with diſtruſt.
For as, in ſeeking ſafety, moſt men uſe
Prepoſterous courſes (whence much harme enſues)
Or elſe (when likely med'cines they have got)
Preſume ſo farre, on what availeth not,
Without Gods bleſſing; that, from him they take
His due, and of his Creatures, *Idols* make:
So, ſome there be ſo fearfull, that their *Feare*
Corrupts their blood, where no infections were;
Begets that *Plague* within them which they ſhun;
And makes it follow, when they from it run.
No place, or counſell can of reſt aſſure them;
No meanes their hope of ſafety can procure them:
But ſtill they are diſtemper'd; ever taking
New courſes, and new Med'cines alwayes making.
Of all they meet (if any meet they dare)
For ſome *Receipt*, their firſt enquiries are.
What e're he be that tells them, that, or this
Prevents the *Plague*; it ſtraightwayes practis'd is.
They ſwallow downe hot *Waters*, *Sirrups*, *Drinks*,
Choake up their Chambers with *Perfumes*, & *Stinks*;
With *Rue*, and *Wormwood* cram their bowels up,
With *Phiſicke* breake their faſts, and dine, and ſup:

Yet, ſtill deſpaire, as if that world of ſtuffe
(Which they devoured) were not halfe enough.
And, this their terror, doth to me appeare,
A greater *Plague*, then that which they doe feare.
Miſtake me not; I doe not here condemne
The chriſtian, and the filiall feare of them,
That are (with holy dread) employ'd about
Such meanes, as worketh true ſalvation out.
Nor blame it, when a moderate feare doth make
Alarums in us, *Reaſon* to awake.
For, while our *Feare* preſerves a moderation,
It is a very neceſſary *paſſion*,
And ſtands for *Centinell*, to bid us Arme,
When any Foe doth ſeeme to menace harme.
Nor doe I checke that nat'rall Feare, which from
The knowledge of our weakneſſes doth come:
For, want of that, is meere ſtupidity;
And ſuch, can neither feele a Miſery,
Nor taſte Gods Mercies, with more profit, than
The brutiſh Creatures wanting Reaſon, can;
Who, of their paines, or pleaſures, nought retaine
Much longer, then it doth in act remaine.
I count not each man valiant, who dares die,
Or venture on a Miſchiefe deſperately,
When, either heat of Youth, or Wine, or Paſſion
Shall whet him on, before conſideration:
For, thus a Beaſt will doe, and hath (no doubt)
As much foreſight in what he goes about;
As thoſe blinde *Bayards*, who couragious be
In perills, whoſe events they doe not ſee.
Nor will I any man a *Coward* call,
Although I ſee him tremble, and looke pale
In dangerous attempts; unleſſe he ſlacke
His juſt *Reſolves*, by baſely ſtepping backe.

For,

For, as the greater part of men we find
To laugh, and blush, by nature, much enclin'd:
So, many have a nat'rall inclination,
To trembling, paleneſſe, or ſome other paſſion,
Which, no *Philoſophy* can take away,
Nor any humane wit, or ſtrength, allay:
And if their *Apprehenſion* proveth better
Then other Mens; their *Paſſions* are the greater;
Becauſe their ſearching wits finde perills out,
Whereof the *Dullard* (never having doubt)
Hath boldly ventur'd on them, and out-dar'd,
What being heeded, him to death had ſcar'd.
Give me the *Man*, that with a quaking arme
VValkes with a ſtedfaſt mind through greateſt harm;
And though his fleſh doth tremble, makes it ſtand
To execute what *Reaſon* doth command.
Give me the *Soule*, that knowingly deſcries
All dangers, and all poſſibilities
Of outward perills; and yet doth perſever
In ev'ry lawfull action, howſoever.
Give me that *Heart*, which in it ſelfe doth warre
VVith many frailties (who like Traytors are
In ſome beſieged Fort) and hath to doe
VVith outward Foes, and inward Terrors too;
Yet of himſelfe, and them, a conqueſt makes,
And ſtill proceeds in what he undertakes.
For, this is double-*valour*; and ſuch men
(Although they are miſ-cenſur'd now, and then)
Enjoy thoſe mindes that beſt compoſed are;
In lawfull quarrells are without compare;
And (when the *Coward*, hoodwink'd goes to fight)
Dare charge their ſterneſt Foes with open ſight.
Let no Man therefore glory, or make boaſt
Of Courage, when they feele their *Dread* is loſt,

Or thinke themſeles the ſafer, when they finde
Their Feare is gone, whilſt Perill ſtayes behinde;
Eſpecially, when they beſieg'd appeare,
With ſuch like *Plagues*, as this, we treat of here.
For that endangers, rather then ſecureth;
Since *Cuſtome*, or elſe *Ignorance* procureth
That bruti ſh fearleſneſſe: And, where we ſee
Such hardineſſe, Gods *judgements* fruitleſſe be.
There is required, yet, one *Caveat* more
To perfect that, which hath beene ſaid before;
Ev'n this; that we grow watchfull, leſt the while
We truſt in God, we doe our ſelves beguile
With fruitleſſe confidence, and on his grace
(Beyond his warrant) our aſſurance place.
For, many thouſands wondrous forward are
In Gods large promiſes to claime a ſhare;
Who, thoſe *conditions* never muſed on,
Which he doth ground his *Covenant* upon.
And as the *Iewes* (from whom they take example)
Bragg'd of their outward worſhip, and their *Temple*,
As if Gods *League* extended unto all,
Who could themſelves, the ſonnes of *Iacob*, call,
Without reſpecting their partic'lar *Way*:
So, we have ſome among us, that will ſay,
They truſt in God; and that, in this *infection*,
They full aſſurance have of his protection:
Becauſe they formally his *Truth* profeſſe;
Performe externall workes of *Holineſſe*;
Or viſibly, with ſuch, partakers are,
With whom the *Pledges* of Gods love appeare.
But, they that on theſe outward workes rely,
Without true faith, and true ſincerity;
Commit thoſe guilded *ſinnes*, whoſe gloſſe will weare,
And leave their naturall corruptions bare:

Yea

Yea they, of their profeſſions, *idols* make;
And, will the *Covenant* of God miſtake,
Vntill in his *conveyances*, they ſee
What duties, on their parts, required be.
God promiſeth (indeed) all ſuch to ſave,
Who in his holy *Church* their dwelling have;
And that he will vouchſafe them his defence
From dangers of the noyſome *Peſtilence*:
But they muſt love him, and inuoke him, then,
Or elſe the *Bargaine* is unmade agen.
Thus much inferres the *Pſalmiſt*, in that *Ode*,
Which prophecies the *ſaving Grace of God*.
Thoſe, therefore, too too much on them aſſume,
Yea, (fooliſhly) of mercy they preſume,
Who boaſt of Gods protection, and yet tread
Thoſe paths, which to a ſure deſtruction lead.
I doe not meane, when any man miſ-does
Through frailty, or unwillingly miſ-goes:
But when, with liking, and without remorſe,
He wilfully purſues a wicked Courſe.
For, ſuch, their confidence on God, bely,
Depending on their owne *ſecurity*;
And cannot ſee thoſe dangers they are in,
Becauſe their *Conſciences* have ſeared bin.
How many thouſands in the Grave are laid,
Who, in their life-times, impudently ſaid
They ſhould be ſafe in God? yet never tooke
His counſell, nor one vanity forſooke
For love of him? How many have I heard
Preſumptuouſly affirme, they never fear'd
The danger of Gods *Arrowes*? though they flew
At noone, at midnight, and ſo many flew
In ev'ry ſtreet? yea, ſhameleſly profeſſe
Their truſt in God, to cauſe their fearleſneſſe,

Yet, nothing for the love of him endevour?
How boldly have I seene them to persever
In ev'ry sin, when Gods fierce *Angell* stood,
Ev'n just before them, all embru'd in blood;
And slaught'ring roũd about thẽ neighbors, brothers
Their friends, their kinsmẽ, children, fathers, mothers,
And some of ev'ry sort? Nay, I have heard
Of such, who were not any jot afear'd
To bargaine for their Lust, in times to come,
VVithin the compasse of the selfe-same roome,
VVhere (at that instant) they beheld their wives
Lye newly dead; or lab'ring for their lives.

They waste Gods *Creatures* in luxurious diet;
Consume their times in wantonnesse, and riot;
They feasts, and merriments, in *Tavernes* keepe,
VVhilst others in the *Temples*, fast, and weepe;
They persecute their brethren, and the poore;
Performe no good; forbeare no sin the more;
And live so carelesly, as if they thought,
That, when the greatest wickednesse they wrought,
It prov'd, their trust in God to be the greater;
And, that lewd *works*, shew'd forth their *faith* the better;
Or else that God the more obligement had,
Because he was so good, and they so bad.
Ev'n such there are. And these make boastings will,
Of trust in God, yet such continue still.

Alas, it is but vaine to say *Lord, Lord,*
Or to professe a confidence in word,
Where lively *Faith* appeares not: for, God granteth
Protections unto none, but whom he planteth
Within his *Vineyard*; wherein growes no tree,
But in some measure, it will fruitfull be;
Or else, a *storme* shall come, which down will shake it,
With whatsoever, carnall props, we stake it.

No

No high-presuming *Cedars*, nor stiffe *Oakes*,
Are those whom God exempteth from the strokes
Of his tempestuous wrath: but, that which bendeth
To ev'ry blast, which he in *Iudgement* sendeth,
As doth a bruised, or low-stooping *Reed*,
Which, by the bowing, is from breaking free'd.
Yea those, who really within the shade
Of his defence, have their abidings made;
Those onely, may depend on his protection,
Amid the ragings of this hot *Infection*.
And who are these, but such, as (when they see
The threatned *Plague*) afraid, and humbled be?
Such, as through hearty love, ashamed grow,
That they so good a God displeased so:
Such, as are sory for their passed crimes,
And truly purpose, in all future times
A better life: Such, who, for conscience sake
(And not through servile feare) themselves betake
To pious exercises; such, who strive
To mortifie their lusts, and how to live
As worthy their free-calling: such, as they,
Who ev'ry houre, doe labour, watch, and pray,
Their duties to performe; and dare not peepe
Abroad at morning, or at ev'ning sleepe,
Till they the sacrifice of thankes have paid,
For favours past; and begg'd for future aid.
Such, as on Gods owne pleasure can rely,
And, in his Faith resolved are to dye.
Such, as have Charity; and working are
Their safeties with continuall *joy*, and *feare*:
Ev'n such as these, securely may repose
When twenty thousand dangers them enclose.
On these, Gods *Angells* wait; and these they shall
From stumbling keepe, when many Millions fall

From ev'ry kinde of harme they ſhall be free,
And ſleepe, where feares, and miſchiefes thickeſt be:
Yea, though that ſeize them, which the *Plague* we cal,
It ſhall to them become no *Plague* at all;
But rather be their furth'rance, to acquire
That perfect *happineſſe*, which they deſire.
Let no man, therefore, in this *Viſitation*
Tye God unto the temp'rall preſervation;
Or be diſcouraged, if he ſhall pleaſe
To exerciſe him under this *Diſeaſe*,
Suppoſing, he inflicteth it on none
(As ſome fooles thinke) but *Reprobates* alone.
For he did *Hezekiah* thereby ſtrike;
He, by th's *Malady*, or ſome ſuch like,
Afflicted holy *David*, his Elected;
Whoſe Reprobation is of none ſuſpected.
And though juſt men from temporall infection
Shall finde more certainty of Gods protection,
Then others doe: yet ſure, that *Peſtilence*
(From which God promis'd abſolute defence)
Is not that ſickneſſe which the body ſlayes;
But that, which death unto the ſoule conveyes.
Our earthly griefes, to heav'nly joyes doe reare,
And why ſhould any Man or grudge or feare
A mortall wound, ſo he might gaine thereby
A body cloth'd with immortalitie?
Or why ſhould we repine, in miſſing that,
Which (to our dammage) we had aymed at;
When God doth give us more then we deſired;
And lifts us higher, then our hopes aſpired?
To him due praiſes, rather, let us give,
Whoſe love to us, is better, then to live.
But, I have ſaid enough to this effect,
And, if, what I have ſpoken, have reſpect,

We

We ſhall (I hope) hereafter well diſcerne,
What, by this *Iudgement*, we are bound to learne;
How much to truſt; how much to hope, or feare;
What outward meanes, or inward helpes there are,
VVhereby, this heavy *Plague* may be prevented,
Or entertained, with a breſt contented.
So few (as yet) have thus prepared bin,
That now of late it quickly ruſhed in
In ſpite of all our *Halberds*, and our *Watches*.
And as a *Flame* (which in a Tempeſt, catches
On ſome full Barne) is blowne about the *Village*,
And fireth, here, the hopefull fruits of *Tillage*;
A *Cottage* there; on th'other ſide the way
A well-fill'd *Stable*, or a *Ricke* of Hay;
Another yon; cloſe by, doth menace harme
Ev'n to the *Church*; forthwith conſume a *Farme*;
Some dwellings (now, and then) doth overgoe;
Anon layes waſte a dozen in a row;
And ſtill increaſe, goe forward, and returne,
Vntill the *Towne* in ev'ry quarter burne:
So rag'd the *Peſtilence*. And, as we ſee
Thoſe workmen, who, repairing breaches be
In *Thame*, or *Trent*, at firſt the *Banks* doe raiſe;
Shut cloſe the *Sluces*, ſtrengthen up the *Bay's*,
And labour ſeriouſly with much good hope,
VVhile they perceive but ſome few gaps to ſtop:
But, when they ſee the Flood prevailing more,
(Ten breaches made, for ev'ry one before)
And all endeavors faile; they worke forſake,
Leaving the waters their owne courſe to take:
So, when this *Floud* began, we had a thought
To keepe it backe; and to that purpoſe wrought:
But, when we ſaw it riſe beyond our pow'r,
VVe gave it way at pleaſure to devoure.

At firſt, the publique *Officers* did ſhow
Their skill in curbing this encroaching *Foe*,
Not ſparing to be prodigall of paine,
The ſpreadings of *Infection* to reſtraine;
And ev'ry private family beſide,
Againſt this danger did for armes provide.
Their *Yards*, and *Halls*, were ſmoked with perfume,
To ſtop the ſtinkes, which thither might preſume,
Their *Chambers* furniſht were with *Antidotes*,
With *Viols*, *Boxes*, *Glaſſes*, *Gallipots*,
All filled with munition of defence
(As they ſuppos'd) againſt the *Peſtilence*.
Some did in *Meats* their meanes of ſafety thinke;
Some *Epicures* did arme themſelves with *Drinke*;
Some, fooliſhly did build up monſtrous hopes
Vpon the ſmoking of *Tobacco ſhops*;
(But this diſeaſe, without a Conſcience making
Of their preſuming on *Tobacco* taking,
Came thither too, and frequently did cary
Good-fellowes from their ſmoaking *Sanctuary*.)
Some, one, and ſome another courſe deviſed;
Yet, ev'ry day more places were ſurpriſed.
Which, when we ſaw, and how it overcaſt
All temp'rall force; we thought upon (at laſt)
The helpe of God: and then we did repaire
To crave his ayd in *Faſting*, and in *Prayer*,
Then ſome, through ſervile terror, ſome, for faſhion,
And ſome, out of a true humiliation,
Emplored ayd from heav'n; and ſhow'd in teares
Their *Hope*, their true *Repentance*, and their *Feares*.
But, whether God did for a while contemne
Our ſuit, becauſe we gave not care to him,
When firſt he call'd: or, whether he thought fit,
(That we the longer might remember it)

To fright us ſomewhat more: or whether we
Brought not ſuch hearty penitence, as he
Expected from us: or appointed were
Some further tryalls of our *Faith* to beare:
Sure, ſome ſuch cauſe there was; and for that cauſe,
God did not onely ſeeme to make a pauſe
In anſw'ring our *Petition*; but, to chide
More ſharply, and to throw it quite aſide.
For with a doubled, and redoubled ſtroke
The *Plague* went on; and, in (among us) broke
With ſuch unequall'd fury, and ſuch rage;
As *Brittan* never felt in any age.
With ſome at ev'ry turning ſhe did meet.
Of ev'ry *Alley*, ev'ry *Lane* and *Street*
She got poſſeſſion: and we had no way,
Or paſſage, but ſhe there, in *Ambuſh*, lay.
Through Nookes, & Corners, ſhe purſu'd the Chaſe,
There was no barring her from any place:
For in the publique *Fields* in wait ſhe laid;
And into private *Gardens* was convaid.
Sometime, ſhe did among our *Garments* hide;
And, ſo, diſperſe among us (uneſpy'd)
Her ſtrong *Infections*. Otherwhile (unſeene)
A Servant, Friend, or Child betraid hath beene,
To bring it home; and men were fearfull growne
To tarie, or converſe, among their owne.
Friends fled each other; *Kinſmen* ſtood aloofe;
The *Sonne*, to come within his *Fathers* roofe
Preſumed not; the *Mother* was conſtrain'd
To let her child depart unentertain'd.
The love, betwixt the husband, and the wife,
Was oft neglected, for the love of life;
And many a one their promiſe falſifi'd,
Who vow'd, that nought but death ſhould thé divide.

Some,

Some, to frequent the *Markets* were afraid;
And some to feed on what was thence purvay'd.
For on young pigs such purple spots were seene,
As markes of Death on *Plague*-sicke men have been,
And it appeared that our suburbe-Hogs
Were little better, then our Cats, and Dogs.
Men knew not, whither they might safely come,
Nor where to make appointments, nor with whom.
Nay, many shunn'd *Gods-house*, and much did feare
So farre to trust him, as to meet him there.
In briefe, the *Plague* did such distruction threat,
And Feares, and Perils were become so great,
That most mens hearts did faile; and they to flight
Betooke themselves, with all the speed they might:
Not onely they, who private persons were,
But, such as did the publique Titles beare.
The *Maior* startled, and some say was gone;
But, when his Charge he truly thought upon,
It settled him; and he at Helme did 'bide
Vntill his roome was orderly supply'd.
And (let me doe him right) it since appeared,
That, with good Diligence his Courte he steered.
For, on his backe were many burthens laid;
The Country of provisions us denay'd;
The greater part with sickneſſe waxed froward;
Much want did make the poorer sort untoward;
That when I call to minde his heavy taske,
And little helpe; me thinkes it praise doth aske.
Most of his gowned-*Brethren* him forsooke,
And to their Country Bow'rs themselves betooke;
Where, how they pray'd, or what they sent by gift,
To feed the Poore; I leave it to the shrift
Of their owne consciences; which best can tell,
What things they have performed ill, or well.

Physitians

Phyſitians were afraid, as well as theſe,
And neither *Galen*, nor *Hippocrates*
Could yeeld them any warrant for delay;
And therefore (with the firſt) they went away.
Some *Leaches* of the Soule, (who ſhould have ſtaid)
Were much (nay ſomewhat over-much) afraid,
And had forgotten ſo, how to apply
Their heav'nly *Cordials* of Divinty,
Againſt the feare of *Death*; that when moſt dangers
Beſet their Flocks; they left them unto ſtrangers.
Nay, ſome there were, who did among us teach,
That Men ſhould flie; & that, which they did preach,
They taught the people by example too.
Pray God, in other things they may do ſo.
Few ſtaid, of any calling or degree,
VVho to their Country-friends might welcome be;
Or, of themſelves were able to provide
A place of Harbour, where they might abide.
Yea ſome, (to ſcape uncertaine Death) did flie
Into the Iawes of certaine Beggery,
By leaving of their Callings; and are flowne
So far, and high a flight out of this *Towne*,
On borrow'd-feathers; that their Neighbours feare,
They never more will in their ſhops appeare.
Thoſe of our wanton *Gentry*, that could brooke
No Ayre, but *Londons*; *London* quite forſooke;
And all that Crew of *Spend-thrifts*, whom (untill
This *Plague* did fright them) nor *Star-Chamber Bill*,
Nor ſtricteſt *Proclamation*, could compell
Vpon their owne Inheritance to dwell;
Were now, among their racked *Tenants* faine
To ſeeke for ſhelter; and to ayre againe
Thoſe muſty *Roomes*, which their more thrifty *Sires*
Kept warme and ſweet with hoſpitable Fires.

God

God grant, that where they come, they may do good,
Among their Tenants, by their neighbourhood.
Of ſome we hopefull are, they will be ſuch;
And of ſome others we doe feare as much,
That by their preſence they will plague them more,
Then by their willing abſence heretofore.
In many a mile you ſcarce could find a *Shed*,
Or *Hovell*, but it was inhabited,
(Sometime with double Families) and *Stalls*
And *Barnes* were trimmed up in ſtead of *Halls*.
Thoſe *Burgeſſes*, that walk'd in Gownes, and Furs,
Had got them coats, and ſwords, and boots, & ſpurs;
And, till you ſaw them ride, you would have ſworne,
That, they, for horſemen, might have ſerv'd the turn.
Thoſe *Dames*, who (out of daintineſſe, and Pride)
The ruſticke plainneſſe did (erewhile) deride,
(And, at a better lodging, *Foh*, would cry)
Beneath a homely rooſe were glad to lye;
And fawne on ev'ry Child, and ev'ry Groome,
That, ſo they might the welcomer become.
Thoſe, who in all their life-time never went
So far, as is the neareſt part of *Kent*:
Thoſe, who did never travell, till of late,
Halfe way to *Pancridge* from the City gate:
Thoſe, who might thinke, the Sun did riſe at *Bow*,
And ſet at *Acton*, for ought they did know:
And dreame, young *Partridge* ſucke not, but are fed
As *Lambes*, and *Rabbets*, which of eggs are bred:
Ev'n ſome of theſe have journeyes ventur'd on
Five miles by Land (as farre as *Edmunton*.)
Some hazarded themſelves from *Lyon-Key*
Almoſt as far as *Erith* downe by Sea:
Some row'd againſt the ſtreame, and ſtragled out
As far as *Haunſlow-heath*, or thereabout:

Some

Some climbed *High-gate-hill*, and there they ſee
The world ſo large, that they amazed be;
Yea ſome are gone ſo farre, that they doe know
Ere this, how *Wheat* is made, and *Malt* doth grow.
Oh, how they trudg'd, and buſled up and downe,
To get themſelves a furlong out of towne.
And how they were becumbred, to provide,
That had about a mile or two to ride.
But when whole houſholds further off were ſent,
You would have thought the *Maſter* of it, meant
To furniſh forth ſome *Navy*, and that he
Had got his neighbours *venturers* to be.
For all the neare acquaintance thereabout,
By lending ſomewhat holpe to ſet them out.
What hiring was there of our hackney *Jades?*
What ſcouring up of old, and ruſty blades?
What running to and fro was there to borrow
A *Safegard*, or a *Cleake*, untill the morrow?
What ſhift made *Iack* for girths? what ſhift made *Gil-*
To get her neighbors footſtoole, & her pillian, *lian*
Which are not yet return'd? How great a pother
To furniſh, and unfurniſh one another
In this great voyage did there then appeare?
And what a time was that for *Bankrupts* here?
Thoſe who had thought (by night) to ſteale away,
Did unſuſpected ſhut up ſhop by day;
And (if good lucke it in concluſion prove)
Two *dangers* were eſcap'd at one *Remove:*
Some hired *Palfreyes* for a day, or twaine,
But rode ſo far, they came not backe againe.
Some dealed by their neighbours, as the *Jewes*
At their departure did th' *Ægyptians* uſe:
And ſome, (with what was of their owne, content)
Tooke up their luggage, and away they went.

And

And had you heard how loud the Coaches rũbled;
Beheld how Carres, and Carts together jumbled;
Seene how the wayes with people thronged were;
The *Bands* of Foot, the *Troupes* of Horsemen there;
What multitudes away by *Land* were sent;
How many thousands forth by *Water* went;
And how the wealth of *London* thence was borne;
You would have wondred; and (almost) have sworne
The Citie had beene leaving her foundation,
And seeking out another situation;
Or, that some Enemy with dreadfull pow'r,
Was comming to besiege, and to devoure.

Oh; foolish people, though I justly might
Authorize thus my *Muse* to mock your slight,
And still to flout your follies: yet, compassion
Shall end it in a kinde expostulation.

Why with such childish terror did you try
To run from him, from whom you cannot flye?
Why left you so the place of your abode,
Not hasting rather to goe meet your God
With true repentance, who for ever hath
A mercy for us in his greatest wrath?
Why did you not your lawfull callings keepe?
But straggle from your folds like wandring Sheepe,
That had no *Shepheard?* And, oh, why, I pray,
You *Shepheards*, have you caused them to stray?
Your Neighbours why forsooke you in distresse?
Why did you leave your brethren comfortlesse?
When God did call for *Mourning*, why so fast
Did you to seeke for mirth, and pleasures, hast?
And take away from other, when you fled,
What, in their need, should them have comforted?

If *Death* be dreadfull, stay, and learne to die;
For, *Death* affects to follow those that flie.

Had

Had you not gone, you might for ever after
Have ſaid, That *Sorrow profits more then Laughter.*
You ſhould have known that Death hath limits here,
And looſed was, where he did bound appeare:
That many were preſerved in the flame,
And many burnt, that came not nigh the ſame.
Yea, ſome of you, before from hence you went,
Had, of theſe Truths, got ſome experiment.
What Folly then, or Frenzy you bewitches,
To leave your houſes, and goe dye in ditches?
Forgoe the Comfort, which your *Citie* yeelds,
To venture for a lodging in the *fields?*
Or (which is worſe) to travell farre, and finde
Thoſe prove ungentle, whom you hoped, kinde?
A *Plague* ſo bitter, That might *Plagues* be chuſed
I would be Plague-ſicke, rather then ſo uſed.
Did you ſuppoſe the *Peſtilence* would ſpare
None here, nor come to ſeaze on any there?
All periſh'd not, that did behinde you ſtay;
Nor did you all eſcape, who fled away.
For, God your paſſages had ſo beſet,
That Hee with many thouſands of you met.
In *Kent*, and (all along) on *Eſſex* ſide
A Troupe of cruell *Fevers* did reſide:
And round about, on ev'ry other Coaſt,
Of ſeverall Country-*Agues* lay an hoaſt.
And, moſt of them, who had this place forſooke,
Were eyther ſlaine by them, or *Priſ'ners* tooke.
Sometime the *Peſtilence* her ſelfe had bin
Before them in their Lodging, at their Inne;
And hath arreſted them upon the Bed,
Brought many ſicke away, and meny dead.
Sometime (againe) ſhe after them hath gone,
And when (perchance) ſhe was not thought upon:

Among

Among their friends, and in their merriment,
Hath seiz'd them, to their greater discontent.
She divers apprehended on the way,
Who to so many mischiefes were a prey;
That pooreſt beggers found more pitty here,
And leſſer griefe, then richer men had there.
I doe not meane concerning that neglect,
That barbarous, unmanly diſreſpect
Their bodies had among the clowniſh crew,
When from the tainted fleſh the ſpirits flew.
For, if their carcaſſes they did contemne,
What harme, or what diſeaſe was that to them?
What paine, or torment was it, if that they
(Like carrion) in the fields, unburied lay?
What felt they, being dragged like a Log,
Or hurl'd into a *Saw-pit* like a Dog?
What diſadvantage could that *Doctor* have,
Who (learnedly) was drawne into his grave
By naked men? ſince thoſe things doe diſgrace
The living rather, and doe wrong the place
That ſuffers, or allowes that barb'rouſneſſe
To ſhame the Chriſtian Faith, which they profeſſe.
Alas; my heart as little can bemone
A mangled carcaſſe, as a broken ſtone,
It is a living body, and the paines,
Which I conceive a broken heart ſuſtaines,
That moveth me: their griefe, in life-time was,
And, whilſt they liv'd, their ſorrowes did ſurpaſſe
Theſe fained ones, as *Death*, and loathed *Care*,
By *Life*, and true *Content*, excelled are.
Some, who forſooke faire houſes, large, and high;
Could ſcarcely get a *Shed* to keepe them dry;
And ſuch, who many beds, and lodgings had,
To lye on ſtraw without the doores were glad.

Some

Some over-tyr'd with wearineſſe, and heat,
Could not, for money, purchaſe drink, or meat;
But cruelly of ſuccour were deny'd,
Till, through their faintneſſe, they grew ſick & dy'd.
Some, who in *London* had beene waited on
With many ſervants, were enclos'd alone
In ſolitary places; where they might
Find leaſure, to repent them of their flight.
And, when they had ſupplyes at any need,
The bringers did (like thoſe that *Lyons* feed)
Ev'n throw it at them; or elſe, ſome where ſet it,
Where (after their departures) they might fet it.
And many a one (no helper to attend him)
Was left to live, or dye, as God ſhould friend him.
Some, who unwiſely did their homes forſake,
That triall of the *Country* they might make;
Have brought their lives to miſerable ends
Before they could arive among their friends.
Some, having reach'd the places they deſir'd,
(With no meane difficulty, weake, and tyr'd)
Have miſſed welcome, where they ſought reliefe;
And, ſtrucken by unkindneſſe, dy'd with Griefe.
The ſickly *Wife*, could no aſſiſtance have
To bring her *Husbands* body to the grave.
But was compelled, with a grieved heart,
To act the *Parſons*, and the *Sextons* part.
And he, that wanted ſtrength to beare away
His mate, who dead within his preſence lay;
VVas faine to let the ſtinking body lye,
Till he in death ſhould beare him company.
Ah me; what tongue can tell the many woes,
The paſſions, and the many griefes of thoſe?
What mortall pen is able to expreſſe
Their great temptations in that loneline ſſe?

What

What heart can thinke, how many a grieuous feare
To those distressed people may appeare,
Who are with such afflictions over-taken?
Of ev'ry Creature in the world forsaken?
Without a Comforter *left all alone,*
Where to themselves they must themselves bemone,
Without a remedy? And where none may
Or know, or pitty, what they feele, or say.

Me thinkes to muse on those who suffer'd thus,
Should bring to minde the mercy shewed us,
And make our pennes and voyces to expresse
The love of God, with hearty Thankfulnesse.
For when no sorrowes of mine owne I had,
The very thought of those hath made me sad.
And were it not that God hath given me
Some trya'ls of those Comfortings, which Hee
For men in their extremities provides,
And from the knowledges of others hides:
Or felt I not, how prevalent Gods pow'r
Appeares in us, when there is none of our:
What liberty hee giue's, when wee doe fall
Within the compasse of an outward thrall:
And what contentments He bestowes on them,
Whom others doe neglect, or else contemne:
Yea, had I not beleeued him who sayes,
That God doth knowledge take of all our wayes;
That He obserues each rubb within our path,
With ev'ry secret sorrow, which it hath;
That he is nearest then, when we bemone
His absence, and suppose him furthest gone;
And often in us dwels, when Those abroad
(With most insulting) say; *Where is their God?*
Had this beene hidden from me: I had here
For ev'ry line I writ, dropt downe a teare;

And

And in a floud of *ſorrowes* drench'd mine eyes,
When firſt I muſed on theſe miſeries.
But I have knowne them, to my great content;
And felt ſo oft, what comforts God hath lent,
When of all outward helpes we are deprived;
That (could the ſame of all men be beleeved)
It would be thought, true *Pleaſures* were poſſeſſed
Of none, but men forſaken, and diſtreſſed.
How ever; though ſuch mercy God beſtowes,
And brings men comfort in their greateſt woes;
Let none of us preſume, (as ſome have done)
Without our *Circle*, fooliſhly to runne;
Nor leave our proper *ſtation*, that we may
Goe ſeeke our fortunes in an uncouth way.
Conceive me right; I doe not here deny,
Or call in doubt the lawfulneſſe, to flye:
Nor am I of their counſell, who deſpiſe
All ſuch as fled: nor, judge I too preciſe
Thoſe, who the *Perſon*, or the *Place* avoid,
Which is with any noyſomneſſe annoy'd.
For, when the cauſes of remove, are juſt,
We then may flye the *Plague*; nay, then we muſt;
Since, thoſe who will not, (in ſuch caſes) goe,
Tempt God, and faile in what they ought to doe.
If that a *King*, or *Prince*, ſhould live within
A City much infected, it were ſin.
For he (no doubt) hath ſome Vice-gerent there
Who, in his abſence, may ſupply his care:
Or, if that Place were certaine of decay
By his departure; yet he might not ſtay.
The Reaſon is; there many thouſands are
Of Townes, and Cities, that in him have ſhare.
Who, would conceive, it were unjuſtly done,
That he ſhould venter all their wealth in One.

And

And make great *Kingdomes* hazards to endure,
The welfare of one *City* to procure.
So, *Counsellers of State*, and he, whose Charge
Extends throughout the Common wealth at large,
With ev'ry other *Magistrate* beside,
(Except his pow'r to some one place be ty'd)
Must shun the *Plague*; because that such, as he,
Sworne servants to the whole *Weale-publique* be.
And since the safest *Physicke* and defence
For Children, in the times of *Pestilence*,
Is to remove them: they unwisely do,
Who, having wealth, and friends to send them to,
Neglect the meanes, by being over nice;
Or grudging at the charge, through avarice.
Moreover they, whose calling seemes to lye
Within two sev'rall places, equally,
(Till some plaine causes hinder) may be free
To live where safety best appeares to be:
Vnlesse their secret conscience doe gaine-say;
And who can judge of that, but *God*, and *They*?
Yea, Men, on divers good occasions mo,
May from the places of Infection goe.
For there be times of *stay*, and times of *going*;
Which, ev'ry one (that is discreet) well knowing,
Doth censure no partic'lar Man, at all:
But calling unto mind, that blessed *Paul*
Was once ev'n in a basket forth convay'd
From his Pursuers; yet no iot afraid
(At other seasons) to continue there,
Where bloody persecutions hottest were.
And if my words have done my meaning right,
My *Muse* denyes not, but alloweth *flight*:
Provided alwayes, that Men doe not flie
From Casuall *Plagues*, to Plagues with Certainty:

From

From those with whom the bands of *Charity*,
Of *Duty*, *Friendship*, or *Affinity*,
Or of their *Calling*, doth require a stay.
Provided also, when they part away,
That as God blest them hath, they somewhat finde,
To comfort those, who must abide behinde;
And, that they trust not to their *Flight*, as tho,
That, of it selfe could save: but, rather know,
And use it as the gracious meanes of him,
Who saves; and, not as that which saved them.
Let them consider likewise, that the *Sin*
Was partly theirs, which did the *Plague* begin;
And, in their absence (with a Christian feare)
Make sute for those, who must the burthen beare,
From which they scape: yea, let them all confesse
Their sins with penitence and humblenesse;
Avoiding ev'ry pleasure, where they live,
Which out of minde, their *Brethrens* cares may drive;
Lest God pursue them whither they are fled;
There seize upon them to their greater dread;
Or from them take away all due correction,
Which *Plague* were greater then this great *Infection*.
For, when his *Iudgements*, God, in wrath, removes,
His *Mercy*, then, the greater *Iudgement* proves.
There be, I know, some people gone away,
Who minding our afflictions, night and day,
Have much bewayled our distressed case,
And sent up earnest prayers for this *Place*:
For, of their *Piety* good fruits are seene,
And, by their hands, the poore refresht have beene.
These, from this Den of *Slaughter*, were (no doubt)
By Gods especiall favour called out,
Who, for their sakes, I hope, those townes will spare,
To which, for shelter, they escaped are,

As he did *Zoar*. And I wish they may
Obtaine their lives, and safeties for a prey.
But, there be some; (and would to God, *that some*
Were but a little one) who parted from
Our City walls, as if they had not gone
With *Vengeance* at their heeles; or waited on
By feares and dangers; but, so finifi'd,
As if their meaning was, to shew their pride
In Country *Churches*, for a weeke or twaine,
Ride out like *Cockneies*, and come home againe:
The sorrowes of their brethren they forgot;
In holy duties they delighted not:
In drunken meetings they their leasure spent;
In idle visits; fooliſh merriment:
And, to their Country-friends they caried downe
Those sinnes that are too common in this Towne.
VVhich (if they practise there, as here we doe)
VVill bring their wages, also, thither too.
These giddy *Runnawayes*, are they that were
Beginners of that great unmanly feare,
VVhich did first author of disorder prove.
These, caused that improvident Remove,
VVhich did both wrong the welfare of the *Citie*,
Distract the *Country*, make it voyd of pitie;
And, give occasion of those Tales which *Fame*
Hath now dispersed, to our common shame.
For, if their flight had timely beene provided,
(VVith Conscience and Discretion truly guided)
Their profit here at home had beene the greater,
And, friends abroad, had entertain'd them better.
And, yet I take small pleasure to excuse
Those *Pesants*, who so grosly did abuse
Their Manhood and Religion, in denying
The dues of Charity, to people dying.

For,

For, though their folly might their fall deſerve,
Yet we our Chriſtian pitie ſhould preſerve,
Our brother in extremities releeving;
Not adding ſorrowes to encreaſe his grieving,
Nor taking notice of his evill deeds,
So much, as of that comfort which he needs:
Till, he refreſhed by a friendly hand,
His errors, by our love, may underſtand.
And, ſure, there was a meanes to ſuccour ſtrangers
In their diſtreſſe, and to eſcape the dangers
Of that *Infection*, (which ſo much was feared)
Had Vnderſtandings eye beene better cleared;
And, that *Selfe-love*, and *Avarice*, removed,
Which kept good paths unſeene, and unapproved.
But, ſince that eaſie knowledge hath beene hid,
By wilfull blindneſſe, well enough I did,
If, here, I (Satyrizing) ſhould expreſſe
The *Countries* folly, and forgetfulneſſe.
And yet, I will not write, to their diſgraces,
What of ſome *Perſons*, and particular *Places*
Hath rumor'd beene: leſt I ſhould ſpirt a blot
So blacke, as that it would not be forgot
In future Ages; but, make Times-to-come,
Suſpect, they had deny'd their *Chriſtendome*.
For, ſhou'd our *Muſe* (who, if ſhe liſt thereto,
Cares not who frownes, or frets, at what we doe)
Should ſhe put on that ſtraine of Bitterneſſe,
With which their cruelty we could expreſſe:
Should we in our deſcription of their Feare,
Cauſe all their Indiſcretion to appeare:
Should we illuſtrate here, the true Relations,
Of what hath paſt in many *Corporations*;
What uproares in ſome *Townes* have raiſed beene,
When *Londoners*, approaching them, were ſeene:

How master *Maior* was straightway flockt about;
How they to Counsell went to keepe them out;
How they their watches doubled, as if some
Had brought them newes that *Spinola* would come:
And what ridiculous actions past among them;
Some few, perhaps, wold think that we did wrõg the;
And, they would subjects be of scorne, and laughter,
For all their evill willers, ever after.

Or, should we tell what propable suspition
Appear'd, sometime, of wisedome and discretion,
In goodman *Constable*; when, in a standing,
To wind-ward from the Rõde (& there commanding
Browne bills, and Halberts) he examined
Such Travellers, as from the *City* fled:
And (at the very lookes of them affrighted)
Sent feeble women, weary and benighted,
(Without or meat or drink) to try the fields
What Charity, their better nature yeelds.
If this we told, it might goe hard when we
Should apprehended in their *Watches*, be.

Or, should we shew, what policies did please
The wisdome of some rustick *Iustices*;
Describe that wondrous witty stratagem
Which for a while was practised by them
To starve the *Plague*; how Christianly they sought
That no provisions hither might be brought;
Should we produce their *Orders*, which of late
Were put in ure, and wisemen laughed at:
Or, publish to the world what we have heard
Of their demeanors, when they were afeard:
How they were fool'd by some of them that fled:
What course was taken to interre their dead:
How, he who for that worke could hired be,
Was for his labour, chained to a tree

A full month after: how, they forced ſome
From their ſweet wholſome houſes forth to come;
And (being ſick and weake) to make their bed
Within a paltry new erected Shed,
Compos'd of clods; which neere ſome Common ſide
Their charitable *Worſhips* did provide:
Or, ſhould I on ſome other matters touch
VVhich I have heard; it would enlarge too much
This booke: and ſome of thoſe, perhaps, perplex,
VVhom I deſire to counſell, not to vex.
But, I from aggravations will forbeare,
And, thoſe their overſights, at this time, ſpare.
For, ſome (although moſt others did not ſo)
Their love and Chriſtian piety did ſhow,
In counſelling, in cheriſhing, in giving,
And, in the wiſeſt manner of releeving.
Beſide; I love the *Country*, as I pitie
The ſorrowes and afflictions of the *Citie*.
And (ſince they both are guilty) being loth
To ſide with either; I the faults of both
Have ſhewed, ſo, that neither I abuſe.
Now, they that like it may; the reſt may chuſe.

The third *Canto*.

The Houſe of MOVRNING, which moſt feare,
(And flye ſo much) is praiſed here.
It ſhowes that outward loyes *and* Care,
Nor meerly good, nor evill, are;
But things indiff'rent; which the wiſe
Nor over-praiſe, nor under-prize.
The ſtrife within our Authors *breſt*
About his ſtay, *is next expreſt.*
Then doth it orderly recite

What Reason *argu'd for his flight:*
What Faith *alleaged, to reprove*
The Motives urging his remove:
What Armes *for him, she did prepare,*
To bide the shock of Death, *and* Feare:
What proofe she to his Conscience *made,*
That, he a lawfull Calling *had,*
In midst of this great Plague *to tary,*
By Warrant-extraordinary:
What, thereupon he did conclude:
What Ioy, *and* Confidence *ensu'd:*
How much this Favour he doth prise,
Above Earths glorioust Vanities:
How he his Time desires to spend:
And so, this CANTO *hath an end.*

HOw childish is the *World!* and what a path
Her Throng of braine-sick *Lovers* trodden hath!
Like brutish herds they troupe along together,
Both led, and leading on, they know not whither.
Much hoping, where no ground of *Hope* appeares,
Much fearing, where indeed, there are no feares.
In those things pleased, which true Mirth destroy:
For that thing grieved which procureth Ioy:
Most shunning, what might bring most gain unto thē;
And seeking most, for what would most undoo them.
How few are so cleare-sighted, as to see
What pleasures mingled with afflictions be?
Or what contentments doe concealed lye,
Behinde the seeming dangers which they flye?
How few have, by experience, understood
That God hath sent their troubles for their good?
How few consider, to what fearfull ends,
The faire smooth way, of easefull *Pleasure* tends?

And,

And, therefore, oh! how few adventure dare
Where *Mournings*, rather then where *Laughters* are?
Though God himselfe prefer the house of *Griefe*,
Before vaine *Mirth*; and *Pleasures* of this life
Hath termed *Thornes*, that choke the heav'nly seed:
Yet few of us have taken so much heed
Of what the sacred *Volume* doth record,
(And, flesh and blood) distrusteth so the word
Of his firme *Truth*) that blindly we pursue
Our owne vaine counsels, and his *Tracts* eschew.
'Tis therefore doubtfull, it would vaine appeare,
If I should labour to discover here,
How many secret pleasures I have seene
While in the Cels of *Mourning* I have beene.
And, what contentments God bestowed hath,
When I have walkt the solitary path
Of *Disrespect*; (assaulted by those feares,
Which oft affront us in this *Vale of teares*)
Or what prevailing hopes I have possessed,
When I, beyond all hope, have seem'd oppressed.
For, vulgar men, doe such expressions hold
To be but idle *Paradoxes*, told
By those, who grown distemper'd, through some grief
Vent melancholy passions, past beleefe.
And as our Vpland *Pesants*, from the shores
Beholding how the Sea swels, fomes, and rores,
Iudge foolishly, that ev'ry *Seaman* raves,
Who talkes of mirth and safety on the waves:
So, they will fondly passe their doome on me,
Who strangers to the Seas of *Sorrow be*.
But, though the world allow not what I say,
Yet, that the *Love* of God, proclaime I may;
That, I may justifie him in his *Word*;
That for mine owne availe I may record

What I have ſeene: and that *experience* might
Encreaſe my *hopes*, and *hope* put *feare* to flight,
In future ſuffrings: here I teſtifie,
(And Heav'n is witneſſe, I affirme no lye)
My ſoule did never feele more raviſhment,
Nor ever taſted of more true content,
Then when my heart, nigh broke with ſecret paine,
Hath borne as much as e're it could ſuſtaine;
And ſtrugled with my paſſions, till it had
Attained to be excellently ſad.
Yea, when I teares have powred out, where none
Was witneſſe of my griefe but God alone,
He hath infuſed pleaſures into me,
Which ſeldome can in publike taſted be.
Such *Griefe* is Comforts *Mother*. And I mow
Oft times with mirth, what I in teares did ſow;
Before my eyes were dryed; I have had
More cauſe of ſinging then of being ſad.
The Lampe in darkeſt places gives moſt light;
And trueſt Ioyes ariſe from Sorrowes night.
My *Cares* are *Bleſſed Thiſtles*, unto me,
Which wholeſome are, although they bitter be:
And though their leaves with pricks be overgrowne,
(Which paine me) yet their flowres are full of down,
Whereon my head lyes eaſie when I ſleepe:
And I am never ſaddeſt when I weepe.

Yet, long it was before I could attaine
This *Myſtery*: Nor doth it appertaine
To all. For, ev'n as *Sarah* had not leave
Within her body *Iſack* to conceive,
(VVhich laughter ſignifies) untill in her
Thoſe cuſtomes failed which in women are:
So, in our ſoules, true Ioyes are not conceived,
Till we by ſome afflictions are bereaved

Of carnall appetites, and ceaſe from ſuch
Vaine pleaſures as affect us overmuch.
To little purpoſe doe they looke for theſe
Conceptions, who are evermore at eaſe.
Such comforts are of thoſe but rarely found,
VVhoſe wheele of *Fortune* never runneth round.
No ſoule can apprehend what maketh glad
The grieved heart, but his that griefe hath had,
And various interchanges: nor can he
VVho knowes the joyes that in ſuch ſorrowes be
As theſe I meane, a true contentment take
In any merriment, this world can make:
(No not in all her pleaſures) if among
Her ſweets, there ſhould be ſharpneſſe wanting long.
For (being fearfull that his bodies reſt
The ſoules true peace might ſecretly moleſt)
His mirth would make him dull: his being jolly
(As worldlings are) would make him melancholy:
And (if no other cauſe be thought upon)
Would grieve, becauſe the ſenſe of griefe were gone.
Whilſt I have gallopt on in that *Career*,
Which youth, in freedome, ſo affecteth here;
And had the moſt delightfull blandiſhment,
My youth could yeed me for my hearts content:
When I in handſome robes have beene araid,
(My *Tailor*, and my *Mercer* being paid)
When daily I on change of dainties fed;
Lodg'd, night by night, upon an eaſie bed,
In lordly Chambers; and had therewithall
Attendants forwarder then I to call,
Who brought me all things needfull: when at hand,
Hounds, Hawkes, and Horſes were at my command:
When chuſe I did my walks, on hills, in vallies,
In Groves, neere Springs, or in ſweet garden allies:

Reposing either in a naturall shade,
Or in neat Arbors, which by Art were made:
When I might have requir'd without deniall,
The *Lute*, the *Organ*, or deepe-sounding *Viole*,
To cheere my spirits; with what else beside
Was pleasant: when my friends did this provide
Without my cost or labour: Nay, when all
Those pleasures I have shared, which befall
In praises, or kinde welcommings, among
My deerest friends; my soule retain'd nor long
Nor perfect rest, in those imperfect things:
But, often droupt amid their promisings,
Grew dull, and sickly: and, contrariwise
Hath pleased beene in want,, and miseries.

For, when long time, ev'n all alone they laid me,
Where ev'ry outward comfort was denayd me;
To many cares and wants unknowne obtruded;
From fellowship of all mankinde excluded;
Expos'd to slandrous censures, and disgrace;
Subjected to contempts, and usage base;
With Tortures threatned, and what those attends;
By Greatmen frown'd on; blamed of my Friends;
Insulted on by Foes; and almost brought
To that for which their malice chiefly sought:
Ev'n then, my spirits mounted to their height,
And my *Contentment* flew her highest flight.

In those diseasings, I more joy received,
Then can from all things mortall be conceived.
In that contemn'd estate, so much was cleared
My *Reasons* eye; and God so bright appeared
To my dim-sighed *Faith*; that, lo, he turned
My Griefes to Triumphs Yea, me thought, I scorned
To labour for assistance from abroad,
Or beg for any favour, but from God,

I fear'd not that which others thought I feared;
Nor felt I paine, in that which ſharpe appeared:
But, had ſuch inward quiet in my breſt,
Till outward eaſe made way to my unreſt;
That, all my Troubles ſeemed but a Toy.
Yea, my Affliction ſo encreaſt my Ioy,
That more I doubted loſſe of my content,
By loſing of my cloſe impriſonment,
Then ever I can feare the bodies thrall,
Or any miſchiefe which attend it ſhall.
For, as if ſome *Antipathy* aroſe
Betwixt the pleaſures of the world, and thoſe
Enjoyed then; I found true Ioyes begin
To iſſue out, as they were entring in.
Til others brought me hopes of my Releaſe,
I ſcarcely held it worth my hopefulneſſe.
I had no frighting dreame; no waking care:
I tooke no thought for meat, nor what to weare;
I ſleighted frownes, and I deſpis'd the threat
Of ſuch as threatned, were they meane or great.
I laught at dreadfull Rumors, and diſdained
Of any ſuffrings to have then complained.
I valued not a jot the vulgar doome,
Nor what men prated might of me become.
I minded no ſuch trifles, wherewith you,
And I, and others, are oft buſied now:
But, being, as it were exiled, then,
From living in the world, with other men,
Twixt *God*, and mine owne *Conſcience*, to and fro,
My thoughts, in a quotidian walke, did go.
With Contemplations, I was then inſpired,
Beſeeming one that wholly was retyred.
I thought, like him, that was to live alone;
I did like him, that had to doe with none.

And

And, of all outward actions left the care
Vnto the world, and those who lived there,
Nor hath God onely pleased beene to show
What comforts from a private griefe may flow,
But, that a new experience might be taught me,
He to the house of *Publike-sorrow* brought me
In this late *Pestilence*. And, there I saw
Such inward *joy* commixt with outward *awe*;
Things *bitter* with such *sweetnesses* allaid;
Such *pleasures*, into *sorrowes* cup convaid;
Such firme-*assurance*, in the greatest dangers;
Such *friendlines*, when others friends were strangers;
Such *freedome* in restraint; such *ease* in paine;
Such *life* in death; and ev'ry feare so vaine,
(Which outwardly affrights) that *Pleasures* Court
Would halfe be robbed of her large resort,
(And stand lesse visited,) if men could see
What profits in the Cels of *Sorrow* be.
For, he that knew what wisdome there is had,
Would say that *mirth* were foolish, *laughter* mad:
That *ease* perpetuall bringeth endlesse *paine*:
That carnall *joy* arives at *hope in vaine*:
That, from all outward *perils* to be free,
May prove most perillous: that, *health* may be
The deadl'est *sickneſſe*: that, our *pleasures* are
But pit-falls: our *security* a snare;
And, that sometimes those things to which we run,
May bane us more, then those we seeke to shun.
I found it so. And, in my blamed *stay*,
(Whilst others from the *Plague* made haste away)
I gained some renewings of that rest,
Whereof I had beene formerly possest.
It forced folly, further to depart:
It brought Gods mercies nearer to my heart;

Brave

Brave *combats* in my ſoule did then begin,
Which I tooke courage from, and pleaſure in.
New *trialls* of my Frailty did befall;
And, of Gods love, I had new prooſes withall.
In all my diſcontentments, ſuch contents,
And of Gods workings, ſuch experiments
Vouchſafed were; that crowned ſhould I live,
With all thoſe glorious wreathes that *Kings* can give,
And had by them obtain'd each happineſſe,
Which worldlings in their greatneſſe doe poſſeſſe;
I would not ſell the comfort of my ſtay
For that, and all which thoſe imagine may.
Nor doe I over-priſe the ſame, altho,
The ignorance of ſome will think I doe:
For, it hath left within me, ever ſince,
Of Gods firme love, ſo ſtrong a confidence,
That, whatſoever accidents betide,
I hope to ſtand the better fortifi'd
Whilſt here I live; and that no time to come,
Can ſend me to a place, ſo perilſome,
That I ſhall feare it; or, to undergoe
The dreadfull'ſt perills man can fall into;
If that my *calling* doe oblige me to it,
Or God, in Iuſtice, make me undergoe it.
In other *caſes*, I expect no more,
But, rather, leſſe imboldning then before.
For, he that any dangerous taske aſſumes,
Without good warrant, fooliſhly preſumes;
Tempts God; and juſtly periſheth, unleſſe
The vaile of *Mercy* hide his willfulneſſe.
Yea, they who over deſp'rately have dar'd
Bold things at firſt; at laſt have baſely fear'd,
Repenting their foole-hardineſſe, in vaine,
When hope was loſt, of turning back againe.

For,

For, though from dangers, griefes, and miseries,
Far greater comforts oftentimes arise,
Then from prosperity (if we attend
Gods pleasure, and accept what he doth send)
Yet, of themselves, nor *paines*, nor *pleasures* can
Felicitate; nor is the wit of man
So perfect, that precisely he doth know
His owne just temper, or his nature so,
As to appoint himselfe, what will be needing
Of *weale*, or *woe*, (nought wanting, or exceeding)
And therefore, as some man hath by affecting
Ease, wealth, or temp'rall fame, (without respecting
Gods pleasure) often perished by that
Which his unbounded *will* hath reached at;
So, they who shall that ease or wealth contemne
(Which God by lawfull meanes doth offer them)
And they, who shall unthankfully refuse,
Of any outward blessing, meanes to use,
(Through discontent, selfe-trust, or wilfull pride)
When they might honestly those meanes provide;
Ev'n both of these are guilty of offence,
Against the wise eternall *Providence*:
And are in danger to be left of God,
In those misleading paths which they have trod.
These things I mused; and in heart revolved
A thousand more, before I was resolved
To keepe in *London*, where men draw no breath
But that which menaced the bodies death.
And, seeing many have condemn'd the fact,
As an unwarrantable, foolish act:
Since, it may teach them to forbeare to give
Their *Verdict*, till they *Evidence* receive:
Since, thus to mention it, a meanes may be,
To build against the like *Resolves* in me

When

When future perill ſo requireth it ;
And when, perhaps, this minde, I may forget:
Yea, ſince the manner of it, may, perchance,
Deliver others from ſome ignorance,
And help their Chriſtian Reſolutions out,
When they are thrall'd with carnall feare, or doubt:
Ev'n for theſe cauſes, (and to glorifie
The pow'r of God in this my victory)
I will relate what *Reaſons* made me ſtay:
What hopes they were, which drove my feares away:
And, with what circumſtances, I obtained
That knowledg, which my ſhaking *Faith* maintained.
When I perceiv'd the *PESTILENCE* to rage
In ev'ry ſtreet, nor ſparing ſex, nor age ;
How from their City-hive, like *Bees* in *May*,
The fearfull *Citizens* did ſwarme away :
How faſt our *Gentry* haſted to be gone:
How often I was urg'd and call'd upon,
To beare them company : what ſafeties were
By abſence promiſt ; what great terrors here
My death did menace : how, by timely flight
I might behold my Country with delight :
How nothing could be gotten by my ſtay,
But wants, and new afflictions ev'ry day :
With ſuch like diſadvantages, which brought,
A hundred other muſings to my thought.
They made it ſeeme, a while, well worth reproving,
To ſtay, a minute, longer from removing.
But, then my *Conſcience* alſo did begin
To draw ſuch pow'rfull *Motives*, from within ;
And, to propoſe before my *underſtanding*
Such Reaſons, my departure countermanding,
As made me ſtagger, and new doubts to make,
What courſe it beſt behoved me to take.

At first, I thought by counsell from the *Wise*,
To build up my *Resolves*, and to advise
By their opinions what I should pursue;
But, of the *gravest* I perceiv'd so few
Who could advise themselves; that I grew more
Divided by their counsels, then before.
I saw such foolishnesse, and such distractions,
Appeare among them in their words and actions;
That I perceiv'd they had enough to doe,
Their owne particulars to looke unto.
Then, guided by *example* would I be;
But, that I quickly found no Rule for me;
For, they who in opinion do consent,
Oft differ, in the active *President*.
And some, who have a tongue the truth to say,
Have wanted grace to walke the safest way.
Beside, mens actions, which indifferent are,
May foolish, wise, or bad, or good appeare,
As their unknowne occasions are who doe them;
And, small respect is to be had unto them,
By way of *President*, till we can finde
Their outward motives, and their secret minde.
This heeding; and still waxing more molested,
With differing thoughts, and reasons undigested,
I knew no better way, then to repaire
For counsell unto God, by humble *Pray'r*;
Beseeching his direction, how to take
That course, which for his glory most should make.
And he (I think) was pleased to suggest,
That if I askt my *Conscience* what was best,
His *Word* and *Spirit* would informe her so,
That she should shew me what was best to do.
Then, from the noise of other mens perswasions,
(From *selfe-conceit*, and from those vaine occasions,

Which

Which bring disturbances) I did retire,
Gods pleasure, of my *Conscience*, to enquire.
Who, finding in my brest a strong contention
Twixt *Faith* and *Reason*; and, how their dissention
Was first to be composed (that I might
The sooner understand the truth aright)
She call'd a *Court* within me; summon'd thither
Those Pow'rs, and all those Faculties together,
Which *Tenants* are in *chiefe* unto the *Soule*:
Their faulty inclinations did controule:
And, that she might not without profit chide,
Some ill advised courses rectifi'd.
Then will'd she *FAITH* and *REASON* to debate
Their *Cause* at large: and, that which they, of late,
Had urg'd confusedly within my brest,
She will'd them, into *Method*, to digest:
That so, my *Iudgement* might the better see,
To whether part I should enclined be
They both obey'd. And, *REASON* (who suppos'd
Delay bred danger) hastily compos'd
Those many strong perswasions, wherewithall
She did my person from the *City* call;
Before my *Conscience*, them in order laid,
And (as halfe angry) thus me thought she said.

What meanest thou, thus fondly, out of season,
To shew thy boldnesse in contempt of Reason?
Why art thou alwayes these mad courses taking?
Thy Lines, and Actions, Paradoxes *making?*
Why thus pursu'st thou what to ruine tends,
To glad thy foes, and discontent thy friends?
By making wilde adventures, to the blame
Of thy blinde Faith, *and my perpetuall shame?*
Is't not enough, that by thy little caring
To humor Fooles, and by thy over daring

To beard proud Vices, thou hast lately crost
Thy way to riches, and preferment lost?
Is't not enough, that when thou dost become
The scorne of Fooles, thou wert delivered from
A masked Hate, ev'n in that day, and place,
Which Malice had assign'd for thy disgrace?
And sawst the shame of that unjust Intention
Alight on him who plotted that Invention?
Is't not enough, that thou escaped hast
Through many wants and perils undisgrac'd,
When thy advent'rous Muse drew downe upon thee
Those Troubles which were like to have undone thee?
Suffice not these, unlesse thou now assay
A needlesse act? and foole thy life away
By tempting Heav'n, in wilfull staying there,
Where, in thy face grim death doth alway stare?
Looke what thou dost, and well observe thine errors,
For, thou art round about, enclos'd with terrors.
And if thou be not stupid thou maist see
That there is cause thou shouldst affrighted be.
Dost thou not smell the vapours of the Grave?
Dost thou not heare thy plague-sicke neighbours rave?
Dost thou not tast infection in the Aire?
Dost thou not view sad objects of despaire?
Dost thou not feele thy vitall pow'rs assailed?
Dost thou not finde thy spirits often quailed?
Or with thy judgement hast thou lost thy sense,
That thou dost make no greater speed from hence?
Marke there, how fast with Corpses they do throng!
See yonder, how the Shadowes, passe along.
Behold, just now, a man before thee dies:
Behinde thy back, another breathlesse lies.
That Bell, now ringing, soundeth out the Knell
Of him, whom thou didst leave, last ev'ning, well.

Lo,

Lo, he that for his life, lyes gaſping, there,
Is one of thoſe who thy companions were
This very morning. And, ſee, ſee, the Man
That's talking to thee, looketh pale, and wan,
Is ſick to death; and, if thou doe not run
For helpe, will die before his tale be done.
Yet, art thou not afraid? I prethee, tell
Why mightſt thou not have beene that man as well?
Though he this minute hath prevented thee,
Why maiſt not thou, the next that followes be?
Why ſhouldſt not thou as quickly drop away,
Since, fleſh and blood thou art, as frail as they?
What can thy ſpeedy diſſolution hinder,
Since thy complexion is as apt as tinder
To take that Flame? And, if it ſeize thee muſt,
What art thou better, then a heap of duſt?
There is no Conſtitution, Sex, Degree,
Or Age of man, from this contagion free.
Nor canſt thou get an Antidote to fit
For all Infection, though, perhaps, thy wit
Could learne thy temper ſo, as not to wrong
Thy health, by things too weak, or over ſtrong.
For, men oft change the temper they ſhould hold,
Are ſometime hot; ſometime againe are cold;
One while are ſprightly, otherwhile are dull;
Are now too empty, and anon too full:
That, tis a doubtfull, and a curious act,
To adde a juſt proportion, and ſubſtract
(In uſing outward meanes of preſervation)
According to the bodies variation.
And, many, therein failing, loſe their lives,
By wrong, or miſapply'd Preſervatives.
Thou ſhalt have, therefore, but uncertaine hopes
From Druggiſts, or Apothecary ſhops.

To

To warrantize thy health, if thou on those
In staying here, thy confidence repose.
And sure, thou neither harbor'st such a thought,
That, thou of any better stuffe art wrought
Then other men: nor trustest unto Charmes,
To keepe off this Disease from doing harmes:
For, those unhallowed Med'cines, and impure,
Breed greater Plagues, then these they seeme to cure.
Nor art thou, of that Brotherhood, which secs
The Booke of Gods particular Decrees;
And Gypsie like (by heathnish Palmistry,
Or by the lines of Phisiognomy)
Conjectures dareth not alone to give,
Who of this Plague shall dye, or who shall live:
But also wickedly, presumes to tell
Which man shall goe to heav'n, and which to hell:
Of these I know thou art not. For, as yet
I hope thou hast not so forgone thy wit:
To credit their illuding prophanations,
Which are but fantosmes of illuminations
Begot in these late Ages (by mischance)
Betwixt much pride, and zealous ignorance.
Thou dost not think thy merits greater are
Then other mens, that God thy life should spare.
Nor canst thou hope thy safety to possesse,
For that thy follies or thy sinnes are lesse.
Since if thou hadst but one time beene mis-led,
Thy life for that one time were forfeited.
And, this Disease, with outward marks, doth strike
The Righteous, and the Wicked, both alike.
Then, since thou art a Sinner, and art sure,
That sinne did first this Pestilence procure:
Since thou maist also justly say with griefe,
That, thou of all transgressors art the chiefe:

Since

Since thy offences ſome of thoſe have bin,
Which helpe to bring this great Infection *in:*
Nay; ſince it may be (if thou ſearch thy heart)
That thou a principall among them art,
Who from the Ship muſt Ionas-*like be throwne,*
Before this Tempeſt *will be over blowne;*
Why doth it not thy guilty ſoule diſmay,
And make thee haſten more to flye away?
It may be thou doſt vainly hope for Fame,
By doing this. Oh! what availes the ſame,
When thou art raked up quite void of ſenſe,
Among the ſlaughters of the Peſtilence?
What will it profit when thou ſleep'ſt in clay,
Some, few ſhould praiſe, and ſome lament thy ſtay?
Some heed it not? Some make a mocke thereat?
Some deeme thee fooliſh, others deſperate?
Some, judge thy tarying might for trifles be?
Some, for thy beſt intention ſlander thee?
Or with baſe traſh thy breathleſſe Muſe *belye?*
Or, miſ-report thy dying, if thou dye?
For, if thou chance to periſh in this Place,
Theſe wayes, and other meanes to thy diſgrace,
Thy Foes will finde; and in thy fall contented,
Accompliſh what, thy life might have prevented.
But ſay to ſcape alive thy Lott *it be;*
A troupe of other perils wait on thee.
Thou know'ſt not what extremities may fall,
Nor how thy heart may ſtruggle therewithall.
Such Poverty *upon this* Towne *may ſeize,*
E're God aſſwage the rage of this Diſeaſe,
That meanes may faile thee; and before ſupply
Thy friends can ſend thee, thou maiſt famiſht lye:
For they who now affect thee, and with whom
Thou ſhalt, perhaps, to live reſolv'd become,

Ev'n they may periſh in this Peſt, *and leave thee*
To ſtrangers whoſe affections will deceive thee:
In time of health, but ſlenderly befriend thee:
In ſickneſſe, to a lonely Roome commend thee:
Make ſpoile of what is thine, and ſenſleſſe be
Of helping, and of all regard of thee.
And then it will, perchance, afflict thy mind
That thou unto thy ſelfe wert ſo unkinde,
As to neglect that wholeſome Country Ayre,
Whereto thy friends invited thy repaire.
Thou maiſt remember, when it is too late,
Thoſe pleaſures, and that happy healthy ſtate
Thou mightſt have had: And with how much reſpect
Thou ſhouldſt have liv'd with thoſe that thee affect;
A comfort to thy Parents, *who with feare,*
Doe ſorrow for thy needleſſe lingring here:
For, them thou leaveſt, and ſome friends beſide,
(To live, 'twixt hope *and* feare, *unſatisfi'd*
By this thy doing) whom thou doſt abuſe,
If that which may diſcomfort them thou chuſe.
And, when they ſhall thy wilfulneſſe condemne,
With what good Reaſons wilt thou anſwer them?
Thy Dwelling *is not here; nor is thy ſtay*
Compelled by Affaires *that urge it may.*
Thou haſt nor publike neither private charge;
But, maiſt in any place, goe walke at large.
The world *conceiveth not the leaſt ſuſpition,*
That thou art either Surgeon, *or* Phyſitian,
(Whoſe Art may ſtand this place in any ſteed;)
Or that thy friends will thy attendance need.
For thou canſt neither Broths *nor* Caudles *make,*
Nor drenches good enough for horſe to take.
Thou haſt no Calling, *that may warrantize*
This boldneſſe: neither can thy wit deviſe

How

How thou wilt answer God, for daring thus
An act so needlesse, and so perillous.
Consider well, that there are paines in death;
Consider, that when thou hast lost thy breath,
Thy Flesh, the deare companion of thy Soule,
Shall be rejected as uncleane, and foule,
And, lodge within a Grave, contemn'd and vile,
Which might have liv'd esteemed, yet a while.
Consider, that thou hast not an estate
Of being, which is base or desperate;
But such, as few on earth possesse a better,
Though each one, that hath ought, enjoyes a greater.
Consider, that thou dost endanger now
The blessing of long life. Consider, how
Thou mightst have lived to a larger measure
Of riches, of preferment, or of pleasure;
And profited thy Country, whereunto
Thy Death, or Sickneſſe, will no service do.
Nay, if thou now miscarry, where will be
Those honest hopes which late possessed thee?
To those thy Studies who an end shall adde,
Which but a while agoe, beginning had?
And, being left unfinisht, make the paine
And houres, upon them spent, to be in vaine?
With somewhat thou endued art, whereby
Thou maist thy blessed Maker glorifie;
Thy selfe advantage, and a joy become
To such as well affect thee; and 'gainst whom
(If thus thy selfe thou separate) thou shalt
Commit a most inexpiable fault.
Oh! therefore, I beseech thee, wary be,
To thinke what service God requires of thee:
Think, what thou wisht thy selfe; and call to mind,
That some wel-willers thou maist leave behinde,

Whose

Whose hopes thou should'st not wilfully bereave,
(Whose loves thou should'st not unrequited leave)
By hazarding thy Life, which is a debt
To their deservings. For, thou know'st not, yet,
How that may grieve thy soule, or fill thy head
With troubled fancies, on thy dying-bed.
I cannot make discovery, by all
My faculties, and pow'rs rationall,
What worke thou maist imagine should be done
That's worthy of the hazard thou dost run.
Nor can, as yet, my understanding reach
(What hope soever Faith *may please to preach)*
To those Felicities; *which after death*
Her supernaturall Doctrines promiseth.
Nor finde I such assurances, as may
Preserve thee unaffrighted in thy stay.
For when within my Naturall Scale *I place*
Those Arguments, *and* Promises *of* Grace,
Which Faith *alledgeth; they so ayrie prove,*
That they my Ballance *very little move.*
Yea, such transcendent things declareth she,
As they me thinks should so distemper thee,
That doubts and terrors rather should possesse
Thy Soule, *then hopes of reall happinesse;*
Since what in Death, *or after* Death *shall come,*
Are things, that Nature *is estranged from.*
Fly therefore, this great perill. Seeke a place
Where thou maist plead more safely of thy Case:
And, since thy God, with Reason, *thee doth blesse,*
Now, most thou need'st it, be not reasonlesse.
All this (and what the carnall wit of man
Object, in such an undertaking can)
Did *REASON* urge, to make my *stay* appeare
An act improvident, and full of feare:

And

And what her ſeeming rightfull cauſe advances,
Was utt'red with ſuch dreadfull circumſtances,
That ſhe did halfe perſwade me to confeſſe,
My *Reſolution* would be fooliſhneſſe.
But, when my *REASON* had no more to ſpeake,
My *FAITH* began: & though her ſtrength was weak,
(Becauſe my trailties had enfeebled her)
Yet, then I felt her with more vigour ſtir,
Then in leſſe perills. For, ſhe blew aſide
Thoſe fogs wherewith my heart was terrifi'd:
Made cleare my *Iudgement*: and (as having waigh'd
The ſpeech foregoing) thus, me thought, ſhe ſaid.

How wiſe is REASON in an Ethnicke *Schoole,*
And, in divine proceedings, what a foole?
How many likely things ſhe muſter can,
To ſtartle and amaze a naturall man,
Which, when I am adviſ'd withall, are found
But pannick feares, and terrors without ground!
And yet, how often doth blinde Ignorance,
Above my reach her ſhallowneſſe advance?
Or elſe of madneſſe, wickedly condemne
My wiſdome, and my ſafeſt paths contemne?
Yet be not thou (my Soule) *deceived by*
The fooliſhneſſe of humane Sophiſtry.
But, ſince by thy Afflictions, *thou haſt got*
Experience, which the world attaineth not;
Give heed to me, and I will make thee know
Thoſe things which carnall Reaſon *cannot ſhow.*
Yea make thee by my pow'r more certaine be
Of that which mortals can nor heare nor ſee,
Then of the plaineſt objects that appeare
Vnto the ſenſe of corp'rall eye or eare:
And though my promiſe, or my counſell ſeeme
To vulgar Iudgements, but of meane eſteeme,

Ile ſo enable thee theſe feares to bide,
Wherewith the worldly-wiſe are terrifi'd;
And, teach thee ſuch contentedneſſe to gaine,
Though in Deaths *gloomy ſhades thou doſt remaine:*
That, thou (without all doubtings) ſhalt perceive,
Thou ſhouldſt not this afflicted Citie *leave.*
And Fleſh *and* Blood, *with wonder, ſhall confeſſe*
That Faith *hath pow'r to teach men fearleſneſſe,*
In perils; which do make their hearts to ake,
Who ſcoffe at her, and part with Reaſon *take.*
It cannot be denyed that this Place
Yeelds dread enough, to make the boldeſt face
To put a paleneſſe on, unleſſe the minde
Be over much to ſenſleſneſſe enclinde:
Becauſe, we nat'rally abhor to ſee
Such loathed objects of mortality.
'Tis alſo true, that there is no defence
To guard the body from this Peſtilence,
Within the compaſſe of mans pow'r or wit:
Nor can thy merit ſo prevaile with it,
But that (for ought thou knoweſt) thou maiſt fill
The growing number of Deaths *weekly*-Bill.
And what of that? whilſt I befriend thee ſhall,
Can ſuch a common danger thee apall?
Shall that, which heath'niſh men, and women beare,
(Yea tender infants) without ſhewes of feare,
Amate thy ſpirit? ſhall the drawing nigh
Of that, from which thou haſt no meanes to flye,
(And which thou walkeſt toward, ev'ry day,
(With ſeeming ſtonineſſe) fright thee now away?
Is Death *ſo buſie growne in* London *ſtreets,*
That he with no man in the Country meets?
Beleeveſt thou, the number he hath ſlaine
Hath added any thing unto the paine?

Or,

Or, haſt thou lately apprehended more
Deaths fearfull gaſtlineſſe, then heretofore,
That in this time of tryall thou ſhouldſt finde
Thy Soule to ſlaviſh Cowardice enclinde?
Death is that Path, which ev'ry man muſt tread;
And, when thou ſhalt deſcend among the dead,
Thou go'ſt but thither where thy fathers be,
And whither, all that live ſhall follow thee.
Death is that Haven, where thy Barke ſhall caſt
Her hopefull Anchor, and lye moored faſt,
Exempted from thoſe furious windes and ſeas,
Which in thy heav'nly voyage, thee diſeaſe.
Death is the Iaile-deliv'ry of the Soule:
Thy joyfull yeare of Iubilee: thy Goale:
The Day that ends thy ſorrowes, and thy ſins;
And that, wherein, beſt happineſſe begins.
A lawfull act, then wherefore ſhouldſt thou feare
To proſecute; although thy death it were?
Full oft, have I enabled thee to bide
The brunt of dreadfull ſtormes, unterrifide;
And, when thy daſtard Reaſon (not eſpying
That heav'nly Game, at which thy Faith was flying)
Diſheartned grew; I did thy body free
From ev'ry perill which encloſed thee:
So working, that thoſe things thy praiſe became,
Which Malice had projected for thy ſhame;
And, common Reaſon, who ſuppos'd thee mad,
Did bluſh to ſee how little wit ſhe had.
Yet, now againe, how fooliſhly ſhe tryes
To caſt new fogs before thy Iudgements eyes?
What childiſh Bug-Beares hath ſhe muſtred here,
To ſcar thy ſenſes with a cauſeleſſe feare?
Of thoſe loath'd Objects wherefore doth ſhe tell,
Which vex the ſight, the hearing, and the ſmell?

Since, when the vtmost of it shall be said,
All is but Death ; *which can but strike thee dead.*
And when that's done, thou shalt (by me revived)
Enjoy a better life then thou hast lived.
If those hobgoblin *terrors of the grave,*
(Wherewith meere nat'rall men affrighted have
Their troubled soules) deterre thee from that path,
Whereto the will of God injoined hath ;
To thee (oh! Soule) *how dreadfull would it be*
If WARRE, with all her feares enclosed thee ?
Nay, if such common terrors thee amaze,
How wouldst thou quake, if in a generall blaze,
The world should flame about thee? (as it may,
Perhaps, before thou see another day)
Sure, if these Scar-crowes *do deterre thee so,*
Thou scarce wilt welcome (as thou oughtst to do)
That Moment *when it comes ; nor so rejoyce,*
As they, who long to heare the Bridegroomes *voice.*
Here therefore stay, and practise to inure
Thy soule to tryalls ; that thou maist endure
All changes, which in after times may come :
And wait with gladnesse, for the Day of Doome.
Seeke here, by holy dread, to purge away
Those Crimes which heape up terrors for that day.
Endure the scorching of this gentle fire,
To purifie thy heart from vaine desire.
Learne here, the death of righteous men to dye ;
That thou maist live with such eternally.
Here, exercise thy Faith, *and watch, and pray,*
That when thy body shall be mixt with clay
The fright full Trumpet, *whose amazing sound*
Shall startle Hell, *and shake earths massie* Round.
May make thee leape with gladnesse from thy grave,
And no sad horrors in thy Conscience have.

What canſt thou hope to purchaſe here below,
That thou ſhouldſt life unwillingly forgoe?
Since, there is nothing which thou canſt poſſeſſe,
Whoſe ſweetneſſe is not marr'd with bitterneſſe:
Nor any thing ſo ſafe, but that it may,
To thee, become a miſchiefe, many a way?
If honourable *thou mightſt live to grow,*
That honor may effect thy overthrow.
And (as it makes of others) make of thee
A thing as blockiſh, as bruit creatures be:
If Rich; *thoſe Riches may thy life betray;*
Choake up thy vertues, and then flye away.
If Pleaſure *follow thee; that pleaſing vaine*
May bring thy ſoule to everlaſting paine:
Yea, that which moſt thou longeſt to enjoy,
May all the pleaſures of thy life deſtroy.
Seeke therefore true contentment where it lies,
And feare not ev'ry Babies fantaſies.
If Life *thou love;* Death *is that entring in*
Where life which is eternall doth begin.
There, what thou moſt deſireſt is enjoy'd;
And, Death it ſelfe, by dying is deſtroy'd.
Though length of life, a bleſſing be confeſt,
Yet, length of dayes in ſorrow is not beſt.
Although the Saylor, *ſea-roome doth require,*
To reach the harbour is his chiefe deſire:
And, though 'tis well our debts may be delay'd,
Yet, we are beſt at eaſe when they are paid.
If Titles, *thou aſpire unto:* Death *brings*
The Faithfull, *to become immortall* Kings:
Whoſe glorie paſſeth earth'y pomp, as far
As Phœbus *doth outſhine the* Morning-ſtar.
Deſireſt thou a pleaſant healthfull dwelling?
By Death thou gain'ſt a Country ſo excelling;

That, plenty of all useſull things is there,
And all those objects that delightfull are.
A golden pavement thou ſhalt walke upon;
And lodge in Buildings wall'd with precious ſtone.
If in rich Garments to be cloath'd thou ſeeke,
The Perſian Monarks never had the like:
For, Puritie it ſelfe thy Robe ſhall be;
And like the Stars, thy Crowne ſhall ſhine on thee.
Haſt thou enjoyed thoſe companions here,
Whoſe love and fellowſhip delightfull are?
Thou ſhalt, when thou from ſight of thoſe art gone,
Of that high Order be inſtalled one,
Which never did falſe Brother entertaine;
Whereof, ev'n God himſelfe is Soveraigne:
And in whoſe company thou ſhalt poſſeſſe
All perfect, deare, and laſting friendlineſſe.
Yea, there ev'n thoſe whom thou on earth haſt loved
In ſuch time (with ſuch love as is approved)
Thou ſhalt enjoy againe: and not alone
Their friendſhip; but the love of ev'ry one
Of thoſe bleſt men and women, who both were,
And are, and ſhall be, till our Judge appeare.
Hath any mortall beauty pleas'd thee ſo,
That, from her preſence thou art loath to goe?
Thou ſhalt in ſtead of thoſe poore imperfections,
Whereon thou ſetleſt here unſure affections,
The Fountaine of all Beauties, come to ſee
(Within his lovely boſome lodged be)
And know (when thou on him haſt fixt thine eyes)
That, all earths Beauties are deformities.
To theſe, and happineſſes, greater far
Then by the heart of man conceived are,
Death maketh paſſage. And, how grim ſoe're
He may to thoſe that ſtand aloofe appeare;

Yet, if thou bide unmoved in thy place,
Till he within his armes doe thee embrace;
Thou ſhalt perceive that who ſo timely dieth,
Enjoyes contentments which this life denyeth.
Thy feare of painfulneſſe in death is vaine;
In Death *is eaſe; in* Life, *alone, is paine.*
Man makes it dreadfull by his owne inventions,
By cauſeleſſe doubts, and groundleſſe apprehenſions.
But, when it comes, it brings of paine, no more
Then Sleepe, *to him that reſtleſſe was before.*
Thy Soules *departure, from the* Fleſh, *doth maze,*
And thee afflicteth more then there is cauſe:
For, of his ſting, thy Saviour, Death *deſpoiled:*
And, feares, and dangers from the Grave *exiled.*
Thou loſeſt not thy Body *when it dyes;*
Nor doth it periſh, though it putrifies.
For, when the time appointed, it hath laine,
It ſhall be raiſed from the duſt againe,
And, in the ſtead of this corrupted one,
Thy Soule, a glorious Body *ſhall put on.*
But hadſt thou not a Faith *which might procure thee*
Such comforts, and ſuch life in death aſſure thee:
Or, though thou ſhouldſt, by dying, be poſſeſt
Of nothing elſe, but of a ſenſeleſſe reſt:
Me thinkes thy carnall Reaſon *ſhould, for that,*
Perſwade thee rather to be deſperate,
And ſtay, and ſeeke for Death, e're languiſh in
Perpetuall ſorrowes, ſuch as thine have bin.
For, if to God-ward, joy thou feeleſt not,
What comfort to the world-ward haſt thou got,
Which may deſerve make thee to delay,
Or linger out thy life another day?
'Tis true that God hath given thee a ſhare
In all thoſe Pleaſures, *that good pleaſures are;*

And (to the Giver's glory be it spoken)
He hath bestow'd on thee as many a token
Of his abundant love, as he bestowes
On any, with so few external shewes.
For ev'n of outward things he doth impart
As much as fits the place in which thou art;
With full as many pleasures as may serve,
Thy Patience, *in thy suffrings, to preserve:*
And, when for Rest, and Plenties, thou art fitter,
I know, he will not make thy cup *so bitter.*
But if thou live for outward pleasures meerly;
By living thou dost buy them over dearly.
For (if thy peace in God were set aside)
So many wayes thou hast beene crucifi'd,
That some would think thy Fortune (if they had it)
Most bitter; though most sweet thy hopes have made it.
Here, but a Pilgrimage *thou dost possesse,*
In wandring, and perpetuall restlesnesse.
Like Travellers, in sunshine and in raine,
Both dry and wet, and dry and wet againe.
With rest, each Morning, *well refresht and merry;*
And, ev'ry Ev'ning, *full of griefe, and weary.*
To Vanity, *in bondage thou dost lie,*
Still beaten with new stormes of Misery;
And, in a path to which thou art a stranger,
Assaulted with variety of Danger.
His Face, *sometime, is hid, whence comforts flow,*
And, men and devills, seek thy overthrow.
Sin multiplies upon thee, ev'ry day:
Thy vitall pow'rs, will more and more decay:
Wealth, honor, friends, and what thou best dost love,
Doth leave, deceive thee, or thy torment prove;
Mans very Body burthens him; and brings
Vnto it selfe a thousand torturings.

Thy

Thy Heart, with many Thinkings is perplext:
Yea, by thine owne Affections thou art vext:
And (though by overcomming them at last,
Thy ſoule hath comfort when the fight is paſt,)
Thou haſt perpetuall conflicts, which require
Continuall watchfulneſſe: for, no Deſire
Or nat'rall Paſſion, ever did moleſt
The heart of Man, that ſtrives not in thy breſt.
In ev'ry Pleaſure, ſomewhat lurks to ſcar thee,
In ev'ry Profit, ſomewhat to enſnare thee:
Whole armies of Afflictions ſwarme about thee,
Some fight within thee; ſome aſſaile without thee:
And, that which thou conceiveſt ſhall releeve thee,
Becommeth oft another meanes to grieve thee.
Yea, thine owne thoughts, thy ſpeeches, and thine actions,
Occaſion diſcontentments, and diſtraction:
And all the portion which thou doſt inherit,
Yeelds nought, but perturbations of the ſpirit.
In Childhood, all thy pleaſures were but toyes;
In heat of Youth, as fruitleſſe were thy joyes:
Thy riper yeares, do nought but ripen care:
And, imperfections, thy perfections are:
If Old thou grow, thy griefes will aged be,
And, Sickneſſe, till thou dye, wil live in thee.
Thy Life's a Warfare, which muſt quite be done,
E're dangers vaniſh, or the Field be won.
It is a Voyage full of wearineſſe,
Till thou thy wiſhed harbor doſt poſſeſſe:
And, thou of no externall Ioy canſt boaſt,
That may not e're thy dying day be loſt.
But, truth to ſay, what thing doſt thou poſſeſſe,
Which others thinke to be a happineſſe?
The world allowes thee little that is hers,
And thee to very ſmall eſteeme prefers.

Among her Minions: *but, in ev'ry place*
Endeavors to affront thee with disgrace;
Deprives thee of thy labours, and bestowes
On Parasites, on Fooles, and on thy Foes,
Thy due: and with a spightfull enviousnesse,
Thy best approved Studies *doth suppresse.*
Behold, a frothy Masque, *an idle* Song,
The witlesse jesting of a scurrilous tongue,
The capring Dancer, *and the foining* Fencer,
The bold Buffoone, *the slye* Intelligencer;
Those foolish raving fellowes, whose delights
Are wholly fixed on their Curs *and* Kites;
The Termly Pamphleters, *whose Dedications*
Doe sooth and claw the times abominations:
Ev'n such like things as these can purchase grace,
And quickly compasse Pension, Gift, or Place;
When, thy more honest Labours are abused,
Contemned, sleighted, or at best refused.
If such a one as these forenam'd, resort
To set abroach his qualities in Court,
He findes respect, and as an usefull man,
His Faculty, *some place afford him, can:*
He soone hath entertainment. Or if not,
Yet, something may for his availe be got.
A base Invention, *that scarce merit may*
The reputation of a Puppet-play,
Some spangled Courtier, *or some foolish* Lord,
Admires, affects, and of his owne accord
Prefers it to the Prince, *or to the* King,
As an ingenious, or much usefull thing.
And (ten to one) if then the Author *can*
But humor well his Lordship, *or his man*
(That rules his Honors wisdome) it may gaine him
Some such like Lord *as that to entertaine him,*

Yet

For his companion; yea, the privy purſe
May open to him: and, he fareth worſe
Then many a Foole hath done, unleſſe e're long,
He purchaſeth to be enroll'd among
The beſt Deſervers; and ariſe to be
Superior to a better man then he.
Twixt theſe and thee what diſtances appeare?
And, twixt your Fortunes what a ſpace is there?
When thou hadſt finiſhed a Worke divine,
(As much for others profit, as for thine)
Thou ſcarcely found'ſt a man, to make thee way
Thy Preſent, at thy Soveraignes feet to lay.
And when thou didſt: No ſooner laid he by
What tendred was, but ſome injurious eye
Did quickly take thereof a partiall view,
And with detracting Cenſures thee purſue.
Yea, thoſe meere Ignorants, whoſe courtly wit
Can judge of nothing, but how cloathes doe ſit;
How Congees ſhould be acted; how their Boy
Obſerve them ſhould; or ſome ſuch weighty toy:
Theſe Shreds of Complement, patcht up for things
To fill vaſt Roomes in Palaces of Kings,
(As Antiques doe in Hangings) more for ſhow,
Then any profit, which from them can flow.
Ev'n thoſe (ſcarce worth our laughing at) have paſt
Their doomes on that which thou preſented haſt;
As if they underſtood it: and, as thoſe,
By chance did cenſure, ſo the Cenſure goes.
If theſe, or any ſuch like Mountebanks,
By ſlaviſh fawning, or by picking thanks;
By homelieſt ſervices, (or worſe) by cheating;
Extorting from the poore, or by defeating
Men honeſtly diſpoſed, (or, by any
Of thoſe ill meanes, whereof this age hath many)

Can, out of beggery, their fortunes reare,
To hundreds, or to thousands by the yeare:
They thinke themselves abus'd, if any grutch
Or murmur, as if they had got too much.
But, though thou from thy childhood wert employ'd
In painfull studies, and hadst not enjoy'd
So much externall profit, as would pay
The charges of thy Troubles, *for a day:*
(Nay, rather, hindrance hadst, and punishment,
For that, which gave most honest men content)
Yet (marke their dealing) when but hope there was
Of gaine to thee (which never came to passe)
And though that gaine were lesse then Traders *can*
Allow sometimes unto a Iourney-man:
Yea though it were to no mans prejudice;
(But many profiting) and did arise
By thine owne labours: that small yearly summe
Expected for, nought, yet, but losse doth come)
Was grumbled at; as if it had beene more
Then any ever gained heretofore;
And would the Common-weale *have prejudised,*
Had none, thereof, to frustrate thee, devised.
Some, therefore (whose maliciousnesse is yet
Vnanswer'd for) themselves against thee set;
And, by the dammage of their owne estate,
Have labour'd, thee and thine to ruinate.
Some others, as injuriously, as they,
Laid causelesse Nets, *to snare thee in thy way:*
And have procured, for thy best intents,
Reproofes, Contempts, and Close Imprisonments;
(As rigorous as ever were inflicted,
Of those that for High Treason *stood convicted)*
Yea, that which might an honest wealth have won thee,
Was that, whereby they sought to have undone thee.

Foule

Foule Scandals, thy beſt actions have attended.
And (as if on thine Infamy depended
The Kingdomes glory) Pamphlets *falſe and baſe,*
Yea, publike Malques, *and* Playes, *to thy diſgrace,*
Were ſet abroach; till juſtly they became,
To thoſe that made, and favour'd them, a ſhame.
In Rimes, *and* Libels, *they have done thee wrongs;*
Thou haſt beene mention'd in their drunken Songs,
Who nothing worſe unto thy charge could lay,
But, that, thou didſt not ſeeme ſo bad as they.
Meere Strangers, *who are quite unknowne of thee,*
(Although they ſee not what thy manners be)
Take pleaſure to traduce thee, and to draw
Thoſe things in queſtion, which they never ſaw.
Nay, at their publike meetings, few forbeare
To ſpeake that ſcandall, which they thinke, or heare:
Ev'n ſince this Plague *began, and whilſt thy hand*
Recording was that Iudgement *on this* Land;
Thou art inform'd, that, Weſtward from this place
(Some ſcores of miles) a generall rumor was
Both of thy biding here, and of thy death.
And, they who ſaid, thou hadſt expir'd thy breath,
(Suppoſing, as it ſeemes) it could not be
That God from this Diſeaſe would ſhelter thee)
Reported alſo, that, of Grace forſaken,
And, by the ſin of Drunkenneſſe o'retaken,
Thou brok'ſt thy neck. It may be thoſe men thought,
That when the Plague *thy life to end had brought,*
They ſhould have added ſomewhat, to have ſtaine
The life of good Report, *which might remaine.*
Nor was that ayme quite void. For, (though of all
Groſſe ſins, the ſtaine of that, leaſt blur thee ſhall)
Some ſtraight believ'd what malice did ſurmiſe;
Condemn'd thy Vertues, for Hypocriſies.

Made

Made guilty all thy Lines of evill ends;
Vs'd thee, as Iob was used by his friends;
Did on thy Life unchristian Censures passe;
Affirm'd, thy Death had showed what it was;
And, many a one that heard it, shall not know
Vntill his dying day, it was not so.
But, then they shall perceive, that most of that
Is false, which men of others use to prate.
But, wonder it is none, that thou among
Some Strangers, in thy Fame hast suffred wrong:
For, lo, thy Neighbours (though they privy be
To no such act as may disparage thee,
But unto many rather, which in show,
Appeared from a Christian minde to flow)
Ev'n they, in private whisp'rings, many times
Have taxed thee as guilty of those crimes
Thou never perpetratedst; but dost more
Abhor them, then do Mizers to be poore.
And from those blots the more thy life is free,
The more is theirs defilde, by slaundring thee.
In wicked Places (where yet never came
Thy foot) some acted follies in thy name:
That others present, knowing not thy face,
Might spread abroad of thee, to thy disgrace,
What others did. And, such a mischiefe, none
But perfect Malice, could have thought upon.
Thy very Prayers, and thy Charities
Have mocked beene, and judg'd hypocrisies.
When thou wert best employed, thou wert sure
The basest imputations to endure.
When thy intentions have beene most sincere,
Mens misconstructions always harshest were;
And, when thy piousst action thou hadst wrought,
Then, they the greatest mischiefe on thee brought.

They

The beſt, and moſt approved of thoſe Laies,
By thee compoſed for thy Makers praiſe;
Have lately greatly multipli'd thy Foes,
And, not procur'd alone the ſpight of thoſe
Whom brutiſh Ignorance beſ ts among
The miſconceiving and illiterate throng:
But, they who on the ſeats of Iudgement ſate,
Thee, and thoſe Labours have inveighed at.
The Learned, who ſhould wiſer men have beene,
Did cenſure that which they had never ſeene.
Ev'n they, who make faire ſhewes of ſanctity,
(God grant, it be not with hypocriſie)
With ſpightfulneſſe, that ſcarce can matched be,
Have ſhamefully traduced that, and thee.
Nay, of the Clergy, ſome (and of the chiefe)
Have with unſeemly fury, paſt beleefe,
So undervalu'd, and ſo vilifi'd
Thoſe Labors (which the tryall will abide,
When their proud ſpleene is waſted) that, unleſſe
God had, in mercy, curb'd their furiouſneſſe,
(And by his might abated, in ſome meaſure,
That pow'r of acting their imperious pleaſure)
Their place, and that opinion they had gained,
Of knowledge, and ſincerity unfained,
Had long ere this, no doubt, made ſo contemn'd
Thoſe Lines, and thee; that thou hadſt beene condemn'd
Without a triall. And ſo true a feeling
Hadſt gain'd ere now, of baſe and partiall dealing,
That, Diſcontent might then have urg'd thy ſtay,
In hope this Plague, would that, have tooke away:
But, thou by others, haſt receiv'd the ſtings
Of Malice, otherwayes, in other things.
Thoſe men, whoſe over-groſſe and open crimes,
Are juſtly taxed in thine honeſt Rimes,

Have

Have by the generall notice of thy name,
Sought how to bring thee to a generall ſhame,
By raiſing cauſeleſſe rumors to be blowne
Through ev'ry quarter where thy lines are knowne.
For, there's no place without an enuious eare,
And ſlandrous tongues be ready ev'ry where,
To caſt, with willingneſſe, diſgrace on thoſe,
Of whom, ſome good report, beforehand, goes.
And ſince thou canſt not anſwer ev'ry man,
As he that's knowne in ſome few Townſhips, can;
The falſeſt Rumors Men divulge of thee,
Doe ſoone become a common Fame *to be.*
Moreover (that leſſe cauſe there may appeare,
Why thou ſhouldſt life deſire, or dying feare)
The moſt affected thing this world containes,
Hath tortur'd thee with moſt heart-breaking paines.
For, they whom thou haſt loved: they to whom
Thou didſt obliged many wayes become:
Yea they who knew thy faithfulneſſe; ev'n they,
Have made their outward kindneſſes the way
To make thee moſt ingratefull ſeeme to be,
Yea, they have heaped more diſgrace on thee,
More griefes, and diſadvantages, then all
Thy Foes together, bring upon thee ſhall.
And long purſued have, to thy vexation
Their courſes with harſh trickes of aggravation;
Yet ſtill pretending Love: which makes the curſe,
Of this Affliction twenty times the worſe.
I will not ſay that thou afflicted art
In this (by them) without thy owne deſert:
For who perceives in all how he offends?
Or thinks, that God correction cauſeleſſe ſends?
Nor will I ſay this injury proceeds,
From any Malice. For, perhaps, it breeds

From their diſtemper'd love. And God to ſhow
Some needfull ſecret (which thou beſt maiſt know
By this experiment) a while doth pleaſe,
To make thy late Contentments *thy* Diſeaſe.
Thy firſt Acquaintance, *who did many a yeare*
Enjoy thy fellowſhip (and glad appeare
To ſeeme thy friends) have wearied out their love,
By length of time; and ſtrangers now doe proue.
Thou alſo ſeeſt, thy new acquaintance be
Worne out as faſt as gotten. For, to thee
Moſt come, for nothing but to ſatisfie
Their idle fruitleſſe curioſitie:
And, having ſeene, and found thee but a man,
Their friendſhip ended, juſt as it began.
Nay, they who all thy courſe of life have ſeene,
And (in appearance) have perſwaded beene,
So well of thy uprightneſſe, as if nought
Could moue in them, of thee, one euill thought:
Theſe, by a little abſence, or the ſound
Of ſome untrue Relation (wanting ground)
Doe all their good opinion ſometime change;
Suſpect thy manners, and themſelues eſtrange,
So vnexpectedly, and without cauſe,
That what to judge of them it makes thee pauſe.
For they that vertuous are, but in the ſhow,
Doe ſoone ſuſpect, that all men elſe, are ſo.
Theſe things are very bitter vnto ſuch
Whoſe hearts are ſenſible to ev'ry touch
Of kindneſſe, and vnkindneſſe; and they make
Life tedious, where they deepe impreſſion take.
But, many other griefes thy Soule doe grinde;
And thou by them, art pained in a kinde
So diff'ring from the common ſenſe of others,
(Although thy patience much diſtemper ſmothers)

That

That Reason might me thinkes contented be,
Thou shouldst pursue thy Death to set thee free.
I speake not this, as if thou didst repine
At these, or any other lots of thine:
Nor to discourage thee, because the World
So little of her Grace on thee hath hurl'd.
For, I would have thee scorne her love; and know
That whether she will favour thee or no,
I will, in thy due season, make thee rise
To honor, by that way which men despise:
Even to those honors, which are greater then
The greatest that conferred are, by men.
And, this I mention, in reproach of them
Whose Pride, thy humble Musings, doth contemne:
And to remember thee, how vaine it were,
To seeke for life, where such harsh dealings are.
And, as I would not have thee wish to live
For love of any thing, this world can give:
So, I am loath her troubles should have pow'r
To make thee seeke to shorten life an houre.
But rather in contempt of all her spight,
To lengthen it, untill pale Envie quite
Consume her selfe; and thou at last be sent
From hence, victorious, crowned with content.
I therefore, here, perswade thee not to stay,
That vainly thou mightst foole thy life away:
Or, that some poore applauses may be got;
Or, for such trifling ends as profit not;
And, whereof, Reason her dislike infers:
For, my opinion jumps in that, with hers.
I doe not counsell thee to cast aside
That care, which teacheth wisely to provide
For wholsome Antidotes: Or to observe
Such courses, as are likely to preserve

Thy body ſound: nor is it my intent,
Thou ſhouldſt employ, by way of complement,
Thy time in viſiting infected friends;
When to their comfortings it little tends.
Nor am I pleas'd in him that ſo preſumes,
Or ſuch a franticke fooliſhneſſe aſſumes,
As deſperately to thruſt himſelfe among
The noiſome breathings of a ſickly throng,
When ſuch a danger nothing may availe:
And, where the meanes of life will ſurely faile.
Nor would I now betray thee to thy ſin;
Or worke thy loſſes, that thy foes may win;
Or make thee tempt thy God; or grieve thy friends;
Or barre thy Labors of their wiſhed ends:
Nor canſt thou thinke thy Reaſon well hath ſaid,
To caſt ſuch ſtumbling-blockes, as ſhe hath laid:
For, juſt and comely things, I doe adviſe;
And, ſeeke not Miſchiefes, *but their* Remedies.
A carnall Wiſedome *ſayes ſhe ſeeth not*
What knowledge and aſſurance may be got
Of thoſe eternall things, that objects are
Of Chriſtian *hope. But, wherefore ſhouldſt thou feare*
What Fleſh *and* Blood *blaſphemouſly hath ſaid?*
Since, into thee already are conveid
Both Notions, *and the reall ſenſe of that*
Which they, who would not ſee, doe ſtumble at?
Meere humane Reaſon *cannot reach to know*
Of many thouſand Creatures here below,
The ſecret natures: Doe not wonder than,
That few celeſtiall things perceive ſhe can:
But call to minde, that to be fleſhly wiſe,
Is to be fooliſh in Truths Myſteries.
Give God the praiſe, who hath on thee beſtowne
A better apprehenſion then thine owne.

Remem-

Remember ſtill, to cheriſh this beleefe;
Let Prayer *daily fet thy* Faith *releefe:*
And be aſſur'd that I adviſe thee beſt,
What e're thy carnall Reaſon *ſhall ſuggeſt.*
If thou ſuppoſe that thou haſt ought begun,
Which may thy Country *profit, being done,*
Or honor God: proceed thou in his name,
With cheerfulneſſe, and finiſh up the ſame.
For God will either give thee life to doe it,
(If cauſe there be) or call another to it
Of better gifts. And, if thou grudge at this,
Thou ſeekeſt thine owne honor, more then his:
And, though a pious purpoſe thou pretend,
Thy holy ſhewes have ſome unholy end.
Say, thou among the multitude muſt fall;
Say, they that hate thee, thereof triumph ſhall;
Or others (out of levity) contemne
Thy courſe; or thee unjuſtly ſhould condemne,
As Reaſon *pleads? what prejudice to thee*
Would this be more, then ſuch mens praiſes be?
What harme is this to thee when thou art gone?
And haſt no ſenſe of any wrong that's done?
What needſt thou care, if all the world ſuppoſe
To hell thou ſinkeſt; if thy ſpirit goes
The way to heav'n? And in that narrow path
A bleſſed being, unperceived hath?
Purſue brave Actions, *as a Chriſtian ought,*
And, care not thou what ſhall of them be thought:
(Except to rouze up other men it be,
By making them perceive what rouzed thee)
When thou doſt walke uprightly, walke thou on,
And ſcorne to looke aſide, who looks thereon:
For, he's a foole (if not an hypocrite)
That in well-doing feeleth no delight,

Vntill

Vntill ſome witneſſe of his deeds he know,
Or ſcele ſome praiſes his proud ſailes to blow.
Nay, he that cannot in a vertuous deed,
(Wherein, his Conſcience, *warrants to proceed)*
Perſiſt without returning, though he ſhould,
Of all the world together, be controul'd;
Or, if he thought it not a favour too
That God would call him ſuch a worke to doe;
(Yea though that for his paines, he ſhould become
Abhorr'd of all men, till the Day of Doome)
Ev'n ſuch a Man is farre below that height,
To which by perfect Vertue *climbe he might;*
And loſe he doth, by feares that are in vaine,
The braveſt honor that his Faith *can gaine.*
Thy Reaſon *ſayes, that thou a ſinner art;*
And, thereupon doth urge thee to depart.
But wherefore ſhould the guilt of ſin affright
From ſtaying, rather then from taking flight?
For, if thou ſhalt remove away from hence,
Thy guilt retaining, by impenitence,
God hath not ſo his Plagues *confined hither,*
But that they may purſue thee any whither.
And whereas here, the danger, and the feare,
Encompaſſing this place, might ſo deterre,
So mollifie, and awe thy heart within thee;
So move, and to amend thy life, ſo win thee,
That God ſhall cleanſe thy ſoule of ev'ry ſtaine;
And reconcile thee to himſelfe againe:
Perhaps, the wicked vaine ſecurity,
That will attend thee whither thou ſhalt flye,
May make the meaſure of thy ſinnes compleater,
Thy comforts fewer; thy afflictions greater;
When leaſt thou feareſt, moſt of all diſeaſe thee;
And keepe off this, that ſome worſe thing may ſeize thee.

And

And, though thy Reason *urge thee to beeleve,*
Thy friends may wronged be, or too much grieve,
By this adventure: I, thy Faith, *assure thee,*
That if my Motives *may to stay procure thee,*
(For such good purposes as I propose)
Thy God shall pay thy friends what ere they lose;
Make some (by fearing what thy dangers are)
Of their owne wayes to take the greater care:
Keepe others (by preserving of them safe)
More watchfull, that might else lesse heed have had:
And, stirre up thee for them, and them for thee,
So zealous in continuall vowes to be,
As will (perchance) worse perils drive away,
Then those, which are so feared, in thy stay.
Oh! God, how many soules, by fleeing hence
Scape this, and catch a deadlier Pestilence!
How many hearts whom Feare *doth somewhat strike*
With sorrowes, which begins Repentance-*like,*
(And might by staying here, accomplish that,
Which ev'ry true Beleever *aimeth at)*
Will fall from those beginnings, by their flight,
And lose the feeling of Gods Iudgements, quite?
How many! by wrong seeking to prevent,
Their heav'nly Fathers loving chastisement,
Incorrigible in their lives will grow?
And bring themselves to utter overthrow?
And oh! what multitudes, by staying here,
Shall change their dread, *into a filiall* feare?
Their feare *to* love, *and love, and laud thee too,*
For sending that, which they abhorred so!
Like them, who in the Deeps *employed be,*
Here, thou the wondrous works of God shalt see.
That thou maist tell the world what he hath done;
And sing the praise of that Almighty-One

To this, and future aees. And, for what
Did he thy Soule and Body first create?
For what redeeme thee? For what end infuse
That Faculty, which thou dost call thy Muse?
For what, but for his honor, to declare
Those Iudgements and his Mercies which will here
Be showne unto thee? and to sing the Story
Of what thine eye beholdeth to his glory?
For, if not here, then where? Or if not now,
Then, at what other time expectest thou
So faire an oprortunity, to shew
With how much readinesse thou couldst bestow
Thy life, and all thy faculties, on him
(And, for his service) who bestowed them?
What nobler Subject can the world afford,
For thee, or for the Muses to record,
Then will those Iudgements, and those Mercies be,
Which God will in this place disclose to thee?
If Reason seeke some purpose in thy stay,
Me thinks, this purpose please thy Reason may:
For, though those men who love their owne vaine praise,
Have little care of their Creators waies,
And finde small pleasingnesse in those Relations,
Which are compos'd of such like Observations;
Yet, all the glorioust acts of greatest Kings,
Are triviall, worthlesse, base, and foolish things,
Respecting these. And, though some nicer wits
Scarce think that such a Subject well befits
Their artfull Muses. Yet, twixt this and that
Whereon they love to plod and meditate,
There's much more diff'rence, then betweene their Laies
And those which they doe most of all dispraise:
And they who live (the time) I hope shall see,
These Poems, much, more prized then they be:

Yea,

Yea, though it may appeare to common Reason,
An act impertinent, and out of season,
For such an end as this to make thy stay:
Let not her carnall Sophismes thee dismay.
For since thou seest a vaine Historian dares
His person to adventure in the warres,
That he (for fame, or hire) may write a story
Of what is done to his Commanders glory:
This action, wherefore shouldst thou startle from,
As if thy Iudgement it would miss-become?
If just it be, our safeties to contemne,
In such a case (if that be good in him)
How much more just, is thy adventure, then
Who sing'st the praise of God, and not of men?
How much more safely walkest thou, then they?
How much more glory, and how much more pay,
Can thy great Captaine give thee? And how small
Should be thy feare? If thou should'st feare at all.
Nor to thy God, or to thy selfe alone,
Will acceptable services be done
By staying here: but, peradventure some
That living are, and some, in time to come,
May reap advantage by it, and confesse,
That thou wert borne for them; and diast possesse
And use thy life, not for thy selfe alone,
But that to others profit might be done.
The gen'rall notice which men take of thee,
Will make thy actions more observed be
Then those of twenty others, who doe seeme
In their small circuits, men of great esteeme:
And, when hereafter it is knowne abroad,
To what good purposes thou mad'st abode
In this afflicted City: on what ground,
Thy blamed resolution thou dost found:

How

How ſenſible thou wert of ev'ry ſeare,
And of each perill thou adventredſt here:
How many friends thou hadſt to flye unto:
How much elſewhere thou mighſt have found to do;
What Cenſures thou ſhouldſt hazzard, in thy ſtay:
VVhat pleaſures wooed thee to come awey:
How, thy continuing here was not by chance
By diſcontent, or humorous ignorance:
How, no compulſion, no perſwading Friend,
No office, hope of gaine, or ſuch like end
Neceſſitated thee. Yea, when by ſuch,
VVho are to feare enſlaved overmuch,
All this is heeded well; And when men ſhall
Conſider it, comparing therewithall,
VVhat cauſes moved thee; what meditation
Confirm'd thy ſtay; what kinde of converſation
Thou daily practiſedſt; and what good uſe
They may from thy experiments *produce;*
It will perchance occaſion ſome to learne
Thoſe things, which yet they doe not well diſcerne:
Help, in good Reſolutions, ſome to arme:
Some weake ones in temptations much confirme:
To ſome become a meanes to make them ſee
That men deſpiſed, may enabled be,
By Faith, *to keepe their place undaunted there,*
Where men of better ſeeming gifts doe feare.
And peradventure thou maiſt compaſſe that
Which likelier men in vaine have aymed at:
For, though it may be ſaid this place *hath ſtore*
By Calling *and by* Gifts, *adapted more*
For ſuch a taske; and that there may be ſome,
That have no warrant for departing from
Theſe noyſome ſtreets, who well enough may take
This paines; and thereof thee excuſed make.

Yet, shall not that excuse thee. For, all they
Have Callings, *which employ them wholly may.*
Yea, they whose wits are abler, think not on
That worke, perchance, as needfull to be done.
Or if they doe, perhaps, they may expire
Before they have performed it; or tire.
And though they should make perfit their designes:
Yet their obscurity, may barre their Lines
From taking that effect, which if thou write,
Thy being far more knowne, accomplish might.
For, Fame *prevailes with many (now adaies)*
And, if uncouth'd, unkist *(as* Chaucer *saies.)*
Or grant that many had the same attempted,
(And men of note) yet wert thou not exempted.
For, best it is, when such like things as these
Confirmed are by many witnesses.
Beside, if those assurances which thou
Shalt publish (and thy Faith shall well allow)
Affirmed were by none but such as they
Who might not from this place depart away
Without much losse, or blame: meere naturall men
Might have contemned all those counsels, then,
And all those just reproofes, that may, by thee,
Or any other man objected be,
Against their slavish Feares: *and may reply,*
That no man said, but he that could not flye:
Or that none durst become a voluntary,
In such a Fire, for conscience sake, to tarie:
And, that no mortall man had pow'r obtain'd
To bide such brunts, till outwardly constrain'd.
Whereas thy free abiding here, will move
Much better thoughts: thy constancy approve;
Procure the more beleefe to thy Relations;
The more effectuall make thy good perswasions:

And

And ſtop their mouthes, who might ſome other way
Thy paines have wrong'd, had ought procur'd thy ſtay.
Oh! far, far be it, that Luſt, Avarice,
The ſtrong diſtempers of ſome hatefull Vice,
A ſtupid Melancholy, *or the tumors*
Of ſome wilde Paſſion, *or fantaſticke* Humors,
Should fixe more ſtoutneſſe in the heart of man,
Then temperate, and pious knowledge can.
Far be it, that old women, *for their pay,*
Or Sextons *for as little here, as they,*
Were in the walks of Death *ſhould walking ſee*
Without all feare; yet, they deterred be,
Who boaſt of knowledge; and have ſung, and ſaid,
That though in Deaths black ſhadowes *they were laid,*
They would without diſmay continue there;
Becauſe Gods Rod, *and* Staffe, *their keepers are.*
Oh! let not this be ſo: And be it far
From proving true; that they who ſtudious are
Of Wiſdome, *and of* Piety, *ſhould ſhrinke,*
Where he, whoſe head peece *is but arm'd with drinke,*
Sits fearleſſe: Or, that Vſe, *or* Cuſtome *ſhall*
Embolden more, then Chriſtian Faith, *and all*
The Morall Vertues: *Or, that thou ſhouldſt yeeld*
To carnall Reaſon, *and forgoe the* Field.
Moe Arguments *I could, as yet, expreſſe,*
To prove thy ſtaying hath much uſefulneſſe:
As that it were unkindneſſe to forſake
Thoſe perſons here, who comfort in thee take.
For, ſome profeſſe already, that they bide,
By thy example, greatly fortifi'd,
(In their compelled ſtay) by ſeeing thee
So willingly, their griefes companion be.
Yea, many a one, obſerving thee to ſtay,
Confeſſeth, he doth ſhame to flye away.

Thereby, those Resolutions they have got,
Which very lately they embraced not;
And might, perhaps, if now thou shouldst depart,
Become afraid, because thou fearfull art.
Me thinks, it is unmanlinesse to flie
From those, in woe, whom in prosperity
Thou lovedst: yea, tis baseneſſe, not to share
In ev'ry sorrow which thy friends doe beare,
As well as in their pleasures, if they be
Such friends, as some of thine doe seeme to thee.
Here, thou hast long continu'd. On the bread
Of Dainties, in this City *thou hast fed.*
Here, thou hast laught and sung; and here thou hast
Thy youthfull yeares, in many follies past;
Abus'd thy Christian-liberty, *and trod*
That Maze, *which brings forgetfulneſſe of God.*
Here, thy example, *some corrupted hath;*
Here, thou hast moved thy Creators *wrath:*
Here, thou hast sinned; and thy sinnes they were,
Which holpe to bring this Plague *now raging here.*
Here, therefore, doe thou fast: *here, doe thou mourne,*
And, into sighes, and teares, thy laughter turne.
Here, yeeld thy selfe to prison, till thou see
At this Assize, *how God will deale by thee:*
Ev'n here, the time redeeme thou: here, restore
By good examples, those whom heretofore
Thou hast offended: here, thy selfe apply
Gods just intensed wrath to pacifie.
Here, joyne in true Repentance, *to remove*
That Storme *which now descendeth from above.*
And then, or live or dye, this Place, *to thee*
A place of Refuge, and of Joy shall be.
Nor Sin, *nor* Death, *nor* Hell, *nor any thing*
Shall'd Sconcentment, *feare, or perill bring*

Which

Which to thy Soule or Body, ſhall become
A diſadvantage; but helpe ſave thee from
Deſtruction: Ioyes, as yet, unfelt, procure:
In all temptation, make thy minde ſecure:
Diſcover plainly how thy Reaſon *failed;*
And, make thee bleſſe the time, thy Faith *prevailed.*
But, thou doſt want a Calling (*REASON cries*)
Thy ſtaying in this place to warrantize.
And, that untill thereof thou doſt obtaine
The full aſſurance, all my ſpeech is vaine.
Indeed, the glorious worke we can begin,
Vnleſſe God call us to it, is a ſin.
And therefore, every man ſhould ſeeke to know
What, God, and what vaine Fancy *calls him to.*
For, Pride, *and over-weening* Arrogance,
The Devill, *or a zealous* Ignorance,
Suggeſts falſe warrants; *and allureth men*
To dangerous adventures, now and then:
Yea, maketh ſome, from Gods commands to fall,
And take employments at the Devils call.
To judge thy Calling, *then, learne this of me,*
That, ſome Vocations *ordinary be,*
Some extraordinary. If thou take
An ordinary Calling, *thou muſt make*
The common entrance, which that pow'r doth give
Within whoſe Iuriſdiction *thou doſt live:*
Elſe (whatſoever Cauſe thou doſt pretend)
It is Intruſion: *and, thou ſhalt offend.*
If thou conceiveſt thou ſome Calling *haſt*
In Extraordinary; ſee it paſt
By Gods allowance, from Gods holy Writ,
Before ſuch time as thou accept of it.
And, then, beware that nothing force thee back,
Or, make thee in thine Office *to be ſlacke.*

In briefe, a Calling extraordinary,
To juſtifie it ſelfe, theſe Markes *muſt carie*;
And, if it faile of them, but in the leaſt,
Thy Conſcience is deluded in the reſt.
Gods *glory* will be aymed at, in chiefe:
It will be grounded on a true *beleefe*:
It doth not Gods revealed *will* oppoſe:
No ſtep that erres from *Charity* it goes:
It ſeeketh not, what cannot be enjoy'd:
It makes no *ordinary calling* void:
Some *cauſe* not frequent muſt invite thereto:
And *(to accompliſh what thou haſt to doe)*
Some Gift, that's proper for it, muſt be given,
And then, thou haſt thy *Calling* ſeal'd from heaven.
Approve thyſelfe by theſe, and thou ſhalt ſee,
That, God, no doubt, hath truly called thee,
To this adventure. For, thy heart intends
His praiſe in this, above all other ends.
Thou doſt beleeve, that (whether live or dye)
Thy ſtay ſhall ſomewhat adde, to glorifie
Thy bleſſed Maker; *and that ſomething ſhall*
To thine, and others profits, here, befall.
Thy Iudgement, to thy Conſcience nought diſcloſeth,
Wherein it Gods revealed Will *oppoſeth:*
It well agrees with Charity, *and tryes*
To compaſſe no impoſſibilities.
Nor hinders it, nor calls it thee from ought
Which is more neceſſary to be wrought.
A Cauſe *not ordinary now requires*
Thy preſence here; and, God himſelfe inſpires
Thy Breſt with Reſolutions *that agree*
To ſuch an action. Gifts, *which none but he*
Can give, he gives thee; ſuch, as are by Nature,
Not found in any ſubcœleſtiall Creature,

But, meerly of his Grace: and, such, as none
Can counterfeit, by all that may be done.
And, whence are all these Musings here expresst?
Whence come these combatings within thy brest
Twixt Man and Reason? who is it that makes
Thy heart so fearlesse, now such horror shakes
The soules of others? what embolden can
The frightfull spirit of a naturall man,
In such apparant dangers to abide?
And yet, his Reason nothing from him hide,
That seemeth to be dreadfull; neither leave him
Such Aymes, or such like Passions to deceive him,
As harden others? Who, but he, that giveth
Each perfit Gift, these Gifts to thee deriveth?
And sure he nought bestowes, but therewithall
He sends occasions that employ it shall.
Few Officers shall want a doubtfulnesse
That they their places doubtfully possesse,
If this be doubtfull; whether God (or no)
Hath called thee to what I bid thee doe.
For, outward Callings, most men doe, or may
Intrude upon, by some sinister way:
By Symony, by Bribery, by Spoiles,
By open Violence, or secret Wiles.
And therefore (though the Seales of Kings they gaine
To strengthen what undaly they obtaine)
Some doubting of their Callings may be had
To Godward, though such doubts be rarely made.
But, for thy Calling thou Commission hast
So firme; and it so many Seales hath past,
That nothing should induce thee to suspect
Thy Warrant, or distrust a good effect.
God, from thy Cradle, seemes to have ordain'd thee
To such a purpose: for, he yearly train'd thee

Through sev'rall cares, and perils, so inure
Thy heart, to what he meant thou shouldst endure:
Else why shouldst thou (whose actions honest were
To Man ward, though to God ward foule they are)
Be more for that afflicted, which doth seeme
(To some) a worke deserving good esteeme,
Then are a multitude in these our times,
Convicted of the most notorious crimes?
Why, at thy very birth, did he infuse
Thy Soule with naturall helpes to forme thy Muse,
Which is a Faculty not lent to many,
Nor by meere Art attained to, of any?
To thee, why gave he Knowledge, such a way
As others lose it by? And why I pray
Did he bestow upon thee so much Fame
For those few childish lines that thou didst frame
In thy minority? Why did he then
(When scarce a man) enroule thy Name with men?
And make thee to be prais'd and priz'd before
Those men whose Yeares, and Sciences are more?
What was there in thy Poems? what in thee,
That seem'd not worthy of contempt to be,
Much more then of applause? And what hast thou
From scorne to save thee, but Gods mercy now?
Beleeve it, he divulgeth not thy Name
For thine owne honor: But to make the same
A meanes of spreading his. From perills past
He sav'd not thee, for any worth thou hast,
But, to declare his Mercies At this season,
He moves this plea betwixt thy Faith and Reason,
Not to be passed over, as in vaine;
But, in thy Brest, true courage to maintaine.
Thy Muse he gave thee, not to exercise
Her pow'r in base and fruitlesse vanities,

Or

Or to be silenc'd: but, to magnifie
The wondrous workings of his Majesty.
And, as the seales of Kings *authorize those*
To whom they doe their Offices *dispose,*
So, these are Signes *which force enough doe cary*
To seale this calling extraordinary:
And, they who sleight the same will in some measure
Incur the King of heavens high displeasure.
More might be said (hereof to make a proofe)
But, more to say, were more then is enough.
Of this, no further, therefore, I'le dispute;
But, bid thee stay, thy Place *to execute.*

When *FAITH* had made this *pleading* in my brest
My *REASON* was perswaded to protest
Her full assent, to what she first gainsaid,
Which, that it might be constantly obey'd,
My *Conscience*, in her *Court*, did soone decree;
And, all my thoughts were then at peace in me.

From that time forward, neither Friend, nor Foe,
Could startle me in what I meant to doe.
No vaine desires within me did controule
My purpose: no distrusts did fright my soule:
Nor seemed it, so dangerous, to stay,
As (knowing what I knew) to flye away.

For, though these *Arguments*, and such as these,
Can never fit in all mens *Consciences*,
The just *Meridian* (seeing, variations,
In manifold respects, make alterations)
Yet, mine they suted with; and may, and shall
Be some way usefull, to my *Readers* all.
I wisht it so; For, I was then inspired
With love to all; and all mens weale desired.
Me thought, I pitied those, who should not see
What God within this place did show to me:

And ſhould have grieved to have beene conſtrained,
Within the City, not to have remained.
For by my ſelfe, when I to cenſure brought
My preſent Lott; it pleas'd me: and, me thought,
That, God vouchſafed to employ me ſo,
And furniſh me for what I was to doe,
With ſuch a healthfull body, and a minde
To act his will ſo readily enclin'd;
It ſeem'd more comfort, and more honour far,
Then if a Monarkes *Favorite* I were,
Or might for temporall reſpects become
The nobleſt perſon of all *Chriſtendome*.
And, if I ſhall not ſtill this minde embrace,
A dog halfe hanged is in better caſe.
For, when that favour I doe value leſſe,
I ſhall grow ſenſeleſſe of all happineſſe.
Oh! God, how great a bleſſing, then, didſt thou
Confer upon me? And what Grace allow!
Oh! what am I, and what my parentage?
That Thou of all the Children of this Age
Didſt chuſe out me, ſo highly to prefer,
As of thy *Acts*, to be a *Regiſter*?
And g ve me Fortitude and Reſolution,
To ſtay, and view thy *Judgements* execution?
That, I ſhould live to ſee thy *Angell* here,
Ev'n in his greateſt dreadfulneſſe appeare?
That, when a thouſand fell before my face,
And at my right hand (in as little ſpace)
Ten thouſand more, I ſhould be ſtill protected
From that contagious blaſt, which them infected!
That, when of Arrowes thou didſt ſhoot a flight
So thick by day, and ſuch a ſtorme by night
Of poiſoned ſhafts; I, then, ſhould walke among
The ſharpeſt of them; and yet paſſe along

Vnharm'd? And that I ſhould behold the path
Which thou doſt pace in thy hot burning wrath,
(Yet not conſume to Aſhes) what a wonder
To me it ſeemes, when thereupon I ponder!
How great a grace it was, whoſe tongue can ſay,
That I who am but breathing duſt and clay,
Should waking (and in all my ſenſes, well)
Walke downe the Grave almoſt as low as hell,
Yet come againe unſcarted? and have leave
To live and tell what there I did perceive!
Yea come (as from the dead) againe to ſhow
The faithleſſe world what terrors are below!
(And juſtifie, that though a man be ſent
Ev'n from the Grave to move men to repent,
No Faith would in thoſe hearers be begot,
Who *Moſes* and the *Prophets* credit not.)
How great a *Mercy* was it, that when I
Was thought in dangers, and in griefes to lye,
That, for my *Shepheard* I had thee my God?
And in the path of beſt contentments trod?
That I, on ſweeteſt *Pleaſures* banqueted,
When other men did eate *Afflictions bread?*
That, I had perfect joyes ev'n in my teares?
Aſſured ſafety in my greateſt feares?
A thouſand comforts, whereof they who lived
In better-ſeeming ſtates, were quite deprived?
And much content, which they will never know,
Who keep thoſe paths in which the Vulgar go.
What matchleſſe benefits were theſe! & whence
Canſt thou, that gav'ſt them, have thy recompence,
But from thy ſelfe? Or who but thou alone
Can give me heart enough to thinke upon
Theſe Graces as I ought? Oh! therefore, daigne
To make my breſt ſufficient to containe

That measure of due thankfulneſſe, which may
Accepted be, for what I cannot pay.
And, ſuffer not my frailties, or my ſin
To hide againe, what thou doſt now begin
To make me ſee; but grant to me thy grace,
For ever, to behold thy cheerfull face.
Nor *Oile*, nor *Corne*, nor *Wine* can glad me ſo:
Nor ſhall their brutiſh lovers ever know
What joyes within my breſt begotten be,
When thy pleas'd countenance doth ſhine on me.
Let thoſe who of great Kings affections boaſt,
(And for their favours are engaged moſt)
Thoſe, who poſſeſſe (their ſtarveling ſoules to pleaſe)
Sweet Gardens, Groves, and curious Palaces,
Rich Iewels, large Revenues, princely Stiles,
The flatteries of Lords, and female ſmiles,
The pleaſures of the Chamber, and the Fields,
All thoſe which dainty fare, or Muſique yeelds,
The City or the Court; and all that ſtuffe
Of which their hearts can never have enough:
Let theſe, and thoſe who their deſires approve,
With ſuch entiſing *Objects* fall in love:
Let them purſue their fancies, till they finde
What ſorrowes and diſgraces come behinde:
And let them ſurfet on them, till they ſee
By tride experience, what their fruit will be.
I never ſhall envy their happineſſe;
Nor cover their high fortunes to poſſeſſe,
If thou preſerve me ſtill in thy protection,
And cheere my ſpirit by thine eyes reflection,
For then I ſhall not feare the ſcornes of ſuch,
My cares, or wants ſhall never grieve me much:
I ſhall not need to crouch and ſue to them,
Who thee, and me, and vertue ſhall contemne.

I ſhall nor ſhrinke nor ſtartle, when I heare
Thoſe evill tidings, which men daily feare.
Nor leave my ſtanding, though that in the roome
Of this great *Peſtilence*, a *Warre* ſhould come.
Or (which were worſe) another *Fiery-triall*,
To force us, of thy *Truth* to make denyall.
And, in theſe fearfull times, no temporall bliſſe
Would ſeeme a greater priviledge then this,
To thoſe, who now with trembling ſoules, expect
What our proceedings will at laſt effect.
Yea, they, perhaps, who now are ſtupifi'd,
Will praiſe my lot, whē they their chance have try'd.
But (though ev'n all men living ſhould deſpiſe
The comfort of it) I the ſame will priſe.
I praiſe thee for it, LORD, and here emplore
That I may praiſe thee for it, evermore:
That theſe expreſſions of thy love to me,
May helpfull alſo to thy praiſes be
In other men: And (if it may be ſo)
In other times, and other places too:
And, that the ſhewing how I did compoſe
The *warre* which twixt my *Faith* and *Reaſon* roſe,
May teach ſome others how they ſhould debate
Such doubts within themſelves; and arbitrate
(Within their *Court of Conſcience*) what is fit
To be concluded, and ſo practiſe it.
For, why ſo largely, I have this expreſt,
That, was not, of my purpoſes, the leaſt.
I beg moreover, that I may purſue
To utter that which I have yet to ſhew.
And, that nor Sloth, nor Want, nor any Let,
May to theſe *Poemes* their laſt period ſet,
Till I have made my *Readers* to conceive,
That this was undertaken by thy leave;

And

And, that my *Censurers* may come to say,
There was an usefull purpose in my stay:
Or shew me what they did; or, what I might
Have done to better uses in my flight.
I lastly, crave (which is, I trust, begun)
That, I the way of thy Commands may run,
The remnant of my *Talent*, and my dayes,
Employing in good actions, to thy praise:
That, I, for ever, may those paths refuse
Which may unhallow, or pervert my *Muse*:
And that, when this is done, I may not fall
Through *Pride* or *Sloth*; as if this act were all:
But, humbly strive such other wo.kes to doe,
As thou requir'st, and I was borne unto.
Yea fu nish me with ev'ry thing by which
I best may se ve thee, and I shall be rich.
This beg I, LORD; and nothing else I crave,
For, more then that, were lesse then nought to have:
I beg of thee, nor Fame, nor mortall praise,
Nor carnall pleasures, nor yet length of dayes,
Nor honors, nor vaine wealth, but, just what may
The Charges of my Pi grimage defray.
Oh grant me this; and heare me when I call:
For, if thou stand not by me, I shall fall.

The fourth *Canto*.

Our Muse, *in this fourth Canto, writes*
Of melancholy thoughts, and sights:
What changes were in every place;
What Ruines in a little space:
How Trades, *and how provisions fail'd;*
How Sorrow thriv'd; how Death prevail'd;
And, how in triumph he did ride,

With

With all his horrors, by his ſide.
To LONDON, *then, ſhe doth declare*
How ſuting her afflictions were
To former ſinnes: what good and bad
Effects, this Plague *produced had:*
What friendly Champions, *and what* Foes
For us did fight, or us oppoſe:
And, how the greateſt Plague *of all*
On poore Artificers, *did fall.*
Then, from the Fields, *new griefe ſhe takes,*
And, uſefull Meditations makes:
Relates, how ſlowly Vengeance *came,*
How, God forewarn'd us of the ſame:
What other Plagues *to this were joyned:*
And, here and there are interlined
Vpbraidings, warnings, exhortations,
And, pertinent expoſtulations.

WHen *Conſcience* had allowed my *Commiſſion*,
For ſtaying, & declar'd on what condition;
I did not onely feele my heart conſent
To entertaine it, with a full content,
But alſo, found my ſelfe prepared ſo
To execute the worke I had to do,
That without paine (me thought) I was employ'd,
And all my *Paſſions* to good uſe enjoy'd.
For, though God freed my ſoule from ſlaviſh *feare*,
Yet, ſo much awe he ſtill preſerved there,
As kept within my heart ſome naturall ſenſe
Of his diſpleaſure, and of penitence
He gave me *Ioyes*, yet left ſome *Griefe* withall,
Leſt I into ſecurity might fall;
Or, loſe the fellow-feeling of that paine,
Whereof, I heard my neighbours to complaine.

He

He lent me *health*: yet, ev'ry day ſome twitches
Of pangs unuſuall; many qualmes, and ſtitches
Of ſhort continuance, my poore heart aſſailed,
That I might heed the more what others ayled.
He kept me hopefull: and yet, now and then,
His rods (wherewith, in love, he ſcourgeth men)
Did make me ſmart; leſt elſe I might aſſume
The liberty of *Wantons*, and preſume.
My ordinary meanes was made their prey,
Who ſeeke my ſpoile, and lately tooke away.
Yet, me with plenties, daily did he feed,
And I did nothing want, which I could need.
Which God vouchſafed to aſſure to me,
That when unuſuall workes required be;
He will (e're we ſhall want what's neceſſary)
Supply us by a meanes, not ordinary.
By many other ſignes, unmention'd here,
Gods love, and providence, did ſo appeare,
And ſo me thought ingage me, to remove
What ever to his work a let might prove;
That (ſo farre forth as my fraile nature could
Admit, and things convenient ſuffer would)
My owne *Affaires* aſide, a while I threw,
And bent my ſelfe, with heedfulneſſe, to view
What, worth my notice, in this *Plague* I ſaw,
Or, what good uſes I from thence might draw.
But, farre I needed not to pace about,
Nor long enquire to finde ſuch *Objects* out.
For, ev'ry place with ſorrowes then abounded;
And ev'ry way the cryes of *Mourning* ſounded.
Yea, day by day, ſucceſſively till night,
And from the evening till the morning light,
Were *Scenes* of Griefe, with ſtrange variety,
Knit up, in one continuing *Tragedy*.

No

No ſooner wak'd I, but twice twenty knels,
And many ſadly-ſounding *paſſing-bels*,
Did greet mine eare, and by their heavy towles,
To me gave notice, that ſome early ſoules
Departed whilſt I ſlept: That other ſome
Were drawing onward to their longeſt home;
And, ſeemingly, preſag'd, that many a one
Should bid the world *good-night*, e're it were *noone*.
One while the mournfull *Tenor*, in her tones
Did yeeld a ſound, as if in deepe fet grones,
She did bewaile the ſorrow which attends
The ſeparation of thoſe loving friends,
The Soule and Body. Other while, agen,
Me thought, it call'd on me, and other men
To pray, that God would view them with compaſſiõ,
And give them comfortable ſeparation.
(For, we ſhould with a fellow-feeling, ſhare
In ev'ry ſorrow, which our brethren beare)
Sometime my Fancy tuned ſo the Bell,
As if her *Towlings* did the ſtory tell
Of my mortality, and call me from
This life, by oft, and loudly ſounding, *Come*.
So long the ſolitary nights did laſt,
That I had leaſure my accounts to caſt;
And think upon, and over-think thoſe things,
Which darkneſſe, lonelineſſe, and ſorrow brings
To their conſideration, who doe know,
From whence they came, and whither they muſt go.
My Chamber entertain'd me all alone,
And in the roomes adjoyning lodged none.
Yet, through the darkſome ſilent night did flye
Sometime an uncouth noiſe; ſometime a cry,
And ſometime mournfull callings pierc'd my roome,
Which came, I neither knew from whence, nor whom.

And

And, oft betwixt awaking and asleepe,
Their voices who did talke, or pray, or weepe,
Vnto my listning eares a passage found,
And troubled me, by their uncertaine sound.
For, though the sounds themselves no terror we e,
Nor came from any thing that I could feare;
Yet, they bred *Musings*; and those musings bred
Conjecturings, in my halfe sleeping head:
By those Conjectures into minde were brought
Some reall things, before quite out of thought;
They, divers Fancies to my soule did shew,
Which me still further, and still further drew
To follow them; till they did thoughts procure
Which humane frailty cannot long endure:
Ev'n such, as when I fully was awake,
Did make my heart to tremble, and to ake.
And, when such frailties have disheartned men,
Oh! God, how busie is the Devill then?

I know in part his malice, and the wayes
And times, and those occasions which he layes
To worke upon our weaknesse; and there is
Scarce any which doth shew him like to this:
I partly also know by what degrees
He worketh it; how he doth gaine or leese
His labours; and some sense I have procur'd,
What pangs are by the soule that while endur'd.

For, though my God, in mercy, hath indu'd
My Soule with Knowledge, and with Fortitude
In such a measure, that I doe not feare
(Distractedly) those tortures which appeare
In solitary darknesse: yet, some part
Of this, and of all frailties in my heart
Continues he; that so I might confesse
His mercies with continuall thankfulnesse,

And

And, ſomewhat (evermore) about me beare,
Which unto me my frailties may declare.
Yea (though without diſtemper, now it be)
So much of thoſe grim feares are ſhewed me,
Which terrifi'd my childhood, and which make
The hearts of aged men, ſometimes to quake;
That I am ſenſible of their eſtate;
And can their caſe the more compaſſionate,
Who on their beds of death doe pained lye,
Exil'd from comfort, and from company,
When dreadfull *Fancies* doe their ſoules affright,
Begotten by the melancholy night.
Glad was I, when I ſaw the Sun appeare,
(And with his Rayes to bleſſe our Hemiſphere)
That from the tumbled bed I might ariſe,
And with more lightſomneſſe refreſh mine eyes:
Or with ſome good companions, read, or pray,
To paſſe, the better, my ſad thoughts away:
For, though ſuch thoughts oft uſefull are, and good;
Yet, knowing well, I was but fleſh and blood,
I alſo knew mans naturall condition
Muſt have in joyes, and griefes, an intermiſſion,
Leſt too much joy ſhould fill the heart with folly,
Or, too much griefe breed dangerous melancholy.
But, when the Morning came, it little ſhewed,
Save light, to ſee diſcomfortings renewed:
For, if I ſtaid within, I heard relations
Of nought but dying pangs, and lamentations.
If in the Streets I did my footing ſet,
With many ſad diſaſters there I met.
And, objects of mortality and feare,
I ſaw in great abundance ev'ry where.
Here, one man ſtagger'd by, with viſage pale:
There, lean'd another, grunting on a ſtall.

A third, halfe dead, lay gaſping for his grave;
A fourth did out at window call, and rave;
Yonn came the *Bearers*, ſweating from the *Pit*,
To fetch more bodies to repleniſh it.
A little further off, one ſits, and ſhowes
The *ſpots*, which he *Deaths tokens* doth ſuppoſe,
(E're ſuch they be) and, makes them ſo indeed;
Which had beene *ſignes of health*, by taking heed.
For, thoſe *round-purple-ſpots*, which moſt have thoght
Deaths fatall tokens (where they forth are brought,)
May prove *Life tokens*, if that ought be done,
To helpe the worke, which *Nature* hath begun.
Whereas, that feare, which their opinion brings
Who threaten *Death*; the want of cordiall things
(To helpe remove that poiſon from the heart,
Which *Nature* hath expelled thence in part)
And then, the *Sickmans* liberty of having
Cold drinks, and what his appetite is craving,
Brings backe againe thoſe humours peſtilent,
Which by the vitall pow'rs had forth beene ſent.
So by recharging him that was before
Nigh ſpent, the fainting Combatant gives o're:
And he that cheerfully did raiſe his head,
Is often, in a moment, ſtrucken dead.
Feare alſo helps it forward. Yea, the terror
Occaſion'd, by their fond and common error,
Who tell the *ſicke*, that markt for Death they be,
(When thoſe *blew ſpots* upon their fleſh they ſee)
Ev'n that hath murthred thouſands, who might here
Have lived, elſe, among us, many a yeare.

For, if the *Surgeons*, or the *Searchers*, know
Thoſe *markes*, which for the markes of death do goe,
From *common-ſpots*, or *purples*, (which we muſt
Confeſſe, or elſe all kinde of ſpots diſtruſt)

Then

Then, such as we *Death-tokens* call, were seene
On some, that have long since, recover'd beene.
Before I learned this, I fixt mine eyes
On many a private mans calamities,
And saw the Streets (wherein a while agoe
We scarce could passe, the people fill'd them so)
Appeare nigh desolate; yea, quite forlorne
And for their wonted visitants to mourne.
Much peopled *Westminster*, where late, I saw,
So many rev'rend *Iudges* of the Law,
With Clients, and with Suitors hemmed round:
Where *Courts* and *Palaces* did so abound
With bus'nesses: and, where, together met
Our *Thrones* of *Iustice*, and our *Mercy-seat*;
That place, was then frequented, as you see
Some *Villages* on *Holy-dayes* will be
When halfe the Townesship, and the Hamlets nigh
Are met to revell, at some Parish, by.
Perhaps, the wronging of the Orphans cause,
Denying, or perverting of the Lawes
There practised, did set this *Plague* abreeding,
And sent the *Terme* from *Westminster* to *Reading*.
Her goodly *Church* and *Chappell*, did appeare
Like some poore *Minster* which hath twice a yeare
Foure visitants: And, her great *Hall*, wherein
So great a *Randevow* had lately bin,
Did look like those old *Structures*, where long since
Men say, King *Arthur* kept his residence.
The *Parliament* had left her, to goe see
If they could learne at *Oxford* to agree;
Or if that ayre were better for the health
And safety of our English *Common-wealth*.
But there, some did so counsell, and so vrge
The Body politike to take a purge,

To

To purifie the parts that seemed foule:
Some others did that motion so controule,
And plead so much for Cordialls, and for that
Which strengthen might the sinnewes of the *State*,
That all the time, the labour, and the cost,
Which had bestowed beene, was wholly lost.
And, here, the empty House of *Parliament*
Did looke as if it had beene discontent,
Or griev'd (me thought) that *Oxford* should not be
More prosperous, yet; nor could I any see
Resort to comfort her: But, there did I
Behold two *Traytors* heads, which perching high,
Did shew their *teeth*, as if they had beene grinning
At those Afflictions which are now beginning.
Yea, their wide *eye holes*, star'd, me thought, as tho
They lookt to see that *House* now overthrow
It selfe, which they with Powder up had blowne,
Had God, their snares, and them, not overthrowne.
White Hall, where not three months before, I spi'd
Great *Britaine* in the height of all her pride,
And, *France* with her contending, which could most
Outbrave old *Rome* and *Persia*, in their cost
On *Robes* and *Feasts*: Ev'n that lay solitary,
As doth a quite-forsaken *Monastery*
In some lone Forrest; and we could not passe
To many places, but through weeds and grasse.
Perhaps, the sinnes, of late, committed there,
Occasions of such desolation were.
Pray God, there be not others, in the *State*,
That will make all, at last, be desolate.
The *Strand*, that goodly thorow-fare betweene
The *Court* and *City* (and where I have seene
Well nigh a million passing in one day)
Is now, almost, an unfrequented way:

And

And peradventure, for those impudencies,
Those riots, and those other foule offences,
Which in that place were frequent, when it had
So great resort; it is now justly made
To stand unvisited. God grant it may
Repent; lest longer, and another way
It stand unpeopled, or some others use
Those blessings, which the owners now abuse.
The *City-houses* of our English *Peeres*,
Now smoakt as seldome, as in other yeares
Their *Country-palaces*: and, they perchance
Much better know then doth my ignorance,
Why so it came to passe. But, wish I shall
That they their wayes to minde would better call;
Lest both their Country, and their City-piles,
Be smoaking seene, and burning, many miles.
The *Innes of Court* I entred; and I saw
Each Roome so desolate, as if the *Law*
Had out-law'd all her *Students*; or that there
Some fear'd arrestings, where no *Sergeants* were.
Most dreame, that this great fright was thither sent;
Not purposely, but came by accident;
And so, but little use is taken from
Gods *Iudgements*, to amend the times to come.
Yet, I dare say, it was a warning given
Ev'n by appointment: and decreed in heaven:
To signifie, that if our *Lawyers* will
In their abusive wayes continue still,
The cause of their profession quite forgetting,
And to their practices no limits setting,
Till they (as heretofore the Clergy were)
Are moe in number then the *Land* can beare.
Their goodly *Palaces* shall spew them forth,
As excrements that have nor use nor worth;

And, be disposed of, as now they see,
The *Priories*, and *Monasteries* be.
It griev'd me to behold this wofull change,
And places so well knowne, appeare so strange.
But, oh poore *LONDON!* when I lookt on thee,
Remembring therewithall, thy jollity
Erewhile; and how soone after I did meet
With griefe and sad complaints in ev'ry street:
When I did minde how throng'd thy Gates have bin
And then perceiv'd so few past out or in.
When I consider'd that abundant store
Of wealth, which thou discover'dst heretofore:
And, looking on thy many empty *stalls*,
Beheld thy *shops* set up their wooden-wals:
Me thought, thou shouldst not be that *London*, which
Appear'd of late so populous, and rich;
But, some large *Burrough*; either falling from
Her height; or, not unto her greatnesse come.
If to thy *Port* I walkt; it mov'd remorse,
To see how greatly, Trade and Intercourse
Decayed there; and what depopulations,
Were made in thy late peopled habitations.
Thy *Royall Change*, which was the Randevow
Wherein all Nations met, the whole world through,
Within whose princely walls we heard the sound
Of ev'ry Language spoke on Earths vast *Round*;
And where we could have known what had bin done
In ev'ry forraine *Coast* below the Sun:
That *Place*, the City-Merchant, and the Stranger
Avoyded as a place of certaine danger:
And feared (as it seemes) they might have had
Some bargain ther, that would have spoild their trade
Thy large *Cathedrall*, whose decaying frame
Thou leavest unrepaired to thy shame,

Had

Had scarce a *Walker* in her *middle Ile*;
And, ev'ry Marble of that ancient *Pile*,
Did often drop, and seeme to shed forth teares,
For thy late ruine, though thou sleightest hers.
The time hath been, that once a day, from thence,
We could have had a large intelligence
Of most occurrences, that publique were.
Yea, many times we had relations there,
Of things, whose foolish actors never thought
Their deeds to open scanning should be brought.
There, heard we oft made publique by report,
What *Secresies* were whisper'd in the *Court*.
The *Closet-Counsels*, and the Chamber work,
Which many thinke in privacy doth lurke.
There heard we what those *Lords*, and *Ladies* were,
Who met disguised, they know when, and where.
There heard we what they did, and what they said;
And many foolish plots were there bewraid:
There, heard we reasons, why such men were made
Great *Lords* and *Knights*, who no deserving had,
In common view; and how great *Princes* eyes
Are dazled and abus'd with fallacies.
There heard we for what *Gifts* most *Doctors* rise,
And gaine the *Churches* highest dignities.
The truest causes also there were knowne,
Why men advanced are, or pulled downe.
Why *Officers* are changed, or displaced;
Why some confined are, and some disgraced;
And what amongst the wise, those men doe seeme,
That are great *Statesmen*, in their owne esteeme.
There we have heard, what Princes have intended,
When they to doe some other thing pretended.
What *Policies*, and *Projects*, men pursue,
With publique aymes, and with a pious shew.

Why from the *Counsell* one is turned out;
What makes another counterfeit the gout,
And many other mysteries beside,
Which hardly can the mentioning abide.
But those *Athenian* Merchantmen were gone,
Who made exchange of Newes; and few or none
To heare or make reports remained there.
Yea they who scarce a day (as if they were
Of *Pauls* the walking *Statues*) staid from thence
Since *LONDON* felt the last great *Pestilence*,
Ev'n they were gone; and those void *Iles* did look
As if some *properties* had them forsooke.
Our *Theaters*, our *Tavernes*, *Tennis-courts*,
And Gaming-houses whither great resorts
Were wont to come; then, seldome were frequented:
Not that such vanities we much repented;
But, lest those places, which had follies taught us,
Might some reward, unlooked for, have brought us.
Where we with Pestilences of the soule
Each other had polluted and made foule,
Our bodies were infected; and our breaths,
VVhich had endanger'd our eternall deaths,
(In former times) by uttring heresies,
By scandals, and by basest flatteries,
Or wanton speeches; putrifide the Ayre,
The blood ev'n at the fountaine did impaire,
To coole our lust: And they that were the blisses
Of some mens lives, did poison them with kisses.
The Markets which a while before did yeeld
What ayre, seas, rivers, garden, wood, or field,
To furnish them afforded; now had nought,
But what some few in secret thither brought.
For (as aforesaid) it was ordred so,
That none should with provisions, come or goe.

So

So, like a Towne beleaguer'd thou didſt fare,
In ſome reſpects: And, but that God had care
By making others feele neceſſities
Which forced them to miniſter ſupplies;
Thou hadſt beene famiſht, or beene faine to bring
Proviſions in by way of forraging:
And then their fooliſhneſſe, had brought upon
Thoſe men, two miſchiefes, who did feare but one.
Hereafter therefore, practiſe well to uſe
Thoſe plenties thou didſt heretofore abuſe;
Leſt God, againe bereave thee of thy ſtore,
And never ſo enlarge his bounty more.
For, to correct thy *Surfets*, and *Exceſſe*,
Thy ſleighting of the poore, thy thankleſneſſe,
And ſuch like ſinnes; God worthily reſtrained
Thoſe plenties which thy pride and luſt maintained.
Thy Dwellings, from whoſe windowes I have ſeen
A thouſand Ladies, that might Queenes have beene
For bravery, and beauty: And, ſome far
More faire then they that fam'd in *Legends* are.
Thoſe ſtood unpeopled, as thoſe houſes doe
Which *Sprights*, and Fairies doe reſort unto:
None to their cloſed wickets made repaire;
Their empty caſements gaped wide for ayre;
And where once foot cloth es and Caroches were
Attending; now ſtood *Coffins*, and a *Biere*.
Yea Coffins oftner paſt by every doore,
Then Coaches, and Caroches, heretofore.
To ſee a country Lady, or a Knight
Among us then, had beene as rare a ſight
As was that *Elephant* which came from Spaine,
Or ſome great Monſter ſpewd out of the *Maine*.
If by miſchance the people in the ſtreet,
A *Courtier*, or a Gentleman did meet,

They with as much amazement him did view,
As if they had beheld the wandring *Iew*.
And, many, seeing me to keepe this place,
Did looke as if they much bewaild my case,
And halfe beleev'd that I was doomed hither,
That (since close-prison, halfe a yeare together,
Nor private wrongs, nor publique dis-respect,
Could breake my heart, nor much the lame deject)
This *Plague* might kill me, which is come to whip
Those faults which heretofore my pen did strip.
But here I walkt in safety to behold
What changes, for instruction, see I could.
And, as I wandred on, my eye did meet,
Those halfe-built *Pageants* which, athwart the street,
Did those triumphant Arches counterfeit,
Which heretofore in ancient *Rome* were set,
When their victorious *Generalls* had thither
The spoile of mighty kingdomes brought together.
The loyall Citizens (although they lost
The glory of their well-intended cost)
Erected those great Structures to renowne
The new receiving of the Sov'raigne Crowne
By hopefull *CHARLES (whose royall exaltation,*
Make thou oh! God, propitious to this Nation.)
But when those works, imperfect, I beheld,
They did new causes of sad musings yeeld,
Portending ruine. And, did seeme, me thought,
In honor of Deaths trophees to be wrought;
Much rather, then from purposes to spring
Which aymed at the honor of a King.
For, their unpolisht forme, did make them fit
For direfull *Showes*: yea, *DEATH* on them did sit.
His *Captives* passed under every *Arch*;
Among them, as in *Triumph* he did march;

Through

Through ev'ry Street, upon mens backs were borne
His Conqueſts. His black Liveries were worne,
In ev'ry Houſe almoſt. His ſpoyles were brought
To ev'ry Temple. Many Vaults were fraught
With his new prizes And his followers grew
To ſuch a multitude, that halfe our Eugh,
And all our Cypreſſe trees, could hardly lend him
A branch for ev'ry one who did attend him.
My Fancy did preſent to me that houre
A glimpſe of *DEATH* ev'n in his greateſt power.
Me thought I ſaw him, in a Charret ride,
With all his grim companions by his ſide.
Such as *Oblivion*, and *Corruption* be.
Not halfe a ſtep before him, rode theſe three,
(On Monſters backt) *Paine*, *Horror*, and *Deſpaire*:
Whoſe fury, had not *Faith*, and *Hope*, and *Pray'r*,
Prevented, through Gods mercy none had ever
Eſcap'd Deſtruction by their beſt endevour.
For, next to *Death*, came *Iudgement*: after whom,
Hell with devouring Iawes, did gaping come,
To ſwallow all: But, ſhe at *One* did ſnap,
Who now, for many, hath made way to ſcape.
Death's Carr, with many chaines, & ropes, & ſtrings,
And, by a multitude of ſeverall things,
As *Pleaſures*, *Paſſions*, *Cares*, and ſuch as they,
Was drawne along upon a beaten way,
New gravell'd with old bones: and, *Sin* did ſeeme
To be the formoſt *Beaſt* of all the *Teeme*:
And, *Sickneſſe* to be that which haled next
The *Charret wheele*; for, none I ſaw betwixt.
Time led the way; and, *Iuſtice* did appeare,
To ſit before, and play the *Charioteer*.
For ſince our *Sin* to pull on *Death* begun,
The whip of *Iuſtice* makes the Charret run.

There was of Trumpets, and of Drums the ſound;
But in loud cries, and roarings it was drown'd.
Sad *Elegies*, and ſongs of *Lamentation*
Were howled out; but, moved no compaſſion.
Skulls, Coffins, Spades, and Mattocks placed were
About the Charret. Crawling *Wormes* were there
And whatſoever elſe might ſignifie
Deaths nature, and weak mans mortalitie.
Before the Charret, ſuch a multitude
Of ev'ry Nation in the world I view'd,
That neither could my eye ſo farre perceive,
As they were thronging; nor my heart conceive
Their countleſſe number. For, all thoſe that were
Since *Abel* dy'd, he drove before him there.
And, of thoſe thouſands, dying long agoe,
Some here and there, among them, I did know,
Whoſe Vertues them in death diſtinguiſhed
(In ſpight of *Death*) from others of the dead.
I ſaw them ſtand, me thought, as you ſhall ſee
High ſpreading *Oakes*, which in tel'd Copſes be,
O're-top the ſhrubs; and, where ſcarce two are found
Of growth, within ten thouſand rod of ground.
Of thoſe who dy'd within the Age before
This yeare, I ſcarce diſtinguiſhed a ſcore
From Beaſts, and Fowles, & Fiſhes. For, *Death* makes
So little difference twixt the fleſh he takes,
That, into duſt alike he turnes it all.
And, if no vertue make diſtinction ſhall,
Thoſe men who did of much in lifetime boaſt,
Shall dying, in the common heap be loſt.
But, of thoſe *Captives* which my fantaſie
Preſented to my apprehenſions eye
To grace this *Monarches* Triumph; moſt I heeded
Thoſe troups, which next before the *Carr* proceeded,

Ev'n

Ev'n those which in the circuit of this yeare,
The prey of *Death* within our Hand were:
It was an *Army royall*, which became
A King, and loe, King *JAMES* did lead the same.
The Duke of *Richmond*, and his onely brother
The Duke of *Lenox*, seconded each other.
Next them, in this attendance follow'd on
That noble *Scot*, the Marquis *Hammilton*,
Southampton, Suffolke, Oxford, Nottingham,
And *Holdernesse*, their Earledomes leaving, came
To wait upon this Triumph. There I saw
Some rev'rend *Bishops*, and some men of *Law*,
As *Winchester*, and *Hubbard*, and I know not
Who else; for to their memories I owe not
So much as here to name them: nor doe I
Vpon me take to mention punctually
Their order of departing, nor to sweare
That all of these fell just within the yeare.
For of the time if somewhat I doe misse,
The matter sure, not much materiall is.
Some Barons and some Viscounts, saw I too,
Zouch, *Bacon*, *Chichester*, and others moe,
Whose Titles I forget. There follow'd then
Some Officers of note; some Aldermen;
Great store of Knights, and Burgesses, with whom
A couple marcht, that had the *Shrieffdome*
Of London that sad yeare: the one of which
In Piety and Vertue dy'd so rich,
(If his surviving fame may be beleeved)
That for his losse the City much hath grieved.
To be an honor to him, here, therefore
I fixe the name of *Crisp*, which name he bore:
And I am hopefull it shall none offend,
The Muses doe this right unto their friend.

Some others also of great state and place,
To me nor knowne by office, name, nor face,
Made up the concourse. But, the common Rabble
To number or distinguish, none was able.
For, rich and poore, men, women, old and yong,
So fast and so confusedly did throng;
By strokes of *Death*, so markt, so gastly wounded,
So thrust together, and so much confounded
Among that glut of people, which from hence
Were sent among them, by the *Pestilence*,
That possible it was not, to descry
Or who or what they were who passed by.
Yet, now and then, me thought, I had the view
Of some who much resembled those I knew.
And, faine I would the favour have procured
To keepe their Names from being quite obscured
Among the multitude. But, they were gone
Before the meanes could well be thought upon.
And passe they must for aye, unknowne of me:
For, this was but a waking Dreame, I see.
These *Fancies*, Melancholy often bred:
Yea, many such like *Pageants* in my head
My working apprehension did beget,
According to those objects which I met.
Some, full of comfort, able to relieve
The heart whom dreadfull thoughts did over-grieve.
Some full of horror; such as they have had
(If I mistake not) that grow desperate mad.
Some, like to their illusions, who in stead
Of being humbled in this place of dread,
Are puffed up by their deliverance:
And being full of dangerous arrogance,
Abuse their soules, with vaine imaginations,
Ill-grounded hopes, suggested revelations,

And such like toyes, which in their hearts arise
From their owne Pride, and Sathans fallacies.
Some, such as these I had; and other some,
Which cannot be by words expressed from
My troubled heart. And, if I had not got
Gods hand, to help untie their *Gordian knot*;
His presence, my bold reas'nings to controule;
To curb my passion; to informe my soule;
My faith to strengthen; doubtings to abate;
And so to comfort, and to arbitrate,
That I might see I was of him beloved,
(Though me with many secret scares he proved)
Sure, in my selfe, some *Hell* I had invented,
Wher endless thoughts, & doubts, had me tormented.
But, God those depths hath show'd me, that I might
See what we cary in our selves to fright
Our selves withall. And what a hell of feare
Is in our very soules, till he be there.
Ev'n when I had the brightest'sse of the day,
To chase my melancholy thoughts away,
I was to musings troublesome disposed,
As well as when the darknesse me encloséd;
That, by experiments, which reall are,
Those horrors which to others oft appeare
(And are not demonstrable) might in part
Be felt in me, to mollifie my heart;
To stir up hearty thankfulnesse; and make
My soule, in him the greater pleasure take. (me,
For frō those prospects, & those thoughts that grieve
I, those extractions make that much releeve me.
And when my inward combatings are past,
It giveth to my joyes the sweeter tast.
But leaving this, I will againe returne
To that for which the people soonest mourne.

I look't along the Streets of chiefest trade;
And, there, perpetuall *Holiday* they made.
They that one day in sev'n could not forbeare
From trading; had not one in halfe a yeare.
And, all which some had from their childhood got,
The charges of their flight defrayed not.
To make the greedy *Cormorant* regard
The *Sabbath* more, and of ill gaines affear'd.
False wares, false oathes, false measures, and false weights,
False promises, and falsified lights,
Were punisht with false hopes, false joyes, false fears,
False servants, and false friends, to them, and theirs.
They who of late their neighbours did contemne,
Had not a neighbour left to comfort them,
When neighbourhood was needfull. Such as were
Selfe-lovers, by themselves remained here;
And wanted those contentments, which arise,
From Christian *Love*, and mutuall Amities.
Most *Trades* were tradefaln, & few Merchãts thriv'd,
Save those men, who by *Death* and *Sickneſſe*, liv'd.
The *Sextons*, *Searchers*, they that *Corpses* carie,
The *Herb-wife*, *Druggist*, and *Apothecarie*,
Physitians, *Surgeons*, *Nurses*, *Coffin-makers*,
Bold *Mountebanckes*, and shameleſſe undertakers,
To cure the *Pest* in all; these, rich become:
And what we pray to be delivered from
Was their advantage. Yea, the worst of these
Grew stout, and fat, and proud by this disease.
Some, vented refuse wares, at three times more,
Than what is best, was prized at before.
Some set upon their labours such high rates,
As passed Reason: so, they whose estates
Did faile of reaching to a price so high,
Were faine to perish without remedy.

San:

Some, wolvishly, did prey upon the quick,
Some, theevishly, purloyned from the sick.
Some robb'd the dead of sheets, some, of a grave,
That there another guest may lodging have:
Yea, Custome had so hardned most of them,
That they Gods Iudgements wholly did contemne.
They, so hard-hearted, and so stupid grew,
So dreadlesly their course they did pursue,
Yea so they flouted, and such jests did make
At that, for which each Christian heart did ake,
That greater were the Plague their mind to have,
Then of the *Pestilence* to lye and rave.
Now muse I not at what *Thucidides*
Reporteth of such wicked men as these,
When *Athens* was depopulated nigh
By such a Pestilence. Nor wonder I,
That when the *Plague* did this time sixty yeare
Oppresse the Towne of *Lyons*, that some there
Were said to ravish women, ev'n when death
Was drawing from them their last gaspe of breath.
And when infectious Blaines on them they saw,
Which might have kept their lustfull flesh in awe.
For man once hardned in impenitence,
Is left unto a reprobated sense.
Till God shall Instruct ie it, weale, nor woe,
Can make us feare him as we ought to doe.
His love made wanton *Isr'el* spurne at him;
His plagues made *Phar'oh*, his sharpst rod contemn:
And as the Sun from dunghils, and from sinks,
Produceth nothing but ranck weeds, and slinks;
Yet makes a Garden of well-tilled ground,
With wholesome fruits, and fragrant flowres abound:
Or, as in bruising, one thing sendeth well,
Another yeelds a loathsome, stifling smell;

So

So, *Plagues* and *Blessings*, their effects declare,
According as their sev'rall objects are.
Indeed, my young experience never saw,
So much security, and so much awe
Dwell both together in one place, as here
In this mortality, there did appeare.
I am perswaded, time and place was never
In which afflicted men did more endevor
By teares, vowes, prayers and true penitence,
To pacifie Gods wrath for their offence.
Nor ever was it seene, I think, before,
That men in wickednesse presumed more.
Here you should meet a man with bleared eyes,
Bewailing our encreasing miseries;
Another there, quite reeling-drunk, or spewing,
And by renewed sins, our woes renewing
There sate a *peece of shamelesnesse*, whose flaring
Attires and looks, did show a monstrous daring:
For, in the postures of true impudence,
She seem'd as if she woo'd the *Pestilence*.
Yonn talkt a couple, matter worth your hearing:
Hard by, were others, telling lyes, or swearing.
Some streets had *Churches* full of people, weeping:
Some others, *Tavernes* had, rude-revell keeping:
Within some houses *Psalmes* and *Hymnes* wer sung:
With raylings, and loud scouldings, others rung.
More *Charity*, did never, yet, appeare:
Nor more maliciousnesse, then we had here.
True piety was eminently knowne;
Hypocrisie as evidently showne.
More avarice, more gapers for the wealth
Of such as dy'd; no former times of health
Afforded us; nor men of larger heart,
Things need full for their brethren, to impart.

Their

Their masters goods, some servants lewdly spent,
In nightly feastings, foolish merriment,
And lewd uncleanneſſe. Other some againe,
Did such an honeſt careſulneſſe retaine,
That their endeavors had a good ſucceſſe,
And, *Man*, and *Maſter* met with joyfulneſſe.
Yea, *Good* and *Evill*, penitence and ſin
Did here ſo drive each other out and in;
That in obſerving it, I ſaw, me thought,
In ſight of Heav'n, a dreadfull *Combat* fought
Concerning this whole *Iland*, which yet lyes,
To be Gods purchaſe, or the Devils priſe.
Vice wounded *Vertue*; *Vertue* o't compeld
The ſtrongeſt *Vices* to forſake the field.
Diſtruſt rais'd up a ſtorme, to drive away
Sure-helpe, our ſhip, which at *Hopes* anchor lay;
And brought ſupplies with ev'ry winde and tyde,
Whereby this Land was fed and fortifi'd.
The *Fort* of *Faith*, was plaid on by *Deſpaire*:
But then the gun-ſhot of *continuall-Pray'r*
(Well aym'd at *Heav'n*) *Devotion* ſo did ply,
That, he diſmounts the *Foes Artillery*.
The *Spirit* and the *Fleſh* together ſtrive,
And, oft each other into perill drive.
Preſumption, huge high *Scaling ladders*, reared,
And then the taking of our *Fort* was feared.
But *awfull Reverence* did him oppoſe,
And with *Humilities* deepe *Trench* encloſe
The *Platforme* of that Fortreſſe, from whoſe Towres
We fight with *Principalities*, and *Pow'rs*.
Suggeſtion lay *pur due* by *Contemplation*,
And ſought to diſadvantage *Meditation*.
The *Regiment* of *Prudence* was aſſailed,
By head-ſtrong *Ignorance*, who much prevailed

Where

Where *Temperance* was quarter'd, there I ſaw
Exceſſe and *Riot*, both together draw
Their troups againſt her: and, I ſome eſpy'd
To yeeld, and overcome on either ſide.
The place that valiant *Fortitude* made good,
Faint-heartedneſſe (though out of ſight he ſtood)
Did cowardly oppoſe, and courſes take,
Which otherwhile his Conſtancy did ſhake.
For *Carnall-policy* her Engineer,
Had cloſely ſuncke a *Mine* which had gone neere
To blow all up. But *Providence* divine
Did ſoone prevent it by a *Counter-mine*.
Yet *Morall-Iuſtice* (though a *Court of Guard*
Was plac'd, and oft relieved in her *Ward*)
Had much adoe to make a ſtrong defence
Againſt her *Foes*. For, *Fraud*, and *Violence*,
Reſpect of perſons, *Feare*, *Hate*, *Perjury*,
Faire-ſpeaking, and corrupting *Bribery*,
Did wound her much; though ſhe did often take
Avengement; and o'ſome, examples make.
Some *Vices*, there, I ſaw themſelves diſguiſe
Like *Vertues*, that their Foes they might ſurpriſe;
As doe the Dunkirks, when aboord to lay
Our ſhips, an *Engliſh* flag they do diſplay.
Pride went for *Comelineſſe*: profuſe *Exceſſe*,
For *Hoſpitality*: baſe *Drunkenneſſe*
Was call'd *Good fellowſhip*: blunt *Raſhneſſe* came
Attyr'd like *Valour*: *Sloth* had got the name
Of *Quietneſſe*: accurſed *Avarice*,
Was term'd *Good-husbandry*. Meere *Cowardice*
Appear'd like prudent *Warineſſe*, and might
Have paſſed for a very valiant wight.
Yea, ev'ry *Vice*, to gaine his purpoſe, had
Some maskes or vertue-like diſguiſes made.

And

And, many times, ſuch helliſh plots were laid,
That divers morall *Vertues* were gainſaid,
Defam'd, purſu'd, and wounded by their owne;
Whoſe glory had not elſe beene overthrowne.
Luſt-dealing hath beene tooke for *Cruelty*:
Pure-love for *Luſt*: upright *Integrity*
For cunning *Falſhood*: yea, divineſt *Graces*
Have beene at variance brought in divers Caſes,
(By wicked *Stratagems*) that vaine Inventions,
Might fruſtrate pious workes, and good intentions.
To further ſtrife, great *Quarrels* broached are,
Twixt *Faith* and *Workes*. There is another jar
Begun erewhile, betwixt no worſe a paire,
Then *Preaching*, and her bleſſed Siſter *Pray'r*.
God grant they may agree; *for, I've're knew*
A quiet Church, *but where they kept one Pew.*
Faith and *Repentance* alſo are, of late,
About their *Birth-right* fallen at debate.
But by the *Church-bookes* it appeares to me
Their *Births* and their *Conceptions* mention'd be
Without ſuch nice regard to their precedings,
As ſome have urged in their needleſſe pleadings.
And, ſo it pleas'd the *Father*, *Sonne* and *Spirit*:
Becauſe that *Law* by which they ſhall inherit
The promiſt meed; doth never queſtion move,
How ſoone or late, but how ſincere they prove.
Moreover, in this *Battell* I eſpy'd
Some *Ambodexters*, fight on either ſide.
The *Moraliſt*, who all Religion wants;
Church-Papiſts; Time-obſerving *Proteſtants*.
All *Double-dealers*; *Hypocrites*, and ſuch
Baſe *Neutrals*, who have ſcandalized much,
And much endanger'd thoſe who doe contend
This *Ile*, from deſolation, to defend.

Beſide

Beſide theſe former *Combatants*, which fought
Againſt or for us; I perceiv'd, me thovght,
Both good and evill *Angels* fighting too,
The one, to help; the other, harme to doe.
And though this battell yet appeareth not
To common view, ſo cruell nor ſo hot
As I conceive it: yet it will appeare
To all in time, with comfort, or with feare.
For, ſtill, and ev'ry day, thoſe enemies
Stand arm'd and watching opportunities
To ſeize us; and will ſeize us, if theſe times
Shall make complete the meaſure of our Crimes;
Or our continuing Follies drive away
Our Angell Guard, which doth our fall delay.
Oh ſtay them Lord! and make that ſide the ſtronger,
For whom this Land ſhall yet be ſpared longer.

And let us, my deare Countrimen, with ſpeed,
Of that which ſo concerneth us, take heed.
Obſerve, thou famonſt City of this Land,
How heavily on thee God layes his hand.
The very rumor of this *Plague* did make
The farthеſt dwellers of this *Ile* to ſhake:
And ſuch a ſent of *Death* they ſeem'd to cary,
Who in or neare about thy Climate tary,
That, from the *Mount* to *Barwick* they were hated,
Or ſhunn'd, as perſons excommunicated.
And three weekes ayring on old *Sarum* plaine,
Would ſcarce a lodging for a brother gaine.

Yea, mark, mark *London*, and confeſſe with me,
That God hath juſtly thus afflicted thee,
And that in ev'ry point this *Plague* hath bin
According to the nature of thy ſin.
In thy proſperity, ſuch was thy pride,
That thou the *Countries* plainneſſe didſt deride.

Thy

Thy wanton Children would oft straggle out,
At honest husbandmen to jeere and flour.
Their homely garments, did offend thine eyes:
They did their rurall Dialects despise:
Their games and merriments (which for them, be
As commendable, as are thine for thee)
Thou laughedst at: their gestures, and their fashions,
Their very diet, and their habitations
Were sported at: yea, those ingratefull Things,
Did scoffe them for their hearty *Welcomings*;
And taught ev'n those that had been country-born
The wholesome places of their birth to scorne.
And, *see*, now *see*, those thankelesse ones are faine
To seeke their fathers thatched Rooses againe;
And, aske those *good old women* blessing, whom
They did not see, since they did rich become;
And never would have seene, perhaps, unlesse
This *Plague* had whipped their ingratefulnesse.
Yea, thine owne naturall Children have beene glad
To scrape acquaintance where no friends they had;
To praise a homely, and a smoky *Shed*;
A darke low *Parlour*, an uneasie *Bed*;
An ill dreſt diet; yea, perchance, commend
A churlish Landlord, for an honest Friend;
Yet be contented both to pray and pay,
That they may leave obtaine with him to stay.
And peradventure, some of those who plaid
The scoffers heretofore, were fully paid.
Then, *Citizens*, were sharkt, and prey'd upon,
In recompence of wrongs before time done
To silly Countrimen; and were defeated
Of that, whereof, some Rusticks, they had cheated.
Moreover, for the *Countries* imitations
Of thy fantastick, vaine, and fruitlesse fashions,

(Of

(Of thy apparell, and of thy exceſſe
In Feaſts, in Games, in Luſt, in Idleneſſe;
With ſuch abominations) ſome of thoſe
Who came from thee, ſhall doubtleſſy diſpoſe
To ev'ry *Shire* a *Viall* of that wrath,
Which thy tranſgreſſion long deſerved hath:
That, thou and they, who ſinners were together,
May Rods be made to puniſh one another;
And give each other bitterneſſe to ſup,
As you have joyntly quaft of *Pleaſures* Cup.
As to and fro I walked, that I might
On ev'ry ruthfull *Object* fix my ſight,
Vpon thoſe *Golgatha's* I caſt mine eye,
Where all the common people buried lye.
Lie buried did I ſay? I ſhould have ſaid,
Where Carkaſſes to bury Graves were laid.
Lord! what a ſight was there? & what ſtrong ſmells
Aſcended from among *Death's* loathſome Cells?
You ſcarce could make a little Infants bed
In all thoſe *Plots*, but you ſhould pare a head,
An arme, a ſhoulder, or a leg away,
Of one or other who there buried lay.
One grave did often many ſcores encloſe
Of men and women; and, it may be thoſe
That could not in two Pariſhes agree,
Now in one little roome at quiet be.
Yonn lay a heape of ſkulls; another there;
Here, halfe unburied did a Corpſe appeare.
Cloſe by, you might have ſeene a brace of feet
That had kickt off the rotten winding-ſheet.
A little further ſaw we otherſome,
Thruſt out their armes for want of elbow roome.
A locke of womans hayre; a dead mans face
Vncover'd; and a gaſtly ſight it was.

Oh!

Oh! here, here view'd I what the glories be
Of pamper'd flesh: here plainly did I see
How grim those *Beauties* will e're long appeare,
Which we so dote on, and so covet, here.
Here was enough to coole the hotteſt flame
Of lawleſſe luſt. Here, was enough to tame
The maiſt ambition. And, all they that goe
Vnbetter'd from ſuch objects; worſe doe grow.
From hence (for here was no abiding long)
Our *Allies* and our *Lanes*, I walkt among,
Where thoſe *Artificers* their dwellings had,
By whom our idle *Traders* rich are made.
The *Plague* rav'd there indeed. For, who were they
Whom that *Contagion* faſteſt ſwept away
But thoſe whoſe daily lab'ring hands did feed
Their honeſt Families? and greatly ſteed
This place by their mechanick induſtries?
Theſe are the ſwarmes of *Bees*, whoſe painfull thighes
Bring *Wax* unto this *Hive*; and from whoſe bones
The *Honey* drops, that feedeth many *Drones*.
Theſe are the *Bulwarks* of this ſenſeleſſe *Towne*,
And when this *Wall of Bones* is overthrowne,
Our ſtately Dwellings, now both faire and tall,
Will quickly, of themſelves, to ruine fall.
Of theſe, and of their houſholds, daily dy'd
Twice more then did of all ſorts elſe beſide;
And hungry *Poverty* (without relieſes)
Did much inrage and multipliply their grieſes.
The *Rich* could flye; or, if they ſtaid, they had
Such meanes that their diſeaſe the leſſe was made.
Yea, thoſe poore aged folkes that make a ſhow
Of greateſt need, did boldly come and goe,
To aske mens Almes; or what their Pariſh granted;
And nothing at this time thoſe people wanted,

But

But thankfulneſſe, leſſe malice to each other;
And grace to live more quietly together.
Their bodies, dry'd with age, were ſeldome ſtruck
By this *Diſeaſe*. Their neighbours notice took
Of all their wants. Among them, were not many
That had full families. Or if that any
Of theſe had children ſick; ſome good ſupplies
Were ſent them from the generall Charities.
Moreover, common *Beggers* are a nation
Not alwayes keeping in one habitation.
They can remove as time occaſion brings:
They have their progreſſes as well as King;
And moſt of theſe, when hence the rich did goe,
Remov'd themſelves into the Country too.
The reſt about our ſtreets did ask their bread,
And never in their lives, were fuller fed.
But, thoſe good people mentioned before,
Who, till their worke did faile them, fed the poore
As well as others; and maintained had
Great families, by ſome laborious trade:
Ev'n thoſe did ſuffer moſt. For, neither having
Proviſion left them, nor the face of craving;
Nor meanes of labour: Firſt, to pawne they ſent
Their braſſe and pewter: then, their bedding went.
Their garments next, or ſtuffe of beſt eſteeme:
At length, ev'n that which ſhould the reſt redeeme,
Their working Inſtruments. When that was gone,
Their Leaſe was pawned, if it might be done.
And peradventure, at the laſt of all,
Theſe things were ſold outright for ſums but ſmall;
Or elſe quite forfeited. For, here were they
Who made of theſe poore ſoules, a gainfull prey.
And as one Plague had on the life a pow'r,
So did theſe other *Plagues*, their goods devoure.

When

When all was gone, afflicted they became
With ſecret griefes, with poverty, and ſhame.
And, wanting cheerfull minds, and due refection,
Were ſeized on, the ſoone, by *Infection:*
For, hearts halfe broke, and houſholds famiſht neare,
Are quickly ſpent, when viſited they are.
The carefull *Maſter*, though it would have ſaved
A ſervants life, to get him what he craved,
No kinde of Med'cine able was to give him;
Nay ſcarce with bread and water to relieve him:
The tender-hearted Mother, hath for meat
Oft heard her deareſt child, in vaine, intreat;
And had or foure or five on point of dying
At once, for drink to eaſe their torment, crying.
The loving husband ſitting by her ſide,
To ſave whoſe life he gladly would have dy'd,
Vnable was out of his whole eſtate,
To purchaſe her a dram of *Mithridate*;
One meſſe of Cordiall broth, or ſuch like thing,
Although it might prevent her periſhing.
Sometime, at ſuch a need, abroad they came,
To aske for helpe; but, then, the feare of ſhame,
Of ſcorne, or of denial, them with-held
To put in practice, what their want compell'd.
Vpon an Evening (when the waining light
Was that which could be call'd nor day nor night)
I met with one of theſe, who on me caſt
A ruthfull eye: and as he by me paſt,
Me thought, I heard him, ſoftly, ſomewhat ſay,
As if that he for ſome reliefe did pray:
Whereat (he ſeeming in good clothes to be)
I ſtaid, and askt him, if he ſpake to me.
He baſhfully replyed; that, indeed
He was aſham'd to ſpeake aloud, what *Need*

Did

Did make him ſoftly mutter. Somewhat more
He would have ſpoken, but his tongue forbore
To tell the reſt; becauſe his eyes did ſee
Their teares had (almoſt) drawne forth teares frõ me,
And that my hand was ready to beſtow
That helpe which my poore fortunes could allow.
Nor his, nor all mens tongues, could more relate,
Then I my ſelfe conceiv'd of his eſtate.
Me thought, I ſaw, as if I had beene there,
What wants in his, and ſuch mens houſes were;
How empty, and how naked it became;
How naſty, *Poverty* had made the ſame:
Me thought I ſaw, how ſicke his wife might lye;
Me thought I heard his halfe ſtarv'd children cry;
Me thought I felt, with what a broken heart
He look't upon them, e're he could depart
To try, if (by Gods favour) he could meet
With any meanes of comfort in the ſtreet.
And, *Lord my God*, thou know'ſt, that, when alone
The griefes of ſuch as theſe, I muſed on;
My pitie I with watry eyes have ſhowne,
And more bewail'd their ſorrowes, then my owne.
But, ſince thoſe *Dewes* are vaine that fruitleſſe be,
And ſince the ſhare that is allotted me,
Of this worlds heritage, will not ſuffice
To bring reliefe to theſe mens miſeries;
Oh! let my teares (ye *rich men*) make your ground
With fruits of Charity the more abound.
Let me intreat you, that, when God ſhall bring
Vpon this place, another *Viſiting*,
You would remember, ſome reliefe to ſend
To thoſe, who on their labours doe depend,
And have not got their impudence of face,
Who idlely beg their bread from place to place.

God,

God, you the *Stewards* of his goods doth make,
And how you uſe them, he accou t will take.
It will not be enough, that you have paid
The publique taxes on your houſes laid;
Or that you, now and then, doe ſend a ſumme
To be diſpoſed, to you know not whom:
But, you yo ir ſelves, muſt, by your ſelves alone,
Thoſe neighbour , or acquaintance think upon,
Who likelieſt are in ſuch a time of need,
To want of that, whe ein you do exceed:
And, if you know of none, enquire them out;
Or leave ſome honeſt neigbour thereabout,
To be your *Alm'ner* (when the Towne you leave)
That, you, and they, a *Bleſſing* may receive.
For, if that ev'ry wealthy man would find
But one, or two, to cheriſh in this kind:
Gods wrath would much the better be appeaſed,
And we ſhould of our plagues be ſooner eaſed.
As I requeſt the Richer men to take
This pious courſe; A ſuit, I likewiſe make
That our inferiour *Tradeſmen*, would not ſo
Abuſe their times of profit, as they doe.
For, moſt of thoſe doe live at rates as high,
As all their gaines (at utmoſt) will ſupply.
Yea, many times they mount above the tops
Of preſent fortunes, and enſuing hopes:
That, if a ſickneſſe, or unlook'd-for Croſſe,
Or want of trade, or any ſlender loſſe,
But for a *Yeare*, a *Quarter*, or a *Terme*,
Befalls them: it ſoone maketh ſo infirme
Their over-ſtrain'd Eſtates; that Almes are needed,
Ere any failin s are by others heeded.
Of theſe, and other things I, notions gained,
Whilſt in our ſickly *Citie* I remained;

And

And much I contemplated what I saw,
Some profitable uses thence to draw.
But, feeling that my thoughts night ly r. d were,
With over-musing on those objects there:
I thought to walke abroad into the field,
To take those comforts, which fresh ayre doth yeeld;
And, to revive my heart, which heavy grew,
With what the streets did offer to my view;
But little ease I found; for, there mine eyes
Discover'd *Sorrow* in a new disguise:
And in so many shapes himselfe he shewed,
That, still my passion was afresh renewed.
Here, dead upon the *Roade*, a man did lye,
That was (an houre before) as well, as I;
There, sate another, who did thither come
In health, but had not strength to beare him home.
Yonn, spraul'd a third, so sicke, he did not know
From whence he came, nor whither he should goe.
A little further off, a fourth did creepe
Into a ditch, and there his *Obit* keepe.
About the Fields ran one, who being fled
(In spite of his attendance) from his bed,
Lookt like a Lunatique from *Bedlem* broken;
And, though of health he had no hopefull token;
Yet, that he ailed ought, he would not yeeld,
Till *Death* had struck him dead upon the field.
This way, a *Stranger* by his Host expel'led,
That way, a *Servant* (shut from where he dwelled)
Came weakly stagg'ring forth, and (crush'd beneath
Diseases, and unkindnesse) sought for Death;
Which soone was found, and glad was he, they say,
Who for his *Death-bed* gain'd a Cock of Hay.
At this crosse path, were *Bearers* fetching home
A Neighbour, who in health did thither come:

Close

Close by, were others digging up the ground,
To hide a stranger whom they dead had found.
Before me, went with Corpses, many a one;
Behinde, as many mo did follow on,
With *running-sores*, one begg'd at yonder gate:
At next Lanes-end, another *Lazar* sate.
Some halted, as if wounded in the wars;
Some held their necks awry, some shew'd their scars;
Some, met I weeping, for the losse of friends;
Some others, for their swift approching ends;
And ev'ry thing with sorrow was affected,
On whatsoe're it was mine eye reflected.

The *Prospect*, which was wont to greet mine eye
With showes of pleasure in variety,
(And lookt, as if it cheerfully did smile,
Vpon the bordring *Villages*, erewhile.)
Had no such pleasingnesse as heretofore,
For ev'ry place, a mask of sorrow wore.
The walks are unfrequented, and the path
Late trodden bare, a grassie Carpet hath.
I could not see (of all those Gallants) one
That visited *Hide-parke*, and *Mary-borne*.
None wandred through the pastures, up and downe,
But, as about some petty Country towne:
Nor could I view in many Summers dayes,
One man of note to ride upon our wayes.

Lord, what a diff'rence didst thou put betweene
That Summer, *and the rest that I have seene!*
How didst thou change our Fields! and what a face
Of Sadnesse, didst thou set upon each place!
Yet oh! how few remember it, or feele
The touches of it, on their hearts of steele!
And when our banisht mirth thou didst renew,
Who did returne to thee the praises due?

What others apprehended, they know best;
But if it could be fully here expreſt
What of that alteration I conceiv'd,
When of their pleaſures, God our fields bereav'd;
It would much more be minded: For they had
Nought in them, but what moved to be ſad.
Not many weekes, before, it was not ſo.
But, *Pleaſures*, had their paſſage to and fro.
Which way ſoever from our Gates I went,
I lately did behold with much content,
The fields beſtrow'd with people all about:
Some pacing homeward, and ſome paſſing out.
Some, by the bancks of *Thame* their pleaſure taking;
Some, Sulli-bibs among the Milk-maids, making;
With muſique, ſome upon the waters, rowing;
Some, to the next adjoyning *Hamlets* going;
And *Hogſdone*, *Iſlington*, and *Tothnam-Court*,
For Cakes and Creame, had then no ſmall reſort.
Some, ſate and woo'd their Lovers in the ſhadowes;
Some, ſtraggled to and fro athwart the meadowes;
Some, in diſcourſe, their houres, away did paſſe;
Some, playd the toyiſh wantons on the graſſe;
Some, of Religion; ſome of bus'neſſe talked;
Some coached were; ſome horſed; and ſome walked.
Here Citizens; there Students, many a one;
Here two together; and, yonn one alone.
Of *Nymphs* and *Ladies*, I have often ey'd
A thouſand walking at one Evening tide;
As many Gentleman: and yong and old
Of meaner ſort, as many, ten times told.
And, when I did from ſome high Towre ſurvey
The Rodes, and Paths, which round below me lay,
Obſerving how each paſſage thronged was
With men and Cattell, which both wayes did paſſe;

How

How many petty paths, both far and neare,
With rowes of people ſtill ſupplied were;
What infinite proviſion ſtill came in,
And what abundance hath exported bin;
Me thought this populous *City* and the trade
Which we from ev'ry Coaſt about her had,
Was well reſembled by an *Ant-hill*, which
(In ſome old Forreſt) is made large, and rich
By thoſe laborious creatures, who have thither
Brought all their wealth, and *Colonies* together.
For, as their peopled *Borrough* hath reſort
From ev'ry quarter, by a ſeverall Port,
And from each Gate thereof a great Rode hath
That branches into many a little Path;
And, as thoſe *Negroes* doe not onely fill
Each great and leſſer tract unto their hill,
But, alſo, ſpread themſelves out of thoſe wayes,
Among the graſſe, the leaves, and buſhy ſprayes:
Ev'n ſo, the people here, did come and goe
Through our large Rodes; diſperſe themſelves into
A thouſand paſſages; and, often ſtray
O're neighbouring Paſtures, in a pathleſſe way.
This, formerly I ſaw; and, on that *Station*,
Where this I markt; I had this *Contemplation*.
How happy were this People, *did they know*
What reſt, our God upon them did beſtow!
On us, what ſhowres of bleſſings hath he rained,
Which he from other Cities hath reſtrained?
And, from how many miſchiefes hath he freed us,
Which fall on thoſe that in good workes exceed us?
Here lurke no ravenous Beaſts to make a prey
On thoſe fat Cattell which theſe Fields o're-lay.
Within our Groves no cruell Out-lawes *hide,*
That in the blood of paſſengers are dy'd.

Our Lambs, unworry'd, lye abroad, benighted;
By day, our Virgins walke the Fields unfrighted.
No neighbouring Country doth our food foreſtall;
No Convoyes need to come and goe withall;
No forraine Prince can ſuddenly appall us,
For Seas doe mote us, and huge Rocks doe wall us.
No rotten Fennes doe make our ayre unſonnd;
No Foe, doth with a trench encloſe us round.
We neither tumults have by night or day,
Nor rude unruly Gariſons in pay.
No Taxes, yet, our Land doth over-load:
Our Children are not preſt for warres abroad.
From Spaniſh Inquiſitions we are free;
(God grant that we, for ever, ſo may be)
We are compeld to no Idolatries;
Our people doe not in rebellions riſe:
No factious ſpirits much diſturbe the State;
No Plagues, our dwellings, yet, depopulate.
No Rots or Murraines have our Cattell kild:
Our Barnes and Store-houſes, with fruits are fild:
On ev'ry threſhold, ſtore of children play;
Our breeding Cattell fill both ſtreet and way.
And, were we thankefull unto him that gave them,
There are no bleſſings, but we here might have them.
See, how like Bees upon a Summer-Eve,
(When their young Nymphes have over-fill'd the hive)
They ſwarme about the City, ſporting ſo,
As if a winter gale would never blow.
How little doe they dreame, how many times,
While they deſerved ruine for their Crimes,
God, naithelesſe, hath ſhewed mercies on them,
And ſtopt thoſe Plagues that comming were upon them!
How ſeldome is it thought, the pow'r of him,
Whoſe love they much forget (if not contemne)

Might

Might heape upon them all those fearfull things,
Which he upon our neighbouring Nations brings:
For, in a moment, he could summon hither
His Iudgements, and inflict them, all together:
Ev'n all. But, one of these which he hath brought
On other Cities, would enough be thought.
If in displeasure he should call from thence
Where now it raves, the slaughtring Pestilence,
Or else the Famine; what a change were that,
To them that are so healthy, and so fat?
How desolate, in lesse then halfe a yeare,
Might all our lodgings and our streets appeare?
How unfrequented would that randevow
Be made, in which, we throng, and justle now?
How lonely would these walkes and fields be found,
Wherein I see the people so abound?
Or, should he whistle for his armed Bands,
(Which now are wasting other Christian Lands)
To put in action on our Commick Stage
The Tragedies of VVar, *and brutish rage:*
What lamentations then here would be made,
And calling unto minde, what peace we had?
Should we in ev'ry house, at boord and bed
Have Souldiers and rude Captaines billeted,
That would command, and swagger as if they
Had all the Towneship (where they lodge) in pay,
To wait upon their pleasures; and should see
Our owne defenders, our devourers be.
Should we behold these Fields (now full of sport)
Cut out with Trenches; *there, a warlike* Fort;
Another here; A Sconce *not farre from that;*
A new rais'd Mount, *or some fire-spitting* Cat,
From which the Foes our actions might survey,
And make their Bullets on our houses play.

Should we behold our Dwellings beaten downe;
Our Temples batter'd; Turrets over-throwne;
Our seats of pleasure burning from afarre;
Heare, from without, the thundring voice of War;
Within, the shriekes of children, or the cry
Of women, strucke with feares, or famisht nigh.
Should we behold, what painfully we got,
Possest by those that seeke to cut our throat;
Our children slaine before us, on the ground;
Our selves pierc't through with some deep mortall wound;
And see (e'n there) where we have wanton-niz'd,
Our beauteous wives, by some sterne Troup surpriz'd,
And ravisht in our view. Or (which is worse)
When we have scene all this, before't perforce
To live; and live their slaves that shall possesse
Our wives, and all our outward happinesse;
And, then, want also, that pure Word of Grace
To comfort us, which yet adornes this place.
Should such a Destiny (as God defend)
This people, and this place, thought I, attend.
(For, this may be; and ev'ry day we heare
That other Nations doe this burthen beare)
Should we who now for pleasure walke the field,
Be faine to search what weeds the pastures yeeld
To feed us; and peake hungerly about,
Some Roots, or Hawes, or Berries to finde out,
To keepe from starving; and not gaine a food
So meane, without the hazard of our blood:
Should some contagious sicknesse, noisome make
This place, wherein, such pleasure now we take:
Should in these places, whither we repaire
Our bodies to refresh with wholesome ayre,
Those blastings or Serenes upon us fall,
Which other places are anoy'd withall.

Should

Should from the wife the husband be divorc'd,
Or from the parent should the child be forc'd,
While here they walkt, and periſh by the ſword:
Or, ſhould here be a famine of the Word,
On which would follow, to our griefe and ſhame,
A thouſand other Plagues *which I could name.*
Should theſe things be; then what our bleſſings are
It would by ſuch a curſe too ſoone appeare.
Then, feele we ſhould, what comforts might ariſe
From thoſe great mercies, which we now deſpiſe,
Or think not on. Yea, ſo we might enjoy
But part of that which now we miſ-employ,
We thinke it would, a greater happineſſe,
Then, yet we finde in all we now poſſeſſe.
We then ſhould know how much we have beene bleſt
In our long time of plenty, health, and reſt:
How ſweet it is that we may to and fro
Without reſtraint, or feare, or danger goe;
How much we owe to him that hath ſo long
Our Granards filled, and our Gates made ſtrong;
Permitting us to walke for our delight
About our fields, whilſt others march to fight;
And ſuffring us to feaſt, whilſt others faſt,
Or, of the bread of ſowre Affliction *taſt.*
As heretofore the peopled *Fields* I walked,
To this effect, my thoughts within me talked;
And though all preſent *Objects* gave content,
My heart did ſuch *Ideaes* repreſent
Of *Judgements* likely to be caſt upon
So great a City, and a ſinfull one;
That much I feared, I ſhould live to ſee,
Some ſuch afflictions, as here mention'd be.
And loe, (though yet, I hope, not in his wrath)
God, part of that I fear'd, inflicted hath:

A warning *War* he hath begun to wage
Against the crying sinnes of this our age,
And of this place: And in a gentle wise
Pour'd out a taste of those Calamities
Which other feele at large: that, we should mourne
For our transgressions, and to him returne.
Vouchsafe, oh! God, that soone returne we may,
Lest thou, in anger, sweepe us all away.

If we observed, well, what God hath done,
And in what manner, he with us begun;
How he forewarn'd us of those *Plagues*, which he
Vouchsafed *David* should a chuser be:
(And how, ev'n he himselfe, in mercy chused,
To keepe us from what *David* had refused)
We should perceive, that our most loving God
At first did threaten, with a *Fathers* rod.

A little while before this *Pestilence*,
Of his just wrath we had intelligence
By divers tokens, which we did contemne,
Or, at the best, but little heeded them.
The *Spring* before this *Plague*, one jerke we had
By *WAR*, which made no little number sad,
By calling many from their ease; by taking
Some husbands from their wives, & childless making
Some *Parents*: which permitted was to show us
In part, what sharpe corrections God did owe us,
And make us minde, that this unhallow'd place
Is thus long spared meerly of his grace.
Else, to awake us with some touch of that
Which he hath brought on many a forraine State.

For, that he might but touch us, he did call
No *Armies* hither, to afflict us all,
But, as a *Generall* in time of war,
When all his Troupes of somewhat guilty are;

On

On them the fortune of the *lot* doth try,
That ſome as warnings to the reſt may dye:
Ev'n ſo, the *God of Armies*, in like caſe,
Pickt, here and there a man, from ev'ry place,
To meet the ſword: that, ev'ry place might learne,
His *Mercies*, and his *Iuſtice* to diſcerne,
And, leave off ſinne; which, if we breake not from,
His *Plagues*, and terrors all, will ſhortly come.
If any ſhall object, we loſt in theſe
But ſome corrupted blood, which did diſeaſe
The common *Body*: Let them underſtand,
That it portends hot *Fevers* in the Land,
When ſuch *Phlebotomy* is needfull thought:
And, that, good blood, as well as what is nought,
Is loſt at ev'ry op'ning of a veine.
The foot was prickt, and we did feele no paine;
The next blood-letting may be in the *Arme*,
Where lyes our ſtrength. God ſhend us frō the harme
Of ſuch like *Surgery*; unleſſe we ſee
The *Signe* be better then it ſeemes to be.
God ſcar'd us, lately, alſo, by a *Dearth*,
And for the peoples faults did curſe the Earth.
The *Winter* laſt before the *Peſt* began,
Throughout ſome Northerne *Shires* a Famine ranne,
That ſtarved ſome; and other ſome were faine,
Their hungry appetites to entertaine
With ſwine, and ſheep, and horſes, which have dy'd
By chance: For, better could they not provide.
Some others on boild nettles gladly fed,
Or elſe had oft gone ſupperleſſe to bed.
And this was much, conſidering the ſoile
And ordinary plenties of this *Ile*.
Nay, ſince the *Sickneſſe*, we ſmall hopes poſſeſſed,
Of that, wherewith, this Kingdom, God hath bleſſed.

For, when *Earths* wombe did big with plenty grow,
When her large bosome, and full brests, did show
Such signes of faire encrease, that hope of more
Was never in our life-times, heretofore:
A later frost, our early blossomes cropt;
The heav'ns, upon our labours, leanesse dropt;
And such perpetuall shewres, and flouds we had,
That of a *Famine*, we were fearfull made,
And scarce had any hope (in common reason)
Of harvest either in, or out of season.
Yet, he with-held that *Plague*. The Sky grew cleare;
A kindly weather drove away our feare;
The Floods did sinck; the Mildewes were expell'd;
The bending eares of corne, their heads up held;
And *Harvest* came, which fild our Granards more,
Then in the fruitfull'st, of sev'n yeares before.
And, doubtlesse, had we gone to meet our God,
With true repentance, when this fearfull Rod
Was raised first; it had away beene flung,
And not continued in this *Realme* so long.
For, as a *Father*, when his deerest child
Growes disobedient, rude, and over-wilde,
First warnes; then threatens; then, the rod doth show;
Then frownes; and then doth feare him with a blow.
Then doubles, and redoubles it, untill
He makes him grow more plyant to his will,
And leave those wanton tricks, which in conclusion
May prove the parents griefe, and childes confusion.
Ev'n as this Father; so, our God hath wrought.
Vs, by his *Word of Grace*, he first besought:
Then, of his *Wrath*, and *Iustice* spake unto us:
Next, hanging over us, he plagues did show us.
Yea, divers months before this Vengeance came,
The spotted *Fever* did forewarne the same.

VVas

Was made her *Harbenger*; and in one week
Sent hundreds, in the Grave, their bed to ſeek.
Which nought prevailing, he did thereupon
(As being loath to ſtrike) firſt ſtrike but one.
Then, two or three: then ſtaid a while; and than
To ſmite another number he began,
And then a greater. Neither did God ſhow
This mercy, onely, in the publike blow;
But daign'd it, alſo, in that chaſtiſement,
Which he to ev'ry man in private ſent.
To haſten his repentance; firſt, he ſmote
Some one of thoſe he knew, in place remote;
Within a weeke, another better knowne;
Next week a friend; the next a dearer-one;
A little after that, perhaps, another;
And then a kinſman, or an onely brother.
Which no amendment working, God did come
(To make him heedfull) ſomewhat nearer home:
Knockt at his neighbours houſe, and took out all
Or moſt, who lodg'd on tother ſide the wall:
Then called at his doore, and ſeized on
A ſervant firſt; ſoone afterward, a ſon;
Next night was hazarded a daughters life;
And e're that morning came, he loſt his wife:
At laſt fell ſick himſelfe, and then repented,
Or dy'd, or liveth to be worſe tormented.

Thus, as it were by ſteps, God came upon us,
That either Love or Terror might have won us,
To ſeeke our peace. But, yet, ſo few were warned,
(And this long-ſuffring, ſo few ſoules diſcerned)
That ſome the nature of this *Plague* beli'd;
The number of the dead, ſome ſtrove to hide,
On groundles hopes, Gods Iudgmẽts, ſome deferred.
Some ſcoffed others, when they were deterred.

Some-

Some rais'd a profit from it. Yea, ſo few
Conceived what was likely to enſue;
That, when we ſhould like *Niniveh* have fared,
For ſports, and cauſeleſſe *Triumphs* we prepared.
Of pleaſure, in exceſſive wiſe, we taſted.
We *feaſted*, when we rather ſhould have *faſted*.
And when in ſack-cloth we ſhould loud have cry'd,
Ev'n then, we ruffled in our greateſt pride.
Which God perceiving, and that we were growne
Regardleſſe of his ſmiles, and of his frowne;
He did command his *Mercy*, to let goe
That hand, which did reſtraine his *Iuſtice* ſo.
Then, catching up a *Viall* of his wrath,
(Which he in ſtore for ſuch offenders hath)
He did on this our Citie, poure it downe.
And, as ſtrong poiſon ſhed upon the crowne,
Deſcendeth to the members, from the head;
And, ſoone, doth over all the body ſpread:
Ev'n ſo, this noyſome plague of *Peſtilence*,
On our head City falling, did from thence,
Diſperſe, and ſoake throughout this *Empery*,
In ſpight of all our carnall policie.
Our want of penitency, to allay
Gods wrath, and ſtop his anger in the way,
Enflamed and exaſperated ſo
This *Fiend*, that he did thouſands over-throw
In ſome few minuts: and, the greedy *Grave*
Devou'd, as if it none alive would ſave.
Death lurkt at ev'ry angle of the ſtreet,
And did arreſt whom ever he did meet.
There ſcarcely was that houſe or lodging found,
In which he did not either ſlay or wound.
In ev'ry roome his murthers acted he,
Our Cloſets, nay our Temples were not free

From

From his attemptings; no not while men pray'd,
Could his unbridled fury be delay'd.
In sundry *Families* there was not one
Whom his rude hand did take compassion on:
Nay many times he did not spare the last,
Vntill the buriall of the first was past.
For, e're the *Bearers* back againe could come,
The rest were ready for their graves at home.
Nor bad nor good, nor rich nor poore did scape him,
Nor foole nor wiseman, an excuse could shape him:
He shunned not the yong man in the sadle,
Nor him that lay and cryed in the cradle.
So dreadfull was his looke, so sterne and grim,
That many dy'd through very feare of him.
For, to mens fancies he did oft appeare
In shapes which so exceedingly gastly were,
That flesh and blood, unable was, to brooke,
The horror of his all-affrighting look.
Ev'n in that house, whose roofe did cover me,
Of this, a sad experiment had we:
For, there, a plague-sicke man (at least) conceiued
That Death a shape assuming, he perceiued
Deform'd and vgly; whereat loud he cryes,
Oh! hide me, hide me, from his dreadfull eyes.
Looke, oh! looke there he comes: now by the bed
He stands; now at the feet; now at the head.
Oh! draw, draw, draw the Curtaine, Sirs I pray,
That his grim looke no more behold I may.
To this effect, and such like words he spake,
But that their hearers hearts they more did shake.
Then, rested he a while, and by and by
Vp starting, with a lamentable cry,
Ran to a Couch, whereon his wife (who waking
Two nights before had beene) some rest was taking;

There.

There, kneeling downe, & both his hands up rearing,
As if his eye had seene pale *Death* appearing
To strike his wife; *Good Sir*, said he, *forbeare*
To kill or harme that poore yong woman there:
For God's sake doe not strike her; for you see
She's great with child. Lo, you have wounded me
In twenty places; and I doe not care
How me you mischiefe, so that her you spare.
Ev'n this, and more then I to minde can call,
He acted with a looke so tragicall,
That, all by-standers, might have thought, his eyes
Saw reall objects, and no fantasies.
To others, Death, no doubt, himselfe convaid
In other formes; and other *Pageants* plaid.
Whilst in her armes the mother thought she kept
Her Infant safe; Death stole him when she slept.
Sometime he took the mothers life away,
And left the little babe, to lye and play
With her cold paps, and childish game to make
About those eyes, that never more shall wake.
Sometimes whē friends were talking, he did force
The one to leave unfinisht his discourse. (ted,
Sometimes, their morning meetings he hath thwar-
Who thought not they for ever had beene parted,
The night before. And, many a lovely *Bride*,
He hath defloured by the *Bridegroomes* side.
At ev'ry hand, lay one or other dying;
On ev'ry part, were men and women crying,
One for a husband; for a friend another;
One for a sister, wife, or onely brother:
Some children for their parents mone were making;
Some, for the losse of servants care were taking;
Some parents for a childe; and some againe
For losse of all their children did complaine.

The

The mother dared not to close her eyes,
Through feare that while she sleepes, her baby dyes.
Wives trusted not their husbands out of doore,
Lest they might back againe returne no more.
And in their absence if they did but heare
One knock or call in hast, they quak'd through feare,
That some unluckly messenger had brought
The newes of those mischances they forethought.
And if (with care and griefe o're-tyr'd) they slept,
They dream'd of *Ghosts*, & *Graves*, & shriekt, & wept.
He that o're night went healthy to his bed,
Lookt, e're the morning, to be sicke, or dead.
He that rose lusty, at the rising Sunne,
Grew faint, and breathlesse, e're the day was done.
And, he that for his friend, this day did sorrow,
Lay close beside him in a grave the morrow.
Some men amidst their pleasures were diseased:
Some, in the very act of sin were seized:
Some, hence were taken laughing, and some singing:
Some, as they others to their graves were bringing,
Yea, so impartiall was this kind of *Death*,
And so extreamly venemous his breath,
That they who did not in this place expire,
Where saved, like the *Children in the fire*.
It may be that to some it will appeare,
My Muse hath onely poetized here;
And that I fain'd expressions doe rehearse,
As most of those that use to write in verse:
But, in this Poeme I pursue the story
Of reall Truth, without an Allegory:
And many yet surviving witnesse may,
That I come short of what I more might say.
But, what I can I utter; and I touch
This mournfull string, so often, and so much,

As in this Book I doe; that I might show
To them that of these griefes forgetfull grow,
What sorrowes and what dangers they have had;
That all of us more thankefull may be made:
And if to any these things doe appeare
Or tedious, or impertinent; I feare
That most of them are they, who take no pleasure,
For good and usefull things to be at leisure.
And more delight in Poems *worded out,*
Then those that are Gods works employ'd about.

Me thinkes, I cannot speake enough of that
Which I have seene; nor full enough relate
What I declare; but still it seemes to me
I leave out somewhat that should utt'red be.
For, though in most, the sense thereof be gone,
It was God's *Iudgement*, and a fearfull one.

And, *LONDON*, what availed then thy pride,
Thy pleasures, and thy wealth so multiply'd?
Or, then, oh! what advantage didst thou get
By those vaine things, whereon thy heart is set?
How many sev'rall *Plagues* did God prevent,
Before this Iudgement was upon thee sent?
How many loving favours had he done thee,
Before so roughly he did seize upon thee?
And, that thou mightst his purposes discover,
How long together, did he send thee over
The weekly newes, of those great Desolations,
Which he inflicts on many other Nations?
How often did he send, e're this befell,
His *Prophets*, of his *Iudgements* to foretell?
How many thousand *Preachers* hath he sent,
With teares, to pray, and woo thee to repent?
To tell thee, that thy pride, and thy excesse,
Thy lusts, thy surfets, and thy drunkennesse,

Thine

Thine idleneſſe, thy great impieties,
Thy much prophaneneſſe, thy hypocriſies,
And other vanities, would bring at laſt
Thoſe plagues whereof thou now ſome feeling haſt?
How did thy *Paſtors* to repent conjure thee?
How ſtrongly did Gods Miniſters aſſure thee
That all thy love, thy labour, and thy coſt
Beſtow'd on carnall pleaſures, would be loſt?
That, thou hereafter ſhouldſt become aſhamed
Of that whereof thy comforts thou hadſt framed;
And that thoſe evills would at length befall
From which no mortall hand reprieve thee ſhall.
Thou canſt not but acknowledge theſe things were
Ev'n ev'ry moment, rounded in thine eare;
And that thy *Sonnes of Thunder* did preſage
What, for thy ſinnes, ſhould be thine heritage.
Yet, thou to heare their meſſage didſt refuſe.
And, as the ſtubborne unbeleeving *Iewes*,
Deſpiſed all thoſe *Prophets*, who foreſhew'd
The times of their approaching ſervitude,
Yea, puniſht them, as troublers of the Land,
And ſuch as weakned much the peoples hand:
So, thou accountedſt of thy Teachers, then,
But as a crew of buſie-headed men,
Who cauſleſly, thy quietneſſe diſturbing,
Had for their ſaucineſſe, deſerved curbing.
But with amazement, now thou doſt behold,
That they have no uncertainties foretold.
For, God in this one ſingle *Plague*, compriſed
Thoſe other *Iudgements*, all, epitomized;
Which for thy ruine he at large will ſend,
If this be not enough to work his end.
Obſerve this *Peſtilence*, and thou ſhalt ſee,
That as there may be ſome one *ſin* in thee

With

With other great *Transgressions* interlaced,
So, divers Plagues in this great *Plague* were placed.
It shew'd thee (in some fashion) their distresses,
Whom *WAR*, in a besieged Fort oppresses:
For, lo, thou wert deprived of all Trade,
As if thy Foes blockt up thy *River* had.
And, though no armed Host thy wall surrounded,
Yet (which was worse) thou by thy friends wert boun-
For, whatsoever person passed from (ded;
Thy Ports, upon an enemy did come.
And none more cruell to thy children proved,
Then some of thine, who from thy *Plagues* removed.
Confusion, and *Disorder*, threatned thee,
(On which attendeth all the *Plagues* that be)
For, most of thy grave *Senate*, who did beare
Thy names of office, far departed were,
To other places; leaving thee, nigh spent
And languishing for want of Government.
Yea, they that were thy *Trust*, and thy *Delight*,
In times of health, did then forsake thee quite;
To teach us, that those men, and vanities,
Which have our hearts, in our prosperities,
Will in affliction be the first who leave us;
And, when we most expect, then most deceive us.
Oh! whither then; oh! whither were they gone,
Who, thy admired Beauty doted on?
Where did thy *Lovers* in those dayes appeare,
Who did so court thee, and so often sweare
Affection to thee? whither were they fled,
Whom thou hast oft with sweetest junkets fed?
And they, whom thou so many yeares, at ease,
Didst lodge within thy faireſt *Palaces*?
Where *London*, were thy skarlet *Fathers* hous'd,
Who in thy glory, were to thee espous'd?

What

What were become of all thy children, which
Were nurſed at thy breſt, made great, and rich
By thy *good-huſwifry?* and whom we ſee
In thy proſperity ſo hugg'd of thee?
Where were thy rev'rend *Paſtors*, who had pay
To feed thy Flocks, and for thy ſinne to pray?
(I muſt confeſſe) the meaneſt, and ſome few
Of better ſort, were in affection true,
And gave thee comfort. But, oh! where were thoſe,
Thoſe greater ones, on whom thy hand beſtowes
The largeſt portions? Thoſe, who have profeſt
A zealous care of thee, above the reſt?
Thoſe, who (as I conceive) had undertaken
A charge that ſhould not then have beene forſaken?
Thoſe many *ſilken-Doctors*, who did here
In ſhining ſatten Caſſocks late appeare?
They who (till now, a thing ſcarce heard of ever)
Do flaunt it in their Velvet, Pluſh, and Beaver.
And they, whom thou didſt honor far above
Thoſe meane ones, who, then, ſhewed thee moſt love?
Where were they? &, where were thy Lawyers too
That heretofore, did make ſo much adoe
Within thy Courts of *Iuſtice?* Prethee, where
Were thoſe *Phyſitians*, who ſo forward were
To give thee phyſick, when thou neededſt leſſe,
And wert but ſicke, of eaſe, and wantonneſſe?
Where did their foot-cloths wait? where couldſt thou (call
For their aſſiſtance? what became of all
Their *Diets*, and *Receipts?* and why did they
In that neceſſity depart away?
Where lurckt thoſe *Poetaſters*, who were wont
To pen thy *Mummeries*, and vainly hunt
For baſe reward, by ſoothing up the Crimes
Of our Grand *Epicures*, in lofty Rimes;

And

And doe before each others *Poems* raiſe
The fruitleſſe Trophees of a truthleſſe praiſe?
Dar'd none of all thoſe matchleſſe wits to tary
This brunt? That his experienc'd Muſe might cary
This Newes to after times; and move compaſſion,
By his all-moving ſtraines of *Lamentation?*
What, none but me? me onely leave they to it,
To whom they ſhame to yeeld the Name of *Poet?*
Well; if they ever had a minde to weare
The *Lawreat Wreath*, they might have got it here:
For though that my performance may be bad,
A braver Subject, *Muſes* never had.

Where were thy troups of *Rovers?* where were they
Who in thy Chambers did the wantons play?
Provoking God Almighty, downe to caſt
Thoſe plagues from which they fled away ſo faſt?
Yea, whither were thoſe *Nothings*, all retir'd,
Of whom thou wert, of late, ſo much deſir'd?
Alas! was there not any of all theſe
Who ſtaid to comfort thee, in this Diſeaſe?
Did all depart away? And, being gone,
Leave thee to beare thy ſorrowes all alone?
Left they upon thy *Tally* all that ſin,
Which had by them and thee, committed bin?

Yes, yes, they left thee: ev'n all theſe: and they
So left thee, *London*, when they went away,
That thy afflictions they did aggravate,
And make more bitter thy deplored *Fate.*

A *Dearth* mixt alſo in this *Peſt* was found,
For they who did in riches moſt abound,
(And ſhould have holpen to relieue the poore)
Departing hence, diminiſhed thy ſtore.
To other *Borroughes* they themſelves betooke:
Their ſick diſtreſſed brethren, they forſooke,

And

And, left on thoſe that would be hoſpitable,
A burthen which to beare they were unable.
Thoſe few, of worth, who did in thee remaine,
Had multitudes of beggers to ſuſtaine;
And, from the Country (as before I ſaid)
The ſending of ſupply was long delaid.
There was a *Famine* alſo, which exceeded
This other; though the ſame by few was heeded.
We had not ſo much ſcarcity of bread,
As of that food wherewith our ſoules are fed.
For, of our *Paſtors* (in the greateſt dangers)
Some left us to the charity of Strangers.
And, many ſoules, whom they were bound to cheriſh
Depriv'd of timely ſuſtenance, did periſh.
Who could have thought, this *Vineyard*, heretofore
So fruitfull; and wherein the ſalvage *Bore*
Of *Turky* rooted not: and whoſe thick fence
Hath long time kept, the *Bulls* of *Baſhan* thence;
Should then (ev'n in the *Vintage* time) be found
So bare of what, ſo lately did abound?
And, then (a thing worth note) when ev'ry Field
And meaneſt *Villages* did plenties yeeld?
Indeed, not long before, we ſurfeted,
And plaid the wantons with our heav'nly bread.
Our appetite was cloy'd; and we grew dainty,
And either loath'd, or murmur'd at our plenty.
Yea, many of us, when at will we had it,
By private *Cookeries*, unwholſome made it.
For which, and for our baſe unthankfulneſſe,
Our portion and allowance waxed leſſe:
And, we who (like fond children) would not eat,
Vnleſſe, this man, or that man carv'd our meat,
Then (like poore folks, that of meere almes do live)
Were glad to take of any that would give.

The *Laborers* were few; the *Harveſt* large:
And of the beſt of thoſe that had the charge
To ſpread Gods *Table*; ſome grew faint and tired
By their perpetuall travaile: ſome expired
Their painfull ſoules, and freely ſacrifiz'd
Themſelves for us, that we might be ſuffiz'd.
Among which happy number I doe bleſſe
The memory of learned *Makerneſſe*,
And zealous *Eton*, whoſe large Congregations,
Bemoan'd their loſſe with hearty lamentations,
And worthily: for, they did labour here
With cheerfulneſſe, and in their *Callings* were
So truly diligent whilſt vigour laſted,
That they their life blood, yea their ſpiritis waſted;
And ev'n unſlackt the very nerves and powres
Of their owne ſoules, to helpe enable ours.
To *bury*, nigh a hundred in a day,
To *church*, to *marry*, *ſtudy*, *preach* and *pray*;
To *wake betimes*; at night *late watch to keepe*;
To be *diſturb'd* at midnight from their *ſleepe*;
To *viſit* him that on his *death-bed* lyes;
Oft to *communicate*; more oft *baptize*;
And daily (and all day) to be in action,
As were thoſe two, to give due ſatisfaction
To their great *Flocks*; more Laborers there needed;
And their conſumed ſtrengths, it much exceeded.
But, they are now at *reſt*: their *worke* is done,
Their *Fight* is finiſhed: their *Goale* is won:
And, though no *Trophee* to them can raiſe,
Save, this poore wither'd *Wreath* of mortall praiſe;
Their *Maſter* (to reward their faithfulneſſe)
For them reſerved Crownes of Happineſſe;
Becauſe, unto his *houſhold*, they the *Bread*
Of Life, in ſeaſon, have diſtributed.

Nor

Nor was the Food of life diminiſht more
By ſuch mens want alone, then heretofore.
But, to our diſcontent, we alſo had
Our due allowances the ſhorter made
Ev'n by command. For, ſome (I know not why)
Had fallely miſ-inform'd *Authority*,
That our promiſcuous meetings, at the *Faſt*,
Increaſt the *Plague*: which was beleev'd in haſt:
And being urg'd, perhaps, with ſuch faire ſhewes
Of *Reaſon*, as *Conjecture* could infuſe;
(The matter being aggravated too,
With ſuch untruths, as travel to and fro)
The publike preaching on the *Faſting day*,
Was, in an evill ſeaſon, tooke away.
For, when the fleſh was fed, and ſoule deprived
Of two Repaſts, which weekly we received,
Prophaneneſſe, and hard-heartedneſſe began
To get new rooting in the mind of man.
We miſſed thoſe good helpes, and thoſe examples
Which had beene preached to us in our Temples.
The poore did want full quickly, to their griefe,
Thoſe Almes the *Faſt* brought out for their reliefe.
And, when with *Prayers*, *Preaching* did not goe,
Our cold *Devotions*, did far colder grow.
VVhat inſtrument of miſchiefe might he be
VVho cauſed that? And, what a Foole was he!
If *Wenſday-Sermons* holpe infect; I pray
VVhat kept us ſafer on the *Sabbath day?*
Since moſt faſt then till noone without refection?
Or, what at *Funeralls*, did ſtop infection?
Good God! in thy affaires, how vaine (to me)
Doth carnall *Policy* appeare to be?
How apt is fleſh and blood to run a courſe,
Which makes the ſoules condition, worſe and worſe?

To

To venture on eternall death how toward!
And in a temporall danger what a coward!
Sure, had not such a project, had a scope
Beyond the reaching of the *Devils* hope,
And been too damnable for any one
To be his *Procurator* thereupon;
Some would have made the motion that we might
Have liv'd excluded from our *Churches* quite:
And, that till God his hand should please to stay,
None should in publike, either preach, or pray.
'Twas well the weekly number of the dead,
By Gods meere mercy, was diminished,
Before the prohibition of the *Fast*:
The *Fiend* had else, for evermore, disgrac't
That *Discipline*: and carnall *Policy*
Had so insulted o're *Divinity*,
That, in succeeding Ages, men unholy,
Would thence have proved, such Devotion, Folly.
But, God prevented it, that we should take
Good notice of it; and good uses make:
And I have mention'd it, that here I may
God's *Wisdome* and man's foolishnesse display.
Oh! let us to our *Fasts* againe returne;
Let us, for our omissions truly mourne;
And not capitulate with God, as tho
He, first his Rod out of his hand should throw,
Eere we would come unto him: for, if thus
A son of ours should beare himselfe to us,
It would our ire exasperate the more;
And make the fault seem greater then before.
Why should we in an action that is just
The mercy of our gracious God distrust?
Or, unto any place be loath to go,
Where God is to be heard, or spoken to,

Though

Through feare of that which may be caught at home
And in a thouſand places where we come?
Our ſinnes and plagues were publike: ſo ſhould wee
In *Pray'rs*, and *Teares*, and *Almes*, and *Faſtings* be.
For, that ſtrong *Devill* which hath tortur'd thus
Our generall body, is not caſt from us
By ſingle *Exorciſmes*: neither ſhall
Our p iv..cies advantage us at all,
Except in what conduces to the health
Of private men, or of their private wealth.
If we in cloſe retirements (by our feare)
At markets, or where worſe Aſſemblies are,
Infected grow: the *Devill*, by and by
With us perſwadeth, either to belye
The *Church*, our conſtant *Faſting*, or ſome one
Good worke, or pious action we have done.
(As viſiting the ſick, in time of need,
Or any other ſuch like Chriſtian deed)
For, he thoſe practices doth greatly ſpight,
And, to diſparage them hath much delight:
Becauſe he ſees, that ſuch as are inclinde
To pious meanes, will ſoone by triall finde,
Good hopes to thrive beyond their expectations;
Their knowledge, foole his cunning machinations;
Their faiths grow ſtrong; temptations weak appeare;
Their joy moſt perfect, where moſt ſorrowes are;
And know, that when the *Lord of Hoaſts* is armed,
With all his *Iudgements*, that, he leaſt is harmed,
Who, bold through *Love*, *ſelfe-truſt* quite from him throws
And, runs with cõfidence to meet his blows.
Let no man then be fearfull to repaire
Vnto the houſe of *Preaching*, or of *Pray'r*;
Or, any whither elſe, thoſe works to doe,
Which he by Conſcience is obliged to:

No, though the Devill in the paſſage lay,
Or ſtrow'd moſt fearfull dangers in the way,
For, if in ſuch a caſe, our death we take,
Our death, ſhall for our beſt advantage make.
Yet, let none thinke I this opinion cary,
That ev'ry *Church*, will be a *Sanctuary*,
To all that come For, ſure, if any dare
Without *Devotion*, in Gods houſe appeare,
To them, that place, more perill threatens, then,
A chamber thronged with infected men.
Some fainted in the *Church*, as others did
Within their houſes (where themſelves they hid)
Yet not ſo often. For, though ſome did pleaſe
To blame the *Church* for ſpreading this diſeaſe,
No places were more harmleſſe. None did we
Behold more healthy, or to ſcape more free
From this *Infection*, then thoſe perſons, whom
We ſaw moſt often, to Gods worſhip come.
Nor were there any houſes more infected
Then theirs, who moſt the houſe of God neglected.
I ſpeake not this by rumor: For, ev'n thither
Reſorted I, where thronged were together
The greateſt multitudes: And day by day
I ſate, where all the croud I could ſurvay.
Yet, I nor man, nor childe, nor woman ſaw,
To ſinke, looke pale, or from their place withdraw.
And, doubtleſſe, if ſuch faintings there had beene,
As many prated of; I ſome had ſeene.
Which, ſince I did not ſee, I wiſh againe,
None would at ſuch a time, Gods houſe refraine,
Except in Congregations not their owne,
And where infection feared is, or knowne:
Or in their owne Aſſembly, where diſorder
Committed wilfully, the Peſt may further.

Or

Or, when their bodie's weakenes, or the Aire
Their ſafeties may ſome other waies impaire.
Excepting to (in times of *Viſitation*,
When they are markt with markes of *Separation*,
As *Riſing*, *Blaines*, or *Sores*. O, newly from
The company of ſuch like perſons, come.
Or, whenſoever they or doe, or may
Suppoſe themſelves Infectious any way.
These (as the *Lepers* did, by *Moſes* Law)
From publike Congregations ſhould withdraw,
For, ſure, if any ſuch themſelves intrude
To mixe among a healthy Multitude,
(Though prayers or devotions they pretend,
Or whatſoever other pious end)
Their fooliſh practiſe is vnwarrantable;
Yea, their condition ſo uncharitable,
That I abhorre it: and beleeve that for
So doing, God their *prayers* doth abhorre:
And, here, (although it may impertinent
By ſome be thought) I cannot chuſe but vent,
How I diſlike, our ſo much liked faſhion
Of buriall, where the publike Congregation
Are bound to meet: And then, eſpecially,
When of infectious griefes great numbers dye.
I know both Cuſtome, *and* Opinion, *have*
So rooted this, that I my breath may ſave
In reprehending it. Yet, when I muſt
Be taken hence, and turne againe to duſt,
Let nought but Earth and Heav'n my carkaſſe cover,
And neither Church *nor* Chappell *roofe me over;*
Nor any other Buildings, ſaving thoſe
That only ſerve, ſuch reliques to encloſe.
For, though I doe ingenuouſly confeſſe,
We ſhould to ſhew our Chriſtian hopefulneſſe

Of riſing from the dead, lodge decently
Their fleſh, who in Chriſts *Faith profeſſe to dye:*
And, that Churchyards, *or plots diſtinguiſht from*
The vulgar uſe, doe beſt of all become
That purpoſe. Yet, I know the common guiſe
Of bur'ing in the Church, *did firſt ariſe*
From ancient Superſtition; *and to gaine*
Some outward profit, to the prieſtly traine.
For, many ſimple men were made conceive
That if (when they were dead) they might have leave
To reſt within thoſe plots of hallowed ground,
Which either Church *or* Chappell *did ſurround;*
No wicked Spirit *ſhould permittance have,*
To trouble or abuſe them, in the grave:
Whereas (which yet old fooles beleeve they doe)
They might elſe riſe, and walke at midnight too
About their ſtreets, and houſes, or croſſe wayes;
Till ſome Maſſe-monger *them at quiet layes:*
And then it was ſuppos'd, how much the nigher
They lay unto their Altar, *or their* Choïre,
By ſo much more the ſafer they ſhould reſt;
Which brought no petty ſummes to Dagons *cheſt:*
Thence was it, that our Churches, *firſt of all,*
Were glaz'd with Scutchions like a Heralds hall;
And that this age in them depainted ſees
So many vaine and lying Pedigrees.
Thence comes it that we now adayes behold
Some Chancels filled up with rotten, old,
And fooliſh monuments. From hence we ſee
So many puppet Images to be
On ev'ry wall within our Oratories:
So many Epitaphs, *and lying ſtories,*
Of men deceaſt: and, thence the guiſe was gotten,
To let ſo many Banners *dropping rotten*

Deforme our pillars; and withdraw our eyes
From picus objects to those vanities.
If any man desirous be to lye
Within a Monument, *when he shall dye:*
Let ev'ry noble Family *erect*
Without their Cities some faire Architect,
Within the compasse of whose roofed wall
There may be founded some good Hospitall
Or buildings for the lawfull recreation
Of youth, and for the honor of the Nation.
And of that Name *or kin, when any dyes,*
There lay their bones; or to their memories
Erect there Tables. *And, let them that had*
Such minds, and fortunes, to the Structure *adde.*
Yea thither (if they please) let them translate
Their Ancestors. But, I have spoke too late,
Those times are past in which our noble ones
Were able to erect such piles of stones
As might be eminent. Our kingly race
Had by the seventh Henry *such a place*
Erected for them, so magnificent,
That to this Land it is an ornament.
Let them that cannot reach the cost of these,
Raise Cawsies, Bridges, *and make* Docks, *and* Keyes
For publike use: which with as little cost
As now upon their pedling Tombe, is lost,
Should make them live farre longer in their fames;
For, we would those entitle by their Names.
All they that love their Country, now they know
Which way they may their money best bestow,
(To memorize their Friends, with profiting
The publike) will consider of this thing
And build them Tombes where we may praise the work;
Not in a Church obscure, unseene to lurke,

Where few ſhall view them; and where moſt who ſhall
Behold them, take no heed of them at all.
If ſome good Patriots would begin the faſhion,
It might allure, perhaps, to imitation.
And if it were not greedineſſe of gaine
Among Church-Officers, *which did maintaine*
Such Cuſtomes, we ſhould ſomewhat more forbeare
To lay ſo many ſtinking bodies there
Where God we ſeeke (and him ſhould ſeeke to finde,
With purity of body, and of mynde)
Indeed our ſcene, alone pollutes; and yet
An outward decency is alſo fit.
Was't well, that in the Church *(where throngs and heat*
Did make us in the croud to pant and ſweat)
Even in the midſt of our Devotions too,
Men ſhould, as oft it pleaſed them to doe,
Thruſt in (where we could hardly ſtand in eaſe)
With foure or five ſtrong ſmelling Carkaſſes?
Was't fit, ſo many Graves, at ſuch a ſeaſon
Should gape and breath upon us? was it reaſon,
That heaps of rotten diſh, Coffin-boards, and ſtones,
Late bury'd bodies, and halfe rotten bones,
God's Temple ſhould pollute? and make it far
More loathſome, then moſt Charnell houſes are?
Was't fitting that to gaine their griping fees,
They ſhould endanger multitudes to leeſe
Their lives, or healths? or, that they ſhould fulfill
A fooliſh motion in a dead mans will,
By wronging of the living? God forbid
It ſhould be reaſon; and yet, thus they did.
Thus did they? yea, far worſe: for ſhould I tell
At what high rates, ſome Churchmen, *here, did ſell*
Their burying grounds: What fees they did exact:
How Readers, Clarkes, *and* Sextons *did compact,*

To racke the dead: to what a goodly ſumme
Their large Church-duties *(in ſome caſes) come:*
What muſt be paid for Bearers, *though men have*
Their friends to helpe conuey them to the grave:
What for the Bells, *though not a Bell be rung:*
What, for their mourning-clothes, *though none be hung*
Vpon them but their owne: what pay did paſſe
For Funerall Sermons, *where no* Sermon *was:*
And, what was oft exterted (without ſhame)
To giue him leaue to preach, who freely came:
If here (I ſay) I ſhould diſcouer what
I might, of theſe things mentioned, relate,
Thoſe men who die, that charges they may ſaue,
Would feare they might be legger'd in the Grave:
For, more to take that lodging haue beene ſpent,
Then would haue bought a pretty tenement.

Thus, as one matter drew another on,
My *Muſe* hath diuers things diſcourſt upon
To many ſundry purpoſes: but, what
I chiefly in this *Canto* aimed at
VVas, to preſerue in mind an awfull ſenſe
Of what we ſuffred in this *Peſtilence:*
VVhat we deſerued, and how variouſly,
Gods *Iuſtice*, this one *Corſiue* did apply,
To eate out all Corruptions, which be ſpotted
Our ſoules, and hid ere this our bodies rotted.

I might as well haue memorized here,
How diverſly God's *Mercies* did appeare,
Amid his *Judgements:* how he comforted,
VVhen outward comfort failed: how he fed,
VVhen oile and meale were waſted: how he gaue
Their lives to them, whoſe feet were in the graue.
VVhat *Patience*, what high *Fortitude* he granted,
And, how he ſtill ſupplyed what we wanted.

I might commemorate, a world of Grace
Beſtow'd in this affliction, on this place,
Both common, and in private. Many a vow
(Of theirs, who will, I feare, forget it now)
Was daily heard. Ten thouſand ſuits were daigned;
Repri:ves, for ſoules condemned were obtained.
Friends prayd for friends; the parents for the lives
Of their deare children, Husbands for their wives;
Wives for their husbands beg'd with teares & paſſiõ,
And, God with pitie heard their lamentation.
In friends, in ſervants, in the temporall wealth,
In life, in death, in ſickneſſes, and health,
God manifeſted *Mercy*. Some did finde
A *Friend*, to whom till then, none had beene kind.
Some, had their ſervants better'd, for them, there,
By Gods correction. Some, left wealthy were
By dying kindred, who the day before
Were like to beg their bread from doore to doore.
Some, by their timely *deaths* were taken from
Such preſent paines, or from ſuch woes to come,
That they are happy. Vnto ſome, from heav'n,
The bleſſing of a longer life was giv'n,
That they might call to minde their youthfull times
Repent omiſſions, and committed crimes;
Amend their courſes, and be wariſome
That they diſpleas'd not God, in times to come.
Againe, ſome others by their ſickneſſes,
And by the teares they had in this *Diſeaſe*,
Grew awfull of Gods Iudgements; and within
Their harts, good motions were, wher none had bin;
Ev'n in their hearts who fear'd nor God nor Devill,
Nor guilt of ſin, nor puniſhment for evill.
And, ſome had health continu'd, that they might
Gods praiſe extoll, and in his love delight.

Should

Should I declare, in what unuſuall wiſe
God op'ned here their ſoules dimſighted eyes,
Who blinded were before; how nigh they reacht
To higheſt *Myſteries*: what things they preacht
Ev'n to their neighbours, and their family,
Before their ſoules did from their bodies flye;
Or, ſhould I tell, but what young *Children* here
Did ſpeake, to take from elder folke their feare
Of Sickneſſes and Death; what they expreſt
Of heav'nly bliſſe, and of this worlds unreſt;
What faith they had; what ſtrange illuminations;
What ſtrong aſſurances of their ſalvations;
And with what proper termes, and boldneſſe they
Beyond their yeares, ſuch things did open lay,
It would amaze our *Naturalliſts*, and raiſe
A goodly *Trophee* to our Makers praiſe.
But, this for me were too too large a task,
And many yeares and volumes it would aske,
Should I in theſe particulars record
The never ending mercies of the *Lord*.
For, he that would his meaneſt act recite,
Attempts to meaſure what is infinite.
That ſtory therefore, in particular
To meddle with I purpoſe to defer
Till in the Kingdome of eternity
My ſoule in honor of his Majeſty
Shall *Halelujah* ſing; and over-looke
With hallow'd eyes, that great eternall Booke,
Which in a moment to my view ſhall bring
Each paſſed, preſent, and each future thing,
And there my ſoule ſhall read, and ſee revealed
What is not by the *LAMBE*, as yet, unſealed.
Meane while Ile cry *Hoſannah*, and for all
His love to me, and mercies generall,

His three times holy, and thrice blessed Name
I praise, and vow for aye to praise the same.

The fifth *Canto.*

The Author *justifies againe*
His Method, *and his lowly* Straine.
Next, having formerly made knowne
The common Feares, *he tels his owne.*
Shewes with what thoughts he was diseased,
When first the Plague *his lodging seized:*
Of what God's Iustice *him accused;*
Vpon what Doubts, *or* Hopes, *he mused;*
On what, and how, he did resolve;
And who from Death, *did him absolve.*
The Plagues *encrease, he then expresseth:*
The Mercies *of the* LORD *confesseth:*
Emplores that he himselfe may never
Forget them, but, be thankefull ever:
Then, mounting Contemplations *wings,*
Ascends to high and usefull things.
From thence his Muse *is called downe,*
To make Great Britaines *errors knowne:*
Wherein, he doth confesse a failing;
And (his infirmities bewailing)
Is fitted and resolv'd anew,
His purpos'd Message *to pursue:*
And, having first anticipated,
His Arrant *is, in part, related.*

PErhaps, the nicer *Critickes* of these times,
When they shall slightly view my lowly *Rimes,*
(Not to an end, these *Poems* fully reading,
Nor their *Occasion*, nor my *Aymes*, well heeding)

May

May taxe my *Muſe* that ſhe at random flyes;
For want of *Method*, makes *Tautologies*;
And commeth off, and on, in ſuch a faſhion,
That, oft ſhe failes their curious expectation.
It is enough to me, that I doe know
What they commend, and what they diſallow.
And let it be enough to them, that I
Am pleas'd to make ſuch faults for them to ſpy.
For I intend the *Method* which I uſe;
And, if they doe not like it, they may chuſe.
They who in their *Compoſures*, keep the faſhion
Of elder times, and write by imitation;
Whoſe quaint *Inventions* muſt be trimd and trickt,
With curious dreſſings, from old *Authors* pickt;
And whoſe maine workes, are little elſe, but either
Old ſcattred *Peeces*, finely glew'd together;
Or, ſome concealed *Structures* of the Braine,
Found out (where long obſcured they have laine)
And new attir'd: Theſe, muſt (and well they may)
Their *Poeſies* in formall garbes aray,
Their naturall defects by Art to hide;
And, make their *old new-ſtraines* the Teſt abide.
Theſe, doe not much amiſſe, if they aſſume
Some *Eſtridge* feathers, or the *Peacockes* plume
To ſtrut withall: nor had I greatly heeded
That courſe of theirs, if they had not proceeded
To cenſure mine. My *Muſe* no whit envies
That they from all their heathniſh *Poeſies*
Have skumm'd the *Creame*; & to themſelves (for that)
The ſtile of *Prince of Poets* arrogate.
For, *Plautus*, *Horace*, *Perſeus*, *Iuvenal*,
Yea *Greece* and *Romes* beſt *Muſes*, we may call
Their *Tributaries*; ſince from them came in
Thoſe *Treaſures* which their princely *Titles* win.

Some

Sometime, as well as they I play the *Bee*:
But, like the *Silkeworme*, it beſt pleaſeth me
To ſpin out mine owne Bowells, and prepare them
For thoſe, who thinke it not a ſhame to weare them.
My *Matter*, with my *Method*, is mine owne;
And I doe plucke my *Flow'rs* as they are blowne.
A *Maiden* when ſhe walkes abroad to gather
Some herbs to ſtrow the dwellings of her *Father*,
(Or fragrant flow'rs to deck her wedding Bowre,
Or make a noſegay for her *Paramour*)
She comes into the Garden, and firſt ſeizeth
The Flow'rs which firſt ſhe ſees, or what ſhe pleaſeth;
Then runs to thoſe whom uſe or memory,
Preſenteth to her thought, or to her eye:
As toward them ſhe haſteth, ſhe doth finde
Some others, which were wholly out of minde,
Ev'n till that very moment: while ſhe makes
Her priſe of thoſe, ſhe notice likewiſe takes
Of *Herbs* unknowne before, that lurking lay
Among the pleaſant *Plants* within her way:
She crops off theſe, of thoſe ſhe taketh none,
Makes uſe of ſome, and lets as good alone;
Here plucks the *Cowſlips*, *Roſes* of the *prime*,
There, *Lavander*, ſweet *Marjoram*, and *Thyme*,
Yonn *Iulyflow'rs*, or the *Damask Roſe*,
Or ſweet-breath'd *Violet*, that hidden growes;
Then ſome againe forenam'd (if need ſhe thinks)
Then *Daiſies*, and then *Marigolds*, and *Pincks*:
Then *Herbs* anew, then *Flow'rs* afreſh doth pull,
Of ev'ry ſort, untill her lap is full.
And otherwhile, before that worke be done,
To kill a *Caterpiller* ſhe doth run,
Or catch a *Butterfly*; which varies from
That purpoſe whereabout ſhe firſt did come.

So,

So, from the *Muſes* Gardens, when I meane
Thoſe flow'rs of uſefull *Poeſie* to gleane,
Which being well united may content
My Chriſtian Friends; or with a pleaſing ſent
Perfume Gods houſe, or beautifie, or cheere
My ſoule, which elſe would rude, and ſad appeare:
When this I meane; I paint out ev'ry *Thought*,
As to my heart I feele it to be brought:
I treat of things, as cauſe conduces to them,
And as occaſions, unto me, doe ſhow them.
Sometimes, I from the matter ſeeme to goe,
For purpoſes, which none but I may know.
Sometime, an uſefull *Flow'r* I may forget;
Anon, into my *Noſegay*, I doe ſet
Some other twice; becauſe, perchance, the place
Affords it better uſe, or better grace.
As one conceit I ſeriouſly purſue,
That, brings perhaps another to my view,
And that another; and that, many a one,
Which if in *Methods* Allies I had gone,
Had, peradventure, elſe remain'd unſeene;
And, in my *Garland* might have miſſed beene.
E're I my pen aſſume, I feele the motions
Of doing ſomewhat, and have gen'rall *notions*
Of what I purpoſe: But, *Mogul* doth know
As well as I, what path my *Muſe* will goe.
What, in particular, I ſhall expreſſe,
I know not (as I hope for happineſſe)
And though my matter, when I firſt begin,
Will hardly fill one page; yet being in,
Methinks, if neither faintneſſe, friends, nor night,
Diſturbed me, for ever I could write.
Vpon an inſtant I oft feele my breſt
With infinite variety poſſeſt;

And

And ſuch a troup of things together throngs,
Within my braine; that, had I twenty tongues
I ſhould (whilſt I affaid to utter it)
Twice more, then I could mention, quite forget.
A hundred *Maſings*, which I meane to ſay,
Before I can expreſſe them, ſlip away;
Which to recall, although I much endever,
Oft paſſe out of my *memory*, for ever;
And cary forth (ev'n to the worlds tarre end)
Some other thoughts, which did on them depend.
Whilſt I my pen am dipping downe in inke,
That's loſt which next to tell you I did thinke;
And, ſomewhat inſtantly doth follow on,
Which till that preſent, I ne're thought upon.
This, forceth me thoſe *Methods* to forgoe,
Which others in their *Poems* fancy ſo.
This makes me birth to my *Conceptions* give,
As faſt as they their *Beings* doe receive.
Leſt whilſt I for the common *Midwife* tary,
The ſtutting iſſue of my braine miſcary.
And, howſoe're they pleaſe to cenſure me,
Who but *Stepfathers* to their *Poemes* be;
This, is that way of uttrance that each *Muſe*
Makes practice of, whom *Nature* doth infuſe:
And, warrant from their *Naturall ſtraines* doth fet,
Whom *Artificiall Poets* counterfeit.
These are true *Raptures*; theirs are *imitations*,
Or, rather, of old *Raptures*, new *Tranſlations*.
This *Method* long agoe, old *Moſes* uſed,
When God his *Hymne* of praiſe, to him infuſed.
Thus, *Solomon* his *Song of Songs*, compoſed:
And, when thy ſinger, *Iſrel*, was diſpoſed
To praiſe the *Lord*, or ſpeake unto his God,
Or vent his paſſions in a mourn full *Ode*,

In this contemned wise, from him did flow,
Those heav'nly *Raptures* which we honor so.
As God's good *Spirit* cary'd him along,
So vary'd he, the matter of each *Song*.
Now *prayes*; straight *praiseth*; instantly *lamenteth*;
Then halfe *despaires*; is by and by *contented*;
The *person* of the *changeth*; oft *repeateth*
One sentence; and one suit oft *iterateth*.
Which manner of expression, seemes to some
So methodlesse, and so to wander from
A certainty, in what he did intend,
That they his well-knit *Raptures* discommend,
As broken and dis-jointed; when, indeed,
From ignorance (or from their little heed
To such expressions, and such mysteries)
Their cauleleſſe diſeſteeme, did first arise.
Yea, *Ignorance*, not knowing what they meant,
When such an uncouth path the *Muses* went;
Was wont (long since) to call our soule-rapt *straines*,
Poetick Furies: And that Name remaines.
Yet, this old tract I follow; this I use;
And, this no true-borne *Poet* can refuse.
My scope, I ever keepe, in all my *Layes*;
Which is, to *please*, and *profit*, to Gods praise:
But, in one *path*, or in one *pace* to ride,
It is not fit a *Poet* should be ty'd.
Sometime he must be *grave*; lest else, the *wise*
The matter, or the manner, may despise.
Sometime he must endevor to be plaine,
Lest all that he delivers be in vaine:
Another while, he *Parables* must use,
And *Riddles*, lest some should the truth abuse,
And they that are the *Nymrods* of the times
Grow mad, in stead of leaving off their crimes.

Some-

Sometime he muſt be *pleaſing*, leſt he may
Drive all his froward *Readers* quite away.
Sometimes he muſt have *bitter ſtraines*, to keepe
The ſullen Reader from a drowſie ſleepe;
And whip thoſe wantons, from an evill courſe,
That, without warning, would be daily worſe.
Sometimes againe, he muſt be ſomewhat *merry*,
Leſt *Fooles*, of good inſtruction, ſhould be weary.
Yea, he to all men all things ſhould become,
That he, of many, might advantage ſome.
This, makes me change the *Perſon*, and the *Style*,
And vary from the matter, other while.
This, makes me mixe ſmal things, and great together;
Here, I am grave; there, play I with a feather.
One page, doth make ſome *Reader* halfe beleeve,
That I am angry: In the next, I give
The Childe an Aple. In one leafe, I chide;
I ſomewhat in another doe provide,
To helpe excuſe thoſe frailties I reproved:
And thoſe excuſes, are in place removed,
From ſuch reproofes; leſt following on too nigh,
The *Check*, might without heed, be paſſed by.
This courſe becomes the *Muſes*. This doth ſave
Our *Lines* from juſt reproofe, when *Tyrants* rave
At our free *Numbers*: and when *Fooles* condemne
Our *Straines*, becauſe they underſtand not them.
Such *Poeſie* is right: and, therefore, they
Who ſtudy matter, and what words to ſay,
Doe falſly arrogate to be inſpired;
Since, when they boaſt their ſoules are this way fired,
It is but *Wine*, or *Paſſion* makes them rave:
And thence the *Muſes* their diſgraces have.
Moſt times, when I *compoſe*, I watch, and faſt.
I cannot find my *Spirits*, when I taſte

Of

Of meats and drinks; nor can I write a line,
Sometime, ſhould I but take one draught of *wine*.
Men ſay, it makes a *Poet*, and doth warme
His braine, and him with ſtrong invention arme.
No marvell then, that moſt doe reckon me
For none, who of this Age the *Poets* be;
And, that ſo enviouſly at me they ſtrike,
For they and I are not inſpir'd alike.
In ſuch like workes as theſe, if I ſhould fill
My head, my *Muſe* would have an empty quill;
And, that which to expreſſe ſhe then preſumes,
Would ſmother'd be, with vapourings and fumes.
But, when thoſe write; thémſelves they firſt make mery
With *Claret*, with *Canary*, or with *Sherry*.
And theſe are ſure the Deities which make
A ſenſuall eare, of them, beſt liking take.
When ſuch as they reprove a ſinfull *State*,
Or would thoſe great enormities relate,
Wherein their times offend; they may be brought
To queſtion for it; and it may be thought
Their ſpleene, revenge, or envy, did incite
Their braines to hammer, what their pens did write,
Becauſe they did premeditate, and ſtraine
Their faculties, their projects to attaine.
But, when a man one *Subject* purpoſing,
Sits downe to write it, and another thing
(Vnthought upon before) quite thruſteth out
That matter which at firſt he went about:
When he remembers, that nor ſpight, nor ſpleene,
Nor envy, hath his *primus motor* beene:
When he perceives, nor dangers, nor diſgrace
Can fright him, when ſuch *Raptures* are in place:
When he doth find, that with much eaſe & pleaſure
He utters what exceeds the common meaſure

Of

Of his owne *Gifts*: And that (although his Rimes
Are none of thoſe *ſtrong lines* that catch the times)
They from the *Virtuous*, good reſpect can draw,
And keepe the proudeſt *vitious men* in awe:
What ſhould he thinke, but that the pow'r of God
Inſpireth him, to ſhow his will abroad?
What need he feare, but, moſt undantedly,
Make uſe of his inſpired *Faculties*?
No arrogance it were, if he, or I,
Should ſay that God our pens had ſpoken by,
To thoſe we live among; ſince, we might ſay,
He ſpeakes by all his creatures, ev'ry day:
Yea, ſince in elder times it came to paſſe,
That he declar'd his pleaſure by an *aſſe*.
What ſhould we do but ſpeak, when we are willed?
What can we doe but ſpeake when we are filled?
While wicked men we doe remaine among,
With *David*, we a while may curb the tongue;
But, burne it will within us, till we ſpeake,
And forth, at laſt, ſome thundring voice will breake.
And what ſhould then our hearers doe, but learne
Their errors, by our *Poems*, to diſcerne?
Why ſhould they raile at us, who neither feare
Their fury, nor for all their threatnings care?
Why doe they, childiſhly, our Lines condemne,
That ſtrike but at their *follies*, not at *them*?
Why, ſo unjuſtly ſtill, are we purſued,
Who ſhew them how their *falls* may be eſchewed?
And why doe they by ſeeking of our ſhame,
Encreaſe our glories, and themſelves defame?
Whence comes all this, but from that ſottiſhneſſe
Which doth moſt people of this age poſſeſſe?
But, let theſe queſtions paſſe; leſt by degrees,
They draw us on, untill our marke we leeſe.

Thus

Thus far my *Muſe* hath wilfully digreſt,
And of her *purpoſe*, now ſhe vents the reſt.
When divers weeks together I had waſted
In viewing theſe afflictions others taſted;
When day by day, I long had walkt abroad,
Beholding how the ſcourging hand of God,
Afflicted other men; and how, each morning
My going out, and how my back returning,
Was ev'ry night in ſafety; I began
Gods care and my unworthineſſe to ſcan.
And, 'twas, me thought, a favour, which required
To be both much acknowledg'd, and admired;
That (when ſo many houſes, ev'ry day,
Were viſited) the place wherein I lay
Stood free ſo long; conſidering we were many,
And, then, reſorted to, as much as any.
But, there was ſomewhat needfull to be knowne,
Which no mans griefe could teach me but mine owne.
And, that I might thereof informed be,
God ſent at laſt his *Iudgements* home to me.
Yea, peradventure, in my ſoule he ſaw
Some failings of my former filiall awe;
Some thankleſneſſe; ſome inward pride of heart;
Or over-weening of mine owne deſert,
Ariſing from the merciſull protection
Which he vouchſafed me from this *Infection*;
And therefore ſent as my *Remembrancer*,
His dreadfull, and his bloody *Meſſenger*
To take his lodging, where my lodgings were;
And put his rage in execution there.
For, in upon us, that *Contagion* broke,
Five ſoules out of our Gate, it quickly tooke,
And left another wounded; that I might
Conceive my danger, and Gods love, aright.

It

It fell about the time in which their ſum
Who weekly died, to the full was come:
Then, when infection to ſuch height was growne,
That many dropped on a ſudden downe
In ev'ry ſtreet: yea, when ſome fooles did tell
The lying Fables of the *Falling-Bell*
At *Weſtminſter*; and how that then did flye
No Bird through *Londons* ayre which did not dye.
Ev'n then it was. And, though ſome few did pleaſe,
By ſuch like tales, and ſtrange *Hyperboles*,
To overſtraine the ſtories of our ſorrow;
They did but needleſſly their fictions borrow
To ſet it forth. Nay, their falſe rumors made
Our woes appeare leſſe great, then thoſe we had.
Till now, I made the ſmart of others knowne:
The *Griefes* I next will tell you, are mine owne.
At firſt, I ſtood as one who from a Towre
Beholding how the ſword doth ſuch devoure
(Who in the ſtreets beneath him fighting be)
Accounts himſelfe from danger to be free.
But, at the laſt, I fared, as it fares
With ſuch, whoſe Foes have made, at unawares,
A breach upon their *Bulwarke*; and I ſtood
No meane aſſaults, to make my ſtanding ſtood.
For, both within me, and without me, too,
I had enough, and full enough to doe.
No ſooner to my Chamber was I gone,
But, I was follow'd ſtraight, and ſet upon
By ſtrong *Aſſailants*, who did much intrude,
And much diſeaſe me, by their multitude.
My *Reaſon*, who to *Faith* did lately ſtoop,
Revolted, and brought on a mighty troup
Of trayt'rous *Arguments*, whereby ſhe thought,
On this my diſadvantage, to have wrought.

Tempta-

Temptations, ſlye-*Suggeſtions*, *Feare*, and *Doubt*,
Did undermine, and cloſe me, round about.
My *Conſcience* did begin to be afraid
My *Faith* had beene a falſe one; who betraid
My Soule to Death: and (whether then it were
The pow'r of ſtrong *Infection*, or elſe *Feare*,
Occaſion'd by thoſe combatings within,
Or both together) I did then begin
To finde my body weakned more and more,
And felt thoſe pangs, till then unfelt before.
Ev'n many dayes together, ſo it fared:
And ſure, if *Superſtition* could have ſcared
My better ſetled heart, there hapned that,
Which I had fear'd, and ſomewhat ſtartled at:
And (though I never outwardly complained
To any one, of that which I ſuſtained)
That week, in which our houſe was viſited,
And made complete the number of her dead;
I had a ſleepleſſe night; in which with heat
Oppreſt, I purged out (in ſtead of ſweat)
Round-ruddy-ſpots (and, that, no little ſtore)
Which on my breſt, and ſhoulders, long I wore.
Perhaps, it was the *Peſtilence*, which then
So marked me; and I, as other men,
By her had beene devour'd, had I not
Through Gods great mercy, my free *pardon* got.
Which, how, and on what termes, the ſame I gain'd,
Ile now declare. For, though they ſeeme but fain'd,
Or melancholy thoughts, which here I tell;
Yet, ſure, to ſmother them, I did not well.
For, ſome, perhaps will thinke (as well as I)
That none ſhould ſleightly paſſe ſuch muſings by:
And ſome (who at firſt viewing will ſurmiſe,
That in theſe things I meerly poetiſe)

Will

VVill find, perchance, in times that ſhall enſue,
Experimentall proofe, that all is true;
Should *Darkneſſe*, where her viſage, *Danger*, ſhowes,
(At ſuch a diſadvantage) them encloſe.
VVhen all alone I lay, and apprehended,
How many miſchiefes my poore ſoule attended;
I plainly ſaw (though not with carnall eyes)
God's dreadfull *Angell*, ready to ſurpriſe
My trembling ſoule; and ev'ry hideous feare,
VVhich can to any naturall man appeare,
(In ſuch a caſe, to aggravate his terror)
Approacht, with ev'ry circumſtance of horror.
I ſaw the *Muſter* of each paſſed evill,
And all my youthfull follies, by the *Devill*
Brought in againſt me, marſhall'd, and prepared,
To fight the battell which I long had feared.
And ſuch a multitude of them ſurrounded
My *Conſcience*, that I was almoſt contounded.
A thouſand ſinnes appear'd which were forgot,
And which I till that moment minded not,
Since firſt committed; and more ugly far
They ſeem'd, then when they perpetrated were.
Yea many things whereof I bragg'd, and thought
That I, in doing them, ſome good had wrought,
Declar'd themſelves againſt me; and I found
That they did give my ſoule the deepeſt wound.
VVhen theſe had quite encloſed me, I ſaw
The *Tables*, and the *Volumes* of the *Law*,
To me laid open: and I was, me thought,
Before the preſence of God's *Juſtice* brought,
VVho from her eye did frownes upon me dart,
And ſeemed, thus to ſpeake unto my heart.
(Oh! *Readers* marke it well; for to this *Doome*,
Or to a worſe then this, you all muſt come.

Sup-

Suppose thou not, vaine man, thou dost possesse
This life till now, for thine owne righteousnesse,
Or that thou meritst more grace to have
Then they who now are sent to fill the Grave:
Lo, here, thy Foe hath brought of thy offences
An Army, and so many evidences
Of thy Corruption; that, plead what thou wilt
Of merit in thy selfe, they prove a guilt
So hainous, that thy soule thou canst not free:
Yet other sinfull thoughts of thine I see.
I search thy heart, and I discover there
Deceits, which cannot to thy selfe appeare,
I know thy many secret imperfections,
I know thy passions, and thy vaine affections;
And, that performances thou hast not made
According to those favours thou hast had.
Vaineglory, profit, *or some carnall* end,
Thy best endeavor alwayes did attend;
And, as distrusting, God would thee beguile,
An arme of flesh thou seekest otherwhile:
Not as the second, but the chiefest Cause:
Which from the glory of thy God withdrawes.
Mine eye doth see what arrogance and pride
Thou dost among thy fairest vertues hide;
And, what impieties, thou shouldst have done,
Had I not stopt the course thou thoughtst to run.
Oft times, when others Vices, thou hast showne,
Thou hast forgotten to repent thine owne.
And, many times, thy tart reproofes have beene
The fruits, not of thy Vertue, but of Spleene.
Thy wanton Lusts (but that I did restraine
Their fury, when thou wouldst have sluckt the Reine)
Had borne thee headlong to those deeds of shame,
With which thy evill willers blur thy Name.

Shouldst

Shouldst thou have done the best that thou wert able,
Thy services had beene unprofitable:
But, thou scarce halfe thy Talent hast employ'd;
And, that small good thou didst, is nigh destroy'd,
By giving some occasion, needlesly,
Of questioning thy true sincerity.
God of hath hid thy frailties, and thy sinne,
Which being knowne, would thy desgrace have bin.
The show of Wit and Vertue, thou hast had,
He, to the world more eminent hath made,
Then theirs, who wiser, and much better are,
Though outward helpes, and fortunes, wanting were.
And, though thy knowledge, and thy former Layes,
Among your formall Wizzards got no praise,
Yet what they counted foolishnesse, became
A greater honor to thy sleighted Name,
Then they obtained: And, that Grace (I see)
Begot more pride, then thankefulnesse in thee:
And, I was faine, to let some scandals flye,
To teach unto thee, more humility.
In all thy wants, thou still hast beene relieved;
From heav'n thou comfort hadst, whē thou wert grieved;
When Princes threatned, thou wert fearlesse made;
In all thy dangers, thou a Guard hast had;
In closest prison, thou best freedome gainedst;
In great contempts, thou most esteeme obtainedst;
When, most thy foes did labour to undoe thee,
They brought most honour, and most profit to thee.
Yea, still when thy destruction was expected,
Then, God, thy peace beyond thy hope, effected.
And, in the stead of praising him for this,
Thou robdst him of much honour that was his.
Thou wert content, to heare the Vulgar say,
Thy Spirit, and thine Innocence made way

To thy escape. Whereas, thy Conscience knew
Thou wert a Coward, till God did endue
Thy heart with Fortitude, and freely gave thee
That innocency which from harme did save thee.

When God thy Name did vaild for some good end,
(Which his well-providence did foreintend)
Thou took'st the glory of it for thine owne,
And, justly, therefore, thy so being knowne,
Hath beene a meanes whereby thy Foes have sent
Their scandal further, then they else had ment.

As soone as God from trouble did release thee,
(Or, but with hopes of outward things possesse thee)
Some fruitlesse thoughts did quite thy heart estrange,
And after such vaine Projects make thee range,
That he was oft compeld to put thee from
Those blessings, which new to thy lips were come;
Lest, being then unseasonably received,
Thou might'st of better things have beene bereaved.
Few men so nigh great Hopes attained ever,
With such small fortunes and without endeavor,
As thou hast done; and fewer have beene croste
That way (which thou hast beene) in what was lost;
That see and know thou might'st such losse and gaine,
He sent; and, that he neither sent in vaine.
Yea, that those evils which thou hadst in thought,
Should scape the being into action brought,
Ill tongues were stirred to prevent the fact,
By blazing what was never yet in act:
But, might have beene, perhaps, had not that erred
Thy heart; whereby thy foes would thee have harmed.

Thou to refresh thy soule hast pleasures had,
And thou by their abuse, hast feebler made
Thy sensuall Faculties. Thou hast injoyed
Youth, strength, and health; and them hast misemployed.

Thy God hath made thee gracious in their eyes,
Whose good esteeme, thy soule doth highly prise;
And (of ill purpose though Ile not condemne
Thy love, or meaning, to thy selfe or them)
Thou hast full often stole their hearts away,
Ev'n from themselves; and made thine owne a prey
To many passions; which did sometimes bring
Vpon your selves, a mutuall torturing:
Because you did not in your loves propose
Those ends, for which, Affection, God bestowes.
But, spent your houres (that should have beene employ'd
To learne and teach how you should have enjoy'd
Gods love) that flame, to kindle, in each other;
Wherein, you might have perished together.
Thou aggravated hast thy pard'ned crimes,
And, iterated them, a thousand times.
Ev'n yet, thou dost renew them ev'ry day;
And when for Mercy thou dost come to pray,
Thou meriteſt confusion, through that folly,
Which makes thy prayers to become unholy.
Nay, at this time, and in this very place,
Where God in Iudgement stands before thy face,
Thou oft forgetſt the danger thou art in;
Forgetſt Gods mercy, and dost hourely sin.
Thou dost neglect thy time, and trifle out
Those dayes, that should have beene employ'd about
The service of thy Maker. Thou dost give
Thy selfe that liberty, as if to live
Or dye, were at thy choice; and that at pleasure,
Thou mightſt pursue his worke; and at thy leasure.
Thy Talent thou miſ-spendſt; and here, as though
To looke upon Gods Iudgements were enough
For thee to doe; thou dost with negligence
Performe thy vowes; which adde to thy offence.

And,

And loe, for theſe thy faults, and many moe;
Whereof thy Conſcience *thee doth guilty know,*
My ſpotted-Hound *hath ſeized thee: from whom,*
That thou with life ſhouldſt licence have to come,
What canſt thou ſay? I could not make reply;
For, Feare, and Guilt, and that dread Majeſty
Which I had apprehended, tooke away
My ſpeach; and not a word had I to ſay.
But *Mercy* who came arme in arme along
With *Iuſtice*, and about her alwayes hung;
Did looke, me thought, upon me with an eye
So truly pitifull, that inſtantly
My heart was cheer'd, and (*Mercy* prompting her)
Such words, or thoughts as theſe ſhe did prefer.
Tis true moſt awfull Iuſtice, *that my ſin*
Hath greater then thine accuſations bin.
The moſt refined actions of my ſoule,
Are in thy preſence, horrible and foule.
And if thou take account of what is done,
I cannot of ten thouſand anſwer one.
As ſoone as I am cleanſed from my ſinne,
To ſoile my ſelfe anew I doe begin.
I to my vomit, like a Dog, *retire,*
And like a Sow, *to wallow in the mire.*
I have within my ſoule, diſtempers, paſſions;
And hourely am beſieg'd with ſtrong temptations.
My Fleſh *is weake, except it be to ſin;*
My Spirit *faints, when I the goale ſhould winne.*
My Will *affecteth moſt what is moſt vaine;*
My Memory *doth evill beſt retaine.*
That little good I would, I cannot doe;
Thoſe evils I deteſt, I fall into.
The vapours which from earthly things ariſe,
Too often veile heav'ns glories from mine eyes.

And I, who can ſometimes by contemplation,
Advance my ſoule above the common ſtation,
(The world contemning) doe ſometimes agen
Lye groveling on the ground with other men:
My Faith doth faile; my mounting wings are clipt;
Of all my braveries I quite am ſtript;
My hopes are hid; my ſins doe me defile;
And in my owne eſteeme, my ſoule is vile.
I will acknowledge all my aberrations,
According to their utmoſt aggravations;
And here confeſſe, that I deſerve therefore
The loſſe of Mercies love for evermore;
Which were a greater plague, then to abide
All torments here, and all hell plagues beſide.
But, I repent my ſinne: loe, I abhore it,
And, with my heart, am truly ſory for it.
I feare thine anger, (but, to feare the love
Of Mercy could be loſt, would in me prove
A greater horror) and no ſlaviſh dread,
But loving feare, this griefe in me hath bred.
It paines my ſoule, that I who have conceived
Such pleaſure in thy favours, and received
Such tokens of thy love, from day to day,
Should paſſe a moment of my time away
In any vanity; or live to be
One minutes ſpace without a thought of thee.
But, more I grieve, that I ſhould more tranſgreſſe
Then many doe, whom thou haſt favour'd leſſe.
Although I am a ſinner, yet I vow,
I doe not in my ſoule my ſinnes allow;
But, I deteſt them, and oft pray, and ſtrive,
That, I according to thy Law may live.
(At leaſt I thinke I doe) and hopefull am,
My love to thee is true, though much to blame.

In me there howrely riſe (againſt my will)
Thoſe luſts which I ſhould mortifie and kill:
And as I am enabled, I doe ſmite
As well the fat, as leane Amalekite.
But, if I have a ſin that is become
My Agag; or as deare as Abſolom,
I wiſh a Samuel, *or a* Ioab *may*
Deſtroy it e're my ſoule it ſhall betray.
For, if my heart hath not it ſelfe deceived,
It would, with willingneſſe, be quite bereaved
Of what it moſt affects (yea, ſacrifice
That which is dearer then my hands, or eyes)
E're cher ſh, wittingly, within my breſt,
A thought, which thy uprightneſſe doth deteſt.
Thou knoweſt, that I take no pleaſure in
That act which I doe feare to be a ſin:
Much leſſe if I doe know it ſo: and, this
Doth bitter make it, when I doe amiſſe.
Though in my wayes my walkings, now and then,
Appeare irregular to other men;
(And other while may ſhewes of evill make)
Becauſe from thence offences others take,
Yet, thought I not, it leſſe offended thee
To uſe it, then unus'd to let it be,
I would not tread once more in ſuch a path,
To ſave my life, and all the joy it hath.
But, ſhould it coſt my life I cannot tell
If (in ſome actions) I doe ill or well.
For, many times, when I doe ſeeke to ſhun
A plaſh, into a whirlepoole I doe run.
The Wolfe I flye, and loe, a Lyon frights me;
I ſhun the Lyon, and a Viper bites me.
A ſcandall followes, if I take my courſe;
If I divert it, there enſues a worſe.

If I perſiſt in that which I intend,
It giveth ſome occaſion to offend:
If I forgoe it; my owne knowledge ſayes
I ſin, and ſcandall give ſome other wayes.
I find not in my actions, or affections
That thing that is not full of imperfections.
I cannot doe a good or pious act
But there is ſomewhat evill in the fact,
Or in the manner; and it either tends
To this mans dammage, or that man offends.
Whatever I reſolve upon, I finde
It doth not fully ſatisfie my minde.
I am ſo ſtraitned, that I know not whence
To finde the meanes of ſhunning an offence;
And, if deare Mercy, *thou aſſiſt me not,*
My fairreſt act will prove my fouleſt blot.
The World, *our* Friends, *our* Paſſion, *or our* Feare,
Hath ſo intangled us, at unaware,
With manifold engagements; and ſo drawes
And windes us, by degrees, into that Maze
Of endleſſe Wandrings; *that it leads us to*
That ſin, ſometimes, which we abhor to doe:
And, otherwhile ſo ſtrangely giddifies
The Reaſon, *and the ſoules beſt Faculties;*
That (as I ſaid before) we doe not know
What in our ſelves to like, or diſallow.
Yea, we ſuch turnings and croſſe wayes doe finde,
That oft, our Guides (*as well as we*) *are blinde.*
The Spirit *and the* Fleſh *have their delight,*
In things, ſo diverſe, and ſo oppoſite:
And, ſuch a Law of ſinne *doth ſtill abide*
With in our Members; *that, we ſwarve aſide*
Doe what we can: and, while we helpe the one,
To what ſeemes needfull, th'other is undone.

If

If by the Spirits motion, I procced
To compaſſe what I thinke my Soule may need,
My Body wants the while; and I am faine
To leave my courſe, that her I may ſuſtaine:
Leſt my engagements, or neceſſities,
Might my well meant endeavor ſcandalize.
If I but feed my Body, that it may
Aſſiſt my Spirit in ſome lawfull way;
It ſtraight growes wanton: If I faſt, it makes
My ſpirit faint in what ſhe undertakes:
And, if I keepe a meane; meane fruits are they,
(And little worth) which then produce I may.
If in a Chriſtian love ſome houres I ſpend
To be a comfort to ſome female friend,
Who needs my counſell: I doe cauſe, the while,
Another with hot jealouſies, to boyle:
Nor know I how my ſelfe excuſe I may
Vnleſſe anothers weakneſſe I diſplay.
Which if I doe not, or ſome lye invent,
They cenſure me unkinde, or impudent.
I can nor doe, nor ſpeake, nor thinke that thing,
But, ſtill, ſome inconvenience it will bring;
Or, ſome occaſion of anevill, be
To me, or others; or to them, and me:
And from the body of this Death, by whom
But, by my Saviour, can I freed become?
Oh! therefore, ſweet Redeemer, ſuccour lend me,
And, from theſe bogs, and ſnares of ſin, defend me;
Deare God, aſſiſt in theſe perplexities,
Which from our fraile condition doe ariſe.
Set ſtraight, I pray thee, Lord, the crookedneſſe
Of erring Nature; and theſe faults redreſſe.
So out of frame, is ev'ry thing, in me,
That, I can hope for cure, from none, but thee.

To thee I therefore kneele; to thee I pray;
To thee my ſoule complaineth, ev'ry day:
Doe thou but ſay, Be whole; or be thou cleane;
And, I ſhall ſoone be pure, and ſound, agen.
The Will thou gav'ſt me, to effect thy Will,
Though it continue not ſo perfect ſtill,
As when thou firſt beſtow'dſt the ſame; accept it,
Ev'n ſuch as my polluted Veſſell kept it.
For, though it wounded be, through many fights
Continu'd with my carnall appetites:
Yet, if my hearts deſire to me be knowne,
Thy Pleaſure I preferre before mine owne.
If I could chuſe, I would not guilty be
Of any act diſpleaſing unto thee.
In all my life, I would not ſpeake a word,
But, that which to thy liking might accord.
I would not thinke a thought but what might ſhow,
That from thy Spirit, all my muſings flow.
I would nor hate, nor love, nor hope, nor feare,
But, as unto thy praiſe it uſefull were.
I would not have a joy within my heart,
Of which thou ſhouldſt not be the greater part.
Nor would I live or dye, or happy be
In life or death; but (Lord) to honour thee.
Oh! let this Will (which is the precious ſeed
Of thine owne Love) be taken for the deed.
Aſſiſt thou me againſt the potent evill
Of my great Foes, the World, the Fleſh, the Devill.
Renew my fainting pow'rs, my heart revive;
Refreſh my ſpirits, and my ſoule relieve.
Lord draw me, by the cords of thy affection,
And I ſhall fall in love with thy perfection.
Vnlooſe my chaines, and I ſhall then be free;
Convert me, and converted I ſhall be.

Tea,

Yea, to my ſoule (oh God!) and to my ſenſes
Diſplay thy beautie and thy excellencies
So plaine, that I may have them ſtill in ſight;
And thou ſhalt ever be my ſole delight.
The world though ſhe ſhould into pieces teare me
With troubles; from thy love ſhould never ſcare me;
Nor able be to tempt me from one duty
To thee, with all her pleaſures and her beauty.
Behold; I came to ſeeke thee, Lord; ev'n here,
Where, to attend thy preſence moſt men feare.
Though here I ſaw the Peſtilence *withſtand me,*
I ſtaid to know what worke thou wouldſt command me.
From all the pleaſures of the world, and from
Her hopes of ſafety, I am hither come
Where thou art angry: and to ſee thy frowne
Am at thy feet, with terror, fallen downe.
Yet, hence I would not flye (although I might)
To gaine the chiefeſt of this worlds delight,
Till I perceive thou bidd'ſt me goe away;
And, then, for twenty worlds, I would not ſtay.
I came as heartily as fleſh and blood
Could come (that hath in it ſo little good)
To doe thee ſervice: and, if dye I muſt,
Loe, here I am; and, I pronounce thee juſt.
Although thou ſlay me, yet my ſoule well knowes
Thou lov'ſt me: And I'le truſt in thee repoſe.
Though in my ſelfe I feele I am palluted;
I finde a better righteouſneſſe imputed
Then I have loſt. Thy bleſſed Love *doth fill me*
With joyes, that will revive me, though thou kill me.
My ſins are great; but thy compaſſion's greater.
I have thy Quittance, *though I am thy* Debtor.
And, though my temp'rall hopes may be deſtroid;
Yet, I have thoſe, that never ſhall be void.

Thus, to the Lord, my ſoule I powred out,
When I with dangers was enclos'd about;
And though I was a ſinner, this appeaſed
His wrath in Chriſt, and my griev'd ſoule was eaſed.
He graciouſly accepted, in good part,
This poore oblation of an humbled heart.
His *Mercy* ſeal'd my *pardon*; and I ſhook
The *Peſtilence* (which hold upon me tooke)
From off my ſhoulder, without ſenſe of harme,
As *Paul* did ſhake the Viper from his arme.
That weeke, moreover, God began to ſlack
His *Bow*, and call his bloody *Angell* backe;
VVho by degrees retyr'd, as he came on.
For, weeke by weeke, untill it fell to none,
The number which the *Peſtilence* did kill,
VVas conſtantly, and much abated ſtill.
VVhen we were floating on that *Inundation*,
At firſt we ſent a carnall *Lamentation*;
VVhich like the Raven (from *Noahs* Arke) did flye,
And found nor reſt, nor hope of remedy.
Then ſent we *Dove*-like *Mournings*: but their feet
A while could with no reſting places meet
Then forth againe we ſent them, out from hence
VVing'd with more Charity, and Penitence.
And then, they brought an *Olive-branch* of peace,
VVhich made us hopefull of this *Floods* decreaſe.
The Lord, did favour to this *Kingdome* daigne,
And, brought from thrall, his *Iacob*, back againe.
His peoples crimes he freely did releaſe;
His ire abated; his hot rage did ceaſe.
His praiſe had in our Land a dwelling place;
And *Mercy* there, with *Iuſtice* did embrace.
And 'twas a grace to be conſidered,
That a Diſeaſe, ſo generally ſpred,

(And

(And ſo contagious) in few weeks ſhould from
So many thouſands, to a *cypher* come.
That our infectious beds, and roomes, and ſtuffe,
(VVhich in all likelyhood had beene enough
To keepe the *Plague* among us, till it had
Our Cities, and our Townes unpeopled made,
Should from their noyſomneſſe, ſo ſoone be freed,
Is out of doubt a matter worth our heed.
Yea, tis a *Mercy* (though moſt mind it not)
VVhich in this Land ſhould never be forgot:
That from an enemy ſo dangerous,
So great a City and ſo populous
Should in three months be purified ſo,
That all men might with ſafety, come and goe.
For, e're the following *winter* was expired,
The *Citizens* were to their homes retired:
The *Terme* from *Reading*, was recalled hither,
From ev'ry Quarter, *Clients* came together;
New trading was begun; another brood
Soone fild the houſes which unpeopled ſtood;
Our *Gentry*, tooke up their old rendevow;
And ſuch a concourſe through our ſtreets did flow,
That ev'ry place was fill'd: and, of all thoſe,
(Thoſe many thouſands) who their lives did loſe
(But ſome few months before) no want was found,
The people ev'ry where did ſo abound.
To thee oh *Lord*, to thee oh *Lord!* be praiſe:
For, thou doſt wound and cure, ſtrike down and raiſe
Thou kill'ſt, and mak'ſt alive: thou frownſt at night,
And, thou art pleaſed e're the morning light.
VVhen we offend thee, thou a while doſt leave us,
VVhen we repent, thou doſt againe receive us.
To ruine thou deliver'ſt us; and then,
Returne againe (thou ſaiſt) *yeſonnes of men.*

For

For, in thy wiſedome thou conſidered haſt,
That man is like a bubble, or a blaſt:
A heape of *Duſt*, a tuft of wither'd *Graſſe*,
A fading *Flowre*, that ſoone away doth paſſe:
A *Moment* fled, which never ſhall retire;
Or ſmoaking *Flaxe*, that quickly loſeth fire.
An idle *Dreame*, which nothing doth betoken;
A bruiſed *Reed*, which may with eaſe be broken:
And therefore loſt in *Iudgement*, *Mercy* minde,
Yea, in thy greateſt anger thou art kinde.
As is the ſpace twixt heav'n and earth, above,
So large, to thoſe that feare thee, is thy love.
As far as doth from *Eaſt*, the *Weſt* reſide,
So far thou doſt from us our ſins divide.
Such as a father to his childe doth beare,
Such love is thine, to thoſe who thee do feare.
Thy *Iuſtice* thou from age to age declareſt;
But, ſuch as love thee, thou for ever ſpareſt.
If thou but turne away, from us, thy face,
Loe, we are breathleſſe in a moments ſpace.
Thy looke doth us with life againe endue,
And all our loſſes inſtantly renew.
As oft as we rebell, thou doſt forgive us;
And though into diſtreſſe, ſometime, thou drive us;
Yet, alwaies in our ſorrowes we were eyed,
And thou didſt pleaſe to heare us when we cried.
With thirſt and hunger faint, ſome ſtray'd aſide,
To ſeeke a place where ſafe they might abide.
With, worſe then bands of *iron*, they were chained,
And, in the gloomy ſhades of *Death* detained.
With heat, and ſickneſſe, they dejected were;
And to deliver them, no helpe was there.
Their wickedneſſe, when they were plagued for,
Their ſoules the ſweeteſt morſels did abhor.

They

They for their follies, did afflicted lye,
And, to the gates of Death approached nigh.
Their soules within them were nigh dead with feare;
Yea, they distracted, and amazed were.
But, when to thee they called, they were eased,
And out of all their troubles quite released.
Thou sent'st abroad thy Word, and they were healed;
Thy *Writ of Indignation* was repealed.
Fro out of *Death*'s black shades they were reprieved;
And in their sorrowes and their paines relieved.
From East and West, from North & South, and from
Their sev'rall wandrings, thou shalt call them home:
In ev'ry quarter of the *Realme* thou soughtst them;
Yea to their *City* back againe thou broughtst them:
And there (now) joyfull, and in health they be;
From all their feares, and all their dangers free.
Oh! would that men this love would think upon,
And tell their seed what wonders thou hast done:
Would they, *Oblations*, of thanksgiving, bringing,
Thy works would praise, and publish them, in singing.
Oh! would they were so wise that they might learne
Thine infinite compassion to discerne;
And that they would assist me to declare,
How great thy *Iudgements* and thy *Mercies* are!
Though none can of thy favours make relation,
Nor fully utter all thy commendation;
Yet, let us doe our best, that we may raise
A thankfull *Trophee* to thy boundlesse praise.
Let us, whom thou hast saved, thee confesse,
And to our utmost pow'r thy goodnesse blesse.
Let us proclaime thy bounties, in the street,
And, preach thee where our *Congregations* meet.
Let us in private, at noone, morne, and night,
And in all places, in thy praise delight.

Let

Let *Prince*, and *Prieſt*, and *People*, old, and yong,
The rich, the poore, the feeble, and the ſtrong,
Men, Angels, and all creatures that have name,
Vnite their pow'rs, to publiſh out thy fame.
But, howſoever, others may endevor,
Let me oh! God, let me oh God! perſever
To magnifie thy glory. Let nor day,
Nor any morne, or evening, paſſe away,
In which I ſhall not to remembrance bring
Thy *Iudgements*; and of thy great *Mercy*, ſing.
Let, never whilſt I live, my heart forget
Thoſe *Dangers*, and that ſtrong entangled *Net*,
In which my ſoule was hamper'd. Let me ſee
(When, in this world, I ſhall beſt pleaſed be)
My dangers ſuch appearing as they were,
When me, they round about encloſed here:
Yea, when, o'rewhelm'd, with terrors, I did call,
Like *Ionas*, from the belly of the *Whale*,
And was deliver'd. *Lord*, remember thou,
That with unfainednesſe, I beg thee, now,
To keepe me alwayes mind'full of thy love.
And, if hereafter, I forgetfull prove;
Let this *unfainednesſe* which thou doſt give,
An *Earneſt* be, of what I ſhall receive
In time to come. Refreſh my cooled *zeale*,
And let thy *Spirit*, thy *hid Love* reveale.
Let nor the fawning *World*, nor cunning *Devill*,
Nor wanton *Fleſh*, incite my heart to evill.
Let not my wandring eyes, be tempted by
Thoſe *Obiects* that allure to Vanity;
Nor let my eares be charmed by their tongues,
Who to betray me, chant out *Syren-ſongs*.
Let me nor taſte a *Pleaſure*, nor obtaine
That carnall *Reſt*, whereof I am ſo faine,

Till

Till it ſhall make me plainly to perceive
Thy love; and teach me, fooliſh paths, to leave.
Let me be ſtill in want; and ever ſtriving
With ſome afflictions (whilſt that I am living)
Till they for better *Fortunes*, better me:
And, then, let into *Reſt*, my entrance be.
From yeare to yeare, (as thou haſt yearly done)
New ſorrowes, and new trials bring thou on
My ſtubborne heart, till thou haſt ſoftned it,
And, made it, for thy ſervice, truly fit:
But, give me hopes, and daily comforts too,
To ſtrengthen me, as thou haſt us'd to doe.
And, that, in *Iuſtice*, *Mercy* may appeare,
Inflict (Oh *Lord!*) no more then I can beare.
I feele (and tremble that I feele it thus)
My fleſh hath frailties which are dangerous,
To mine owne ſafety: and as ſoone as thou
Shalt quite remove the feares that ſeize me now;
My ſenſe of thee, and thoſe good thoughts (I doubt)
May faile within me, or be rooted out. (them,
Some *Luſt* may quéch them, or ſome *Care* may choke
Vaine *hopes* may vaile thé, or *new-thoughts* revoke thé;
The wiſdome of the world, or of the Devill,
Or, ſome ſuggeſtion, in my ſelfe, that's evill,
May urge, perhaps, that it is *melancholy*,
Which fills me now; that ſuperſtitious folly
Begot this awfulneſſe; that this *Diſeaſe*
Did accidentally, our *City* ſeize;
And, that 'tis vaine to muſe ſo much upon
Thoſe times or troubles, that are paſt and gone.
Oh! rather, then it ſhould in me be ſo,
Some other houſe of *Sorrow* ſend me to;
And keepe me, *Lord*, perpetuall priſ'ner there,
Till all ſuch dangers overpaſſed are.

Nor weale nor woe I crave, but part of either,
As with my temper beſt agrees together.
For, joy without thy grace, is griefes encreaſing,
And wealth is poverty, without thy bleſſing.
But if by paſſing this lifes purging fires,
Thou ſhalt ſo purifie my hearts deſires,
That without perill to my hopes of heav'n,
A temp'rall reſt may at the laſt be giv'n;
Vouchſafe it *Lord*, ev'n for the good of them
Who my beſt reſolutions, yet, condemne.
Let them diſcerne, thou bleſſings haſt provided,
For that, which they unjuſtly have derided.
Thou heretofore didſt heare thy *Servant* call,
And mad'ſt me free when I was cloſe in thrall.
Oh! to thoſe *mortals* make me not a ſcorne,
Who to my *Shame* my *Glory* ſeeke to turne:
But let it in thy time to them appeare,
That thou didſt me *elect*, and me wilt heare.
Let them perceive (though they my *Lott* diſdaine)
The *promiſe of this Life* doth appertaine
To me as unto them. And for their ſakes
Whoſe weakneſſe, otherwhile, offences takes
At my perpetuall ſcandals; let their eye
Behold the turne of my *Captivity*;
And know that I have walked in a path,
Which, in this life time, ſome ſmooth paces hath.

But, nought repine I, though this boone thou grant not.
For, that which thou to me deny'ſt I want not.
I know thy Wiſedome *knowes what beſt will ſit me:*
I know thy Pow'r *enough thoſe things to get me:*
I know thy Love *is large enough to me:*
I know thy Pleaſure *ſhould my pleaſure be:*
Thy will be done, and hallowed be thy Name,
Although it be through my perpetuall ſhame.

Whilſt

Whilſt on ſuch *Meditations* I was feeding
My pleaſed ſoule (and Gods great goodnes heeding)
That I might fill her with contemplating
On him, from whom all happineſſe doth ſpring:
A ſuddaine *Rapture* did my *Muſe* prepare
For higher things then ſhe did lately dare.
Me thought, I ſaw Gods *Iuſtice* and his *Love*
Inſtalled on one *throne*, in heav'n above.
I had imperfect ſights, and glimmering *notions*,
Concerning ſome of their particular motions,
About this *Orbe*. I much perceiv'd, me thought,
O thoſe their wondrous works w they had wrought
In former dayes. And, as within a Glaſſe,
Some things I ſaw, which they will bring to paſſe
In future times. By helpe of Gods great *Booke*,
(Which for my *Ephimerides* I tooke)
I had procur'd a large inteligence
Of *Iuſtice* and of *Mercies Influence*.
There, learned I the ſeverall *Aſpects*,
And, of thoſe *Starres* the ſeverall effects:
While in *conjunction* thoſe two *Lights* I ſaw;
The beſt *Aſtrologers* could never draw
From all the planetary *Conſtellations*
(Ev'n at their beſt) ſuch heav'nly *conſolations*.
I could conjecture of their worke divine,
In *Sextile*, or in *Quadrine*, or in *Trine*;
And what prodigious *Plagues* the world ſhould fright
If their *aſpect* were wholly *Oppoſite*.
Some things, by calculation I diſcerned,
Which this our *Britiſh* Latitude concerned;
And moſt of them not much impertinent
For all *Meridians* through Earths *Continent*.
I ſaw of *Weale* and *Woe* the many ranges:
I ſaw the reſtleſſe *Wheele* of mortall changes:

I saw how *Cities*, *Common-wealths*, and *Men*,
Did rise and fall, and rise and fall agen.
I saw the reason, why all *Times* and *States*,
Have such vicissitudes, and various fates.
I saw what doth occasion *War*, and *Peace*;
What causeth *Dearth*, and what doth bring *Encrease*.
I saw what hardens, and what mollifies;
And whence all *Blessings*, and all *Plagues* arise.
I saw how sins are linked in together
As in a *Chaine*; how one doth cause another;
And how to ev'ry linke throughout the *Chaine*,
Are fixt those *Plagues* which to that *Crime* pertaine.
I saw unseal'd, that hellish *Mystery*,
Of carnall and meere worldly *Policy*,
Whereby the *Devill* fooles this generation,
And brings on *Christendome* such molestation.
I saw (as plaine, as ever I did see
The Sun at none) what damned *projects* be
Veild o're with *Piety*, and *Holy zeale*:
And how, a *Christian Ath'isme* now doth steale
Vpon this age. Forgive me that I saw
A *Christian Ath'isme*; for, ev'n to betray
Christ Iesus, *Christ* and *Iesus*, those two *Names*,
Are oft usurped; and it us defames.
I saw, why some abuse their holy *Calling*,
And why so many *Stars* from heav'n are falling.
I had a *Licence* given me, to come
Where I might see the Devils *Tiring-roome*,
And, all the *Maskes*, the *Visards*, and *Disguises*,
Which he to murther, cheat, or rob, devises.
And weares himselfe, or lends false-hearted brothers
Therewith to foole themselves, or cozen others.
Here lay a *Box* of zeale-professing *Eyes*,
Which serve for acting of *Hypocrisies*.

Hard

Hard by, another, full of *Double-hearts*,
For those who play the *Ambidexters* parts.
There, stood a *Chest* of counterfeited *Graces*;
Another, full of *honest-seeming Faces*.
Yonn, hung a suit, which, had some *Traytor* got,
He might have past for a *Patriot*.
Close by, were presse fuls of such suits, as they
Doe weare (in ev'ry Kingdome at this day)
Who passe for *Statesmen*; when, God knowes, they be
As far from that, as knaves from loving me.
There, hung those *masking-suits*, in which the *Popes*,
And *Cardinals*, pursue their carnall hopes.
There, were those formall *Garbs*, wherein false friends
Disguise themselves, for some unfaithfull ends.
Faire counterfeits for *Bishops* saw I there,
So like their habits that are most sincere,
(And so belainted) that if they were set
Vpon the back of our *Arch counterfeit*,
He could not be distinguisht from the best
Of all those *Prelates*, that have *Christ* profest.
There, view'd I all those juggling sleights with wch
Men worke false miracles; and, so, bewitch
Deluded soules. There, saw I all the tricks
And *Fantosmes* wherewithall our *Schismaticks*
Abuse themselves and others. There (with ruth)
I saw *false-Doctrines*, trimm'd about with *Truth*;
Fac'd out, with *Fathers*; peec'd, and neatly dearned,
With *Sentences*, and *Sayings*, of the *Learned*.
Yea, with Gods holy Scriptures, interweaved,
So cunningly, as would have nigh deceived
Ev'n his *Elect*: (and, many a one, alas,
Of these, for Christian *Verities* doth passe.)
I saw moreover, with what *Robes of Light*,
The *King of Darknesse* doth his person dight.

To

To make it *Angel* like; and how he ſcrues
Himſelfe among our muſings, to abuſe
Our underſtandings; how he layes his hooks,
And baits, at *Sermons*, and in *godly-books*;
(Although the *Authors* had, in their invention,
A pious meaning, and a good intention)
I ſaw what *venome* he doth hurle into
Our heart'eſt prayers, and thoſe works we doe
In pureſt charity: and how he ſtrives
To poiſon us in our *preſervatives*.
When all theſe *Maskings*, and a thouſand moe,
My apprehenſions eye had lookt into:
From thence my *Contemplation* rais'd my thought,
And, to a higher *Station* I was brought.
There, I beheld what ruine and confuſion,
Was of theſe *Mummeries*, the ſad concluſion.
There, ſaw I what *Cataſtrophes* attend
Thoſe Vanities, wherein our times we ſpend:
How God ſtill counterworks, and overthrowes
The projects of the *Devill*, and our Foes.
And, tell I could (but that it would be prated,
I ſome *Prophetick ſpirit* arrogated)
Strange newes to thoſe mens eares, who have not learned
What may, by *Meditation*, be diſcerned.
Yet, all that I conceive I cannot write:
Nor would I though I could: for, ſo I might
Throw Pearles to Swine; of whom I may be torne,
Be trampled in the mire, and made a ſcorne.
Nay, tell my ſelfe I dare not, what I ſpy,
When I have thoughts of moſt tranſcendency;
Leſt Pride poſſeſſe me, and I ſhould caſt me downe,
As far below, as I on high have flowne:
For, when we neareſt unto heav'n do ſoare,
(Till we are there) our perils are the more;

Since

Since, there is *wickedneſſe* which we doe call
The wickedneſſe that is ſpirituall
In heav'nly places. And as we doe know
There is a *Lightning* which doth often goe
Quite through the body, to the vitall part,
And kill the very *ſpirits* at the heart,
Yet never harme the fleſh; becauſe it may
Through very porous member make it way
Without impreſſion: So, from our offences,
The *Devill* doth extract ſome *Quinteſſenſes*,
Which we may rightly name, *the ſpirit of ſin*;
And, till our *thoughts* have ſublimated bin,
They are too groſſe for that to worke upon.
But, when ſuch *Sublimations* are begun,
He doth infuſe his *Chymicall* receipt,
And, either workes *precipitation*, ſtraight,
Or makes thoſe *Vertues*, which pure gold were thought
When they ſhall come to triall, worſe then nought.
I ſaw this danger (as my ſoule did flye
To God ward) and the Devills *Chymiſtry*,
I learned how to fruſtrate; by aſſuming
Humility, and ſhunning high preſuming.
I, of thoſe lovely *Graces*, got the view,
Which teach us how ſuch perils to eſchew.
I learned there, how they might be procured;
How their continuance might be ſtill ſecured;
And, in my pow'r it is not to expreſſe,
How I was fill'd with hopes of happineſſe.
My thoughts (yet) climbed higher, and perceived
A glimpſe of things that cannot be conceived.
The *Love of God*; the *Joyes that are to come*;
And many ſights that long were hidden from
My blinded Soule. This, ſet my heart on fire
To climbe a little, and a little higher;

Till

Till I was up so high, that I did see
The *World*, but like an *Atome*, under me.
Me thought, it was not worth my looking on;
Much lesse, the setting of my love upon.
My soule did strive to mixe her selfe among
The *Cherubins*, and in their *Angell-song*
To beare a part; and, *secrets* to unskreene,
That cannot by our mortall eyes be seene.
And, I would gladly thither have ascended,
Where joyes are perfect, and all woes are ended.
As thus I mounted; by degrees I felt
My *strength* to faile me, and my *wings* to melt:
My *flesh* waxt faint; my *objects* grew too pure,
For my grosse understanding to endure.
A kind of shuddring did my heart surprise,
Like that which comes when sudden thoughts arise.
I far'd like him, who sleeping, dreames of store,
And waking, finds himselfe exceeding poore.
A *pow'r* unseene, did hold upon me take,
And, to my soule, to this effect it spake.
" I say it was *Gods Spirit*; if you doubt
" I arrogate, come heare the matter out:
" For, who the *Speaker* is, that will disclose:
" And, if 'twere he, his *Flocke*, his language knowes.
Despaire not *Soule* (it said) though thou art faine
To sinke from these, to common thoughts againe.
Nor murmur thou, that yet thou must not rise
To thy wisht *height*. God's favour will suffise
For that which wants; and these high thoughts are (giv'n
In earnest of that part of thine in heav'n,
Which by thy Royall *Master* is prepared;
And, in thy time allotted, shall be shared.
Strive to ascend; but straine not over long,
Thy climbing *spirits*, lest thou doe them wrong.

The

The *Flesh* is heavy, though the *Soule* be light;
And, *Heav'n* is seldome reached at one flight.
Mount high; but, mount not higher then thy *bound*;
Lest thou be lost, and all that thou hast found.
Search deepe; but search no deeper then thy pow'r;
Lest some infernall *Depth* may thee devoure.
Observe thy *Makers* glory by reflection;
But, gaze not overmuch at his perfection;
Lest that great lustre blinde thee. Take thou heed,
Lest while thou think'st thou homeward dost proceed,
Thou quite be lost: For, though these *flights* do raise
Thy Soule with pleasure, they are dangerous wayes:
When higher then the vulgar pitch she towres
She meets with *Principalities*, and *Pow'rs*,
Who wrestle with her, that she may not rise;
Or tempt her on, by *Curiosities*,
To lead the mind astray, untill it wanders
Among the windings of unsafe *Meanders*.
Then doth it whirle about, to see things hidden;
Pryes after *Secresies* that are forbidden;
And by a *path*, which tends to *Heav'n*, in show,
Ariveth, una ware, at *Hell* below.
Take heed of this; the way to heav'n is steep;
Yet, e're thou climbe it, thou must often creep.
The worke appointed thee, is yet unended,
And, Gods good pleasure must be still attended
Ev'n in this world, untill he call thee thence.
His *Kingdome* must be got by violence.
Thou must with many frailties, yet, contend,
Before thy Christian *warfare* hath an end.
The World is brewing yet another *Cup*
Of Bitternesse, for thee to swallow up.
Thou hast from *Heav'n* an *Arrand* yet to doe,
Which (if God hinder not) will call thee to

More troubles, and more hatred bring upon thee,
Then all thy former *Messages* have won thee.
And be thou sure, the Devill will devise
All slanders, and all wicked infamies
That may dispa.age thee: or fruitlesse make,
That vse.ull wo.ke which thou dost vnde.take.
Thou must prepare thine eares to heare the noise
Of cauteleſſe *threatnings*, or the foolish voice
Of ignorant *Reprovers*; and expect
The secret *Censures* of each giddy *Sect*.
Thou must provide thy selfe, to heare great *Lords*
Talke, without reason, big imperious words.
Thou must contented be to make repaire
(If need require) before the *Scorners* Chaire,
To heare them jeere, and flout, and take in hand
To scoffe at what they doe not vnderstand,
Or say, perhaps, that of thy selfe thou mak'st
Some goodly thing; or that thou vndertak'st
Above thy *Calling*; or vnwarranted:
Not heeding from whose mouth it hath bin sed,
" Gods *Wisdome* oft elects, what men despise;
" And foolish things, to foole the worldly wise.
But feare thou not, For, he that in all places,
And from all dangers, wants, and all disgraces,
Hath hitherto preserv'd thee; will secure
Thy safety now. That hand which did procure
Release from thy close *Thraldomes*, and maintained
Thy heart content, while thou went so restrained;
Will be the same for, ever: and, like stubble,
Consume; or, like the weakest water-bubble,
Dissolve the force of ev'ry machination;
Whereby the world shall seek thy molestation.
Though thou in knowledge art a *Child*, as yet;
And, seemest not by outward *Calling* fit

For

For ſuch a taske: yet, doe not thou diſable
What God ſhall pleaſe to ſay is warrantable.
His Word, remaineth ſtill in date, which ſayes,
That, *On the children of the later dayes,*
He would poure out a meaſure of his Spirit;
And, thou thereof a portion ſhalt inherit.
Though thou deſpiled art; yet God by thee
Shall bring to paſſe a worke which ſtrange will be
To moſt beholders; and, no doubt, it ſhall
Occaſion ſome to ſtand, and ſome to fall.
For, men to ruine doom'd, will miſconceive it;
And, they that ſhall have ſafety, will receive it.
Thy God hath toucht thy *Tongue*, and tipt thy Pen;
And, therefore, feare not thou the face of men,
Leſt he deſtroy thee. For, this day to ſtand
'Gainſt *Princes*, Prieſts, and People of this *Land*,
Thou art appointed: and they ſhall in vaine
Contend. For, thou the conqueſt ſhalt obtaine.
Although that viperous *Brood* upon thee lights,
Whoſe poiſ'ned tongue with killing *ſlander* ſmites;
And, though the barbarous People of this *Ile*,
Doe thereupon adjudge thee, for a while,
A man ſo wicked, that (although thou haſt
The *Sea* of Troubles, without ſhipwrack, paſt)
Gods *Vengeance* will not ſuffer thee to live
The life of honeſt *Fame*: Let that not grieve
Thy heart a whit. For, though their eyes doe ſee
Reproaches, which like *Vipers*, hanging be,
Vpon thy fleſh; they ſhall perceive e're long,
That thou (unharmed) them away haſt flung.
And they who did expect to ſee thee fall,
For thy firme ſtanding, praiſe Gods mercy ſhall.
Againſt oppreſſion, he will ſafe maintaine thee,
Ev'n God, who oft did his protection daigne thee;

And tooke thy part againſt all thoſe, that ſought
How they thy *Muſe*, to ſilence, might have brought.
He, that preſerv'd thee from this *plague*, will ſave thee:
For, he thy life ev'n of meere mercy, gave thee,
To ſerve him with Thou knowſt thou art a *Brand*,
Snatcht from the flaming fire, by Gods owne hand;
And that to him thou oweſt, all thou art,
And all thy *Faculties*, in ev'ry part.
Take heed, therefore, that nothing thou refuſe
To utter, which he prompts unto thy *Muſe*.
Be conſtant: and, *Elihu*-like, beware
That thou accept not perſons; nor declare
With glozing *titles*, that which thou ſhalt ſay;
Leſt God may take thee ſuddenly away:
But, publiſh that which he of thee requires,
In termes, and words, as he the ſame inſpires.
For, to this *Realme* and *City* thou art ſent,
To warne, that of their follies they repent;
To ſhew for what omiſſions, and offences,
God ſendeth *Famines*, *Wars*, and *Peſtilences*;
And to pronounce what other plagues will come,
If their Tranſgreſſions they depart not from.
Indeed, of *Prieſts* and *Prophets*, ſtore have they,
And, ſome of them are like enough to ſay;
When came the Spirit of the Lord to thee,
From us, who no ſuch dangers can foreſee
As thou pretendeſt? Theſe are they that ſhare
The pleaſures of the time, with ſuch as are
The *Lands* perdition. Theſe are they which tye
Soft pillowes to mens elbowes; and ſtill cry
Peace, peace; ev'n when perdition, hanging over
The peoples heads, they plainly may diſcover.
But, they that are true *Prieſts* of God among them,
And his true Prophets, think not, he doth wrong the,

If

If he doe chuſe a *Heardman*: nor will ſuch
Envy the ſame (or at the bleſſing grutch)
If all were *Prophets*, and God pleaſed were
To make that *Gift* to ev'ry man appeare.
Though Gods own preſence, had made *Moſes* wiſe;
Yet, *Jethro*'s counſell would he not deſpiſe.
He, whom the *Angell* fed, did alſo eat
Ev'n when the *Ravens* came to bring him meat:
And, all that of their *ſpirit* partners be,
Will heare what's good, though publiſhed by thee.
Behold; this thankleſſe People (from whoſe *Land*
God hath but newly tooke his heavy hand)
Forget already what his mercy hath
Vouchſafed; and his late enflamed wrath.
See, how they flocke together, to purſue
New miſchiefes, and old follies to renew.
Their evill courſes, they afreſh begin;
And, ev'n thoſe very purpoſes of ſin,
Whoſe proſecution this great *Plague* hath ſtaid,
To finiſh now they are no whit afraid.
Thoſe *Diſcords* which they, many times, pretended,
Amid their feares, ſhould chriſtian'ly be ended,
(If God would ſpare them) are againe revived;
And divers new malicious plots contrived.
Thoſe *Luſts*, of which they ſeemed much aſhamed;
Thoſe *Vanities*, for which themſelves they blamed;
Thoſe Bargains, which their conſcience did perſwade
Were wicked; & of God abhorred made them; (thē,
That Pride; that Sloth; that Envy; that Exceſſe;
That Cruelty; that Irreligiouſneſſe;
Yea, all that wickedneſſe purſude before,
(And which they fain'd ſo truly to deplore)
Returnes with intereſt; and they contemne
Good things; as if the *Plague* had hardned them.

Like *Phar'oh*, they repented while the Rod
Was laid upon them. But, as soone as God
Removed it; their mindes they changed too;
And would not let their evill *customes* goe.
Goe therefore instantly, goe draw the *Map*
Of that great *Plague* from which they did escape:
Set thou before their eyes, as in a glasse,
How great Gods *Mercy*, and their danger was.
Lay open their grosse crimes, that they may see
How hatefull, and how infinite they be.
Declare what mischiefes their enormities
Have caused; and will daily cause to rise.
Pronounce those *Iudgements* which Gods holy *Word*
Doth for the *Wages* of their Crimes record.
And (as the blessed *Spirit* shall enable,
Thy *Muse*; and, show thee what is warrantable)
Tell boldly, what will on their wayes attend,
Vnlesse their lives and courses they amend.
Delay it not; and let no worke of thine;
No goodly-seeming hope, or faire designe,
(How promising soever) draw thee from
This *Taske*, untill unto an end it come.
For, no affaire of thine shall finde successe,
Till thou hast finisht this great *Businesse*.
If any man that is thy friend, or foe,
Shall this deride; and say it is not so;
But, that thy *Fancy* onely eggeth on
Thy *Muse*: or, that to doe, or leave undone
This worke, were much alike. If any say
Thou maist proceed herein, with such delay,
As, vulgarly, *discretion* thinketh fit:
Or, as thy common *Bus'nesse* will permit.
Nay, if thou meet, as thou maist meet with some,
Who like a *Prophet*, unto thee will come;

And

And (as the *Man of God* ſeduced was,
Who told in *Bethel* what ſhould come to paſſe
Concerning *Ieroboams* Altar there)
Perſwading thee, thoſe thoughts deluſions are:
That, ſelfe-conceit, or pride, hath made thee dreame
That thou art bound to proſecute this *Theame*:
Beleeve them not. For, if that *Man of God*
Here mentioned, did feele ſo ſharpe a rod,
When his delay was but to eate and drinke;
(Perchance through hunger) and when he did think
A *Prophet* ſent by God, had lic'enc'd him:
Take heed thou doe not this advice contemne:
For, ſince this *motion* urgeth nought that's ill,
Nor contradicteth Gods revealed will;
But rather helpes effect it: ſince he moves it
So nat'rally, that thine owne ſoule approves it
To be his act; beware how thou ſuſpect it,
Or how thou ſhalt be careleſſe to effect it.

Let not a worldly wiſedome, (nor the ſcoffe
Of any) from this motive drive thee off.
Take heed the feare of dangers, nor the loſſe
Of carnall hopes, thy purpoſe, herein, croſſe.
Take heed, that *Ionas*-like, thou be not bent
To *Tharſis*, when thou knowſt that thou art ſent
To *Niniveh*. For, all thy doubts, and feare,
Will be as cauſeleſſe, as his doubtings were:
And be thou ſure, that whereſoe're thou be,
A *Tempeſt* and a *Whale* ſhall follow thee.

My heart receiv'd this *Meſſage*; did allow
It came from God; and made a ſolemne *Vow*,
It would not entertaine a ſerious thought
Of any worldly thing, till that were brought
To full perfection: no, although it might
Endanger loſing my beſt fortune quite.

But, oh! how fraile is Man? and how unable
In any goodneſſe to continue ſtable?
How ſubtile is the *Devill?* and what baits,
And undermining policies and ſleights,
Hath he to coozen us? My ſoule was raiſed
So high, e'rewhile, that I admir'd and praiſed
My bleſt eſtate: And thought, with *David*, then,
My heart ſhall never be remov'd agen.
But, ſee, how ſoone, if God withdraw his eye,
We fall to hell, that up to heav'n did flye.
I would have ſworne (when in my *Contemplation*,
I was aſcended to that lofty *Station*,
So lately mention'd) that I ſhould have ſcorn'd
The goodl'eſt prize the Devill could have ſuborn'd
To tempt me by. I thought, if God had ſaid,
Doe this; that (though the *World* had all beene laid
To be my wages, if I ſhould delay
The doing of the ſame, but halfe a day)
I ſhould
I would have rather choſe to have forſaken
My life; then ſo to have beene overtaken.
Yet, loe; ſo craftily a bait was laid;
Such ſhowes of *Goodneſſe*, thereinto convaid,
Such meanes of helpe to *Piety*, pretended;
No me ſo ſeem'd it, to be recommended
By God himſelfe; and, ſuch neceſſity
Appear'd of taking opportunity
As then it offred was, that I ſuſpected
I had done ill, the ſame to have neglected.
Nay, to my Vnderſtanding, true Diſcretion,
And, all the Wiſdome of this Generation,
Did ſo concur together to betray
My heart; that I did fooliſhly delay
The Taſke enjoyn'd. Yea, what I had bgun,
(Proceeded in) and purpos'd ſhould be done,

Before

Before my beſt affaires; ev'n that I threw
Aſide; and other hopes I did purſue.
I brake my *Vow*, and I was led awry
For that which was more light then Vanity;
And ſo my hopes my judgement did beguile,
That, I ſuppoſed all was well the while.
Moſt, alſo, thought me wiſely to have done,
And, ſuch a fortune to have lighted on;
That others, of my happineſſe, began
To talke; and reckon me a proſperous man.
But, many ſcandals, paſſions, and vexations,
Much hindrance, and a world of perturbations,
Purſued me; to let me underſtand,
That I had taken ſome wrong act in hand.
For, though like *Ionas*, I reſolv'd not quite
From Gods commands to make a ſtubborne flight;
Yet went I to his *Worke* the furtheſt way:
And, travell'd, as mine owne occaſions lay.
Which he perceiving, ſent a *Storme* that croſt me;
Made ſhipwracke of my hopes; my labour loſt me;
Befool'd my wiſdome; of much joy bereft me;
Within the *Sea* of many troubles left me;
And, what with ſpeed and eaſe I might have done
At firſt; hath long with paine beene lingred on.
Yea, when the *Harveſt* of my great repute
Was looked for (and moſt expected fruit)
It proved chaffe; and, plainly I perceived,
That God had ſuffred me to be deceived;
To warne me, that hereafter, I ſhould never
Omit, for any reaſon whatſoever,
His *motions*; nor with holy *vowes* diſpenſe:
But worke his pleaſure, with all diligence.
Which after I had heeded, I deſcry'd
By what, and whither, I was drawne aſide.

I plainly saw, that what I then had sought
With hope of comfort, would my woe have wrought.
I found that likely to have beene to me
A *Curse*, which promised my *Blisse* to be.
I praised God, as for a favour done,
That he did lose me, what I might have won:
And what the world did think me hapelesse in,
I found a gracious blessing to have bin.
I saw my fault; I saw, in vaine I sought
To worke my *will*, till I Gods will had wrought.
I saw that while the furthest way I went,
Gods *Mercy* did my foolishnesse prevent:
Yea, made it (by his providence divine)
A great advantage to his owne *Designe*.
And, for my negligence when I had mourned,
To my proposed Labour, I returned.
I begg'd of God that he would give me grace,
To be more constant in a godly race.
I did beseech him to bestow againe
Those *Apprehensions*, which my *hopes in vaine*
Had made me lose: and that, for my demerit,
He would not quench in me his holy Spirit:
But, grant me pow'r to prosecute my story,
And utter forth his *Message*, to his glory.
My sute was heard: I got what I desired:
My soule, with matter, was anew inspired.
My eyes were clear'd; my heart was new enlarged:
Bold *Resolutions* had all Feares discharged:
And, that which was disclosed unto me,
Doth appertaine, *Great Britaine*, unto thee.
Come heare me therefore; for, howe're thou take it,
My Conscience bids me, and I meane to speake it.
Within thy pow'r thou hast me; and what e're
Shall good and right in thine owne eyes appeare,

Thou maist inflict upon me: But, this knew,
That what I shall declare, God bids me show;
And that, if I for this, have harme, or shame;
My God shall at thy hands require the same.
Oh! let not my requests in vaine be made;
Nor to thy former sinnes, another adde.
And, my sweet *Country*, and deare *Countrimen*,
Let not these overflowings of my pen
Distastfull be; as if their spring had beene
But either from the Gall, or from the Spleene.
Let not this ages false *Interpreter*,
(Which makes both *Iudgement* and *Affection* erre)
Corrupt my *Text*, by their false *Commentary*,
To make your good opinions to miscary.
For, though in me (as in all flesh and blood)
Much error hinders from that perfect good
Which I affect: yet I his meed may claime,
Who makes Gods glory, and your weale his aymne;
And, begs but of his words a patient hearing;
And, from your follies a discreet forbearing.
If there be *Truth*, and Reason, in the *Message*,
Let not my person hinder my *Ambassage*.
If God shall in his *Mercy* pleased be,
To make a *Factor* for his praise of me;
Let none the poorenesse of my gifts deride,
Since he to no externall meanes is ty'd.
Despise not what I speake, for what I am;
Vnlesse you find the matter be to blame.
For, God by Babes and Sucklings, oft, reveales,
What from the wisest worldlings he conceales.
Both *Heav'n* and *Earth*, to witnesse here I call,
I dar'd not speake what now I utter shall,
Vnlesse I thought, that God did me inspire;
And would this duty at my hands require.

Nor dar'd I to be ſilent, though I knew
That ev'ry man had vowed to purſue
My Soule to *Death*; becauſe my conſcience takes
Acknowledgement, that God within me ſpeakes.
I doe not this, for that I ſenſeleſſe am,
(Oh! England!) of thy infamy or ſhame:
For, thy diſhonor doth concerne me nearly;
And thee my heart affecteth far more dearly,
Then cowards doe their lives. I would diſtill
My blood (as inke is drained from my quill)
Ev'n drop by drop; or elſe, at once, let all
Guſh forth, to ſave thy *honor* from a fall.
I aime not at a vaine or fruitleſſe glory,
By daring: for, I know the mortall ſtory
Of all the glorioust actions, that are under
The heav'ns large curtain, are but nine daies wõder.
And that the moſt deſerving workes we doe,
May ruine us, and helpe diſgrace us too.
I doe it not that I may wealthy grow:
For, I the worlds rewards already know
In ſuch attempts. Experience I have gained,
What poore preferments this way are obtained.
My former *Straines* (which did but way prepare
For that, which I hereafter ſhould declare)
Received evermore the worſt reward,
As they grew better worthy of regard.
And (if God let not) as theſe are my beſt,
My troubles, will for them, exceed the reſt.
Tis odds, but that the wilfull *Generation*,
For whom I write this large *Anticipation*,
(To ſtay their cenſure) will ſcarce reade ſo far,
As hitherto, where theſe *Preventions* are:
But, here, and there, picke out ſome tart relations,
Without obſerving of thoſe moderations

That

That follow or precede them. Elſe, perchance
Their brazen and *Herculean Ignorance*
Will ſtrongly keepe that *Vnderſtanding* from them,
Whereby the pow'r of *Reaſon* might o'recome them.
Some alſo, peradventure, will forget,
How, when I formerly was round beſet
With many troubles, I did ſtill deſpiſe
The raging fury of mine enemies.
Yea ſome, no doubt, will have a minde to ſee
What kinde of pow'r, there is in them, or me;
And whilſt ſuch men there are, he thinks amiſſe,
Who thinkes to thrive by ſuch a courſe as this.
Tis not from envy of their *Lott*, who grow
Great men, or wealthy, whence theſe lines doe flow.
For, I rejoice in each mans happineſſe,
That to Gods praiſe, good fortunes doth poſſeſſe:
And they that know my perſon, witneſſe can,
My lookes aſſure, I am no envious man.
It is not malice that hath wrought upon
My *Paſſions*: for, I vow, I malice none.
No *line* or *word* of this which now I write,
Proceeds from rancor, or unchriſtian ſpight.
When I have wrong received, if I ſay
Wherein; what harme doe I in that I pray?
'Twere much, if when we injury ſuſtaine,
We neither may have helpe, nor yet complaine:
'Twere hard, if knowing I had many foes,
I might not ſay ſo, leſt ſome ſhould ſuppoſe
What *Names* they bear. To no man this wil ſhow the,
But, unto ſuch as doe already know them.
Nor, when I mention wrongs, doe I intend
Their ſhame who doe them; but ſome better end.
For, they that yet are enemies of mine,
May prove Gods friends, and to my good encline.

I wiſh them well, what e're they wiſh to me;
And of their harme would no procurer be.
In gen'rall termes, I point out thoſe that erre;
With none I meddle in particular:
For, knaves and honeſt men are ſo alike,
In many things, that I amiſſe may ſtrike.
I finde the faults; let others finde the men.
I no man judge; let no man judge me then.
My *Muſe* hath not uſurped this *Commiſſion*:
Nor arrogateth to mine owne condition,
More excellence then others: But, I ſhare
A part in thoſe reproofes that others beare.
I doe not thinke mine owne a ſpotleſſe eye,
Becauſe it faults in others can eſpye.
I never thought it was enough for me,
A *Critick* in my neighbours faults to be,
Vnleſſe I markt mine owne: which here I doe:
And check the worlds and mine owne errors too.
I meane to winke at none; at none I ayme;
To heed or friends or foes, I doe diſclaime.
My Bow is bent, and I muſt ſhoot a flight
Of ſhafts, that will in divers places light.
Perhaps ſome of them my beſt friends may wound:
Vpon my ſelfe, ſome others may rebound.
Some (ſhot aloft) may ſcar the Kites that flye
Above the clouds, themſelves to Eagliſie.
Some pierce their ſides, who thoght they had bin got
Beyond the reaching of my winged ſhot.
And ſome who thought they had concealed beene,
May feele my arrowes, where they lurke unſeene.
Light where they will, the cure's already tooke:
Since none but he that's guilty can be ſtrooke.
Muſt thou forgot, oh! *Britaine*, (and ſo ſoone)
Thy lates afflictions, and Gods gracious boone?

As ſoone as e're thy necke unſlacked feeles
The curbing Reine, doſt thou let flye thy heeles?
Shall not Gods *Iuſtice*, nor his matchleſſe *Love*,
Thy flinty nature to repentance move?
But wilt thou ſtill in crooked paths perſever,
And of thy Vanities repent thee never?
Oh! looke about thee; yea, looke backe, and ſee
What wondrous things thy God hath done for thee.
Thou wert in future times, an uncouth place,
That had of *wildneſſe* the deformed face.
Thou wert long time, the ſeat of *Deſolation*,
And when thou hadſt but ſlender reputation,
God lookt upon thee, with the firſt of all
Thoſe *Gentiles*, whom in mercy he did call.
Of his beloved *Vineyards*, thou wert one;
And ſituate like that, once plac'd upon
The fruitfulſt *Hill*. God, for thy *Fence* prepared
A naturall wall, by his owne hands upreared.
He tooke away that ſtony heartedneſſe,
Which did thy heathniſh children firſt poſſeſſe;
And hath beene pleaſed, many times, ſince then,
To gather out thoſe flinty hearted men,
Who by a bloody perſecuting hand,
Did harme thy tender *Saplings* in thy Land.
He plucked out of thee the ſtinking *weeds*
Of *Sin* and *Superſtition*; that the *ſeeds*
Of *Truth* and *Holineſſe* might here be ſowne,
Where wickedneſſe the ſoile had overgrowne.
The choiceſt *Plants* (of that *Vine-myſticall*,
His *onely-Sonne*) he planted thee withall.
The ſtately *Watch towre* of his *Providence*
Compleatly furniſhed, for thy defence,
In thee was builded up; and did appeare
To many other Kingdomes, far and neare:

And

And on the lofty Turrets of the ſame
He ſet his *Flags*, and *Enſignes* of his *Name*,
Whoſe beautious Colours being wide diſplaid,
Did make thy adverſaries all afraid.
Within thy *Borders*, hath his *Love divine*
The *Wine-preſſe*, of a *Chriſtian diſcipline*
Erected; and in ev'ry ſeaſon given
(To make thee fruitful) dewes & ſhowrs from heav'n.
Yea thou haſt had, ſince food of life grew ſcanty,
Not barely ſeven, but ſeventy yeares of plenty.
What grace ſoever might repeated be
That God for *Iſr'el* did, he did for thee.
He from a *thraldome*, worſe then they ſuſtained,
While in th'*Ægyptian* bondage they remained,
Did bring thy Children thorough *Baptiſmes* Flood,
And drowne thy Foes, within a *Sea* of *Blood*.
Thy Coaſt unto a large extent he ſtretcheth,
For, ev'n from Sea to Sea it compaſſe fetcheth.
Thy Land with Milke and Hony over-flowes.
In thee all pleaſure, and all plenty growes.
God kept thee as the apple of an eye;
And, as when *Eglets* are firſt taught to flye,
Their *Dam* about them hovers; ſo, thy God,
Doth over thee, diſplay his wings abroad.
A Land of Hils and Dales thou wert created;
And in a Clime, ſo profitable, ſeated,
That whereas many other Lands are faine
To water all their ſeeds, and plants, with paine,
Thou fav'ſt that labour: for, the Dewes yeeld matter
To cheere thy Gardens, and the Clouds bring water.
Faire Woods & Groves, do yet adorn thy Mountains;
Thou art a Land of Rivers, and of Fountaines:
Springs hot and cold, and freſh, and ſalt, there be;
And, ſome that cure diſeaſed folk in thee.

Thee,

Thee, both in Towne and Field, the *Lord* hath bleſt;
Thy People and thy Cattell are encreaſt.
Bleſt wert thou in thy going forth to war;
And bleſſed alſo thy returnings were.
He bleſt thee in thy ſtore, and in thy basket:
Thine owne requeſt he gave, when thou didſt ask it:
He evermore hath timely fauours done thee:
Throughout the yeare his eye hath beene upon thee:
He carefull was, what perills might betide thee;
And heedfull all things needfull to provide thee:
In Graſſe, and Corne, and Fruits, thou doſt excell:
Thy Horſe are ſtrong, thine Oxen labour well:
The udders of thy Kine grow large with milke:
Thy Sheep yeeld fleeces, like the *Perſian* ſilk:
Thy Stones are *Iron*, and thy Hills are big
With *Minerals*, which from their wombs we dig:
Thy Soile is neither over moiſt, nor dry:
The Sun nor keeps too far, nor comes too nigh:
Thy Ayre doth few contagious vapours breed:
Nor doth it, oft, in heat, or cold exceed.
Still, for thy ſins, thou hadſt thy due corrections;
And, found'ſt compaſſion in thy great afflictions.
His *Prophets* and his *Preachers* God hath ſent
In ev'ry age, to move thee to repent;
And, them thou ſmot'ſt, and murtherd'ſt, now & thē;
Yet, gave he not to other Husbandmen
His wronged *Vineyard*: but, doth yet attend,
In expectation, when thou wilt amend.
He, over all thy Foes, the conqueſt gave thee:
He did from wrōg, by neighb'ring *Nations*, ſave thee:
And, they to feare and honor thee were moved,
Becauſe they ſaw thee, of thy God, beloved.
Thou hadſt a *Deborah* beſtow'd upon thee,
Who freed thee from thy Foes, and glory won thee,

In

In ſpight of *Siſera*: For, God did pleaſe
To make the Stars, the Clouds, the Winds, and Seas,
To fight thy battels. When her turne was gone.
He raiſed up another *Solomon*,
Within thy Borders to eſtabliſh peace,
Who to thy glories added an increaſe.
Thou wert as often warn'd, and puniſhed;
As much beſought; as largely promiſed,
As *Iudah* was. Thy *Church* that lately ſeemed
Like barren *Hannah* (and was diſeſteemed
Of proud *Peninnah*) in a ſpirituall breed,
Doth moſt of *Syons* Daughters, now exceed:
And thou haſt viewed many of thy ſonnes,
To ſit and governe, on earths glorious *Thrones*.
The Iewiſh *Commonwealth* was never daigned
More great *Deliverances* then thou haſt gained.
Nor was their helpe vouchſaf'd in better ſeaſon;
As *Eighty eight*, and our great *Powder-treaſon*,
Can witneſſe well. For, then thy preſervation
Was wrought by God (to all mens admiration)
Ev'n when *Hels* lawes, on thee, were like to cloſe;
And when, for humane aide to interpoſe, (done
There ſcarce was meanes, or time. All which was
That thou Gods love mightſt think the more upon.
Moreover, that no meanes might paſſe untride,
Which God did for the *Iewes* of old provide;
To thee he alſo ſends his *oncly Sonne*:
Not, as to them, a poore contemned one,
(That, *ſeeing* him, they might not him *perceive*,
And, hearing him, no knowledge of him have)
Not as a weakling, or illiterate:
Or meane, or in a perſecuted ſtate:
Or one whoſe perſon, beauty, and complexion,
In them, had nothing ſtirring up affection;

Not

Nor as a man that worthy ſeem'd of ſcorne,
Of mocks, of whips, and of a crowne of thorne:
He came not ſo to thee: for, thou hadſt then
Deſpis'd and crucified him agen,
As well as they: yea, thou perchance, hadſt more
Deſpighted him, then others heretofore.
But, in a glorious wiſe to thee he came:
With pow'r, with approbation, and with fame.
His *Fiſhermen* (that heretofore did ſeeme
To *Iewes* and *Gentiles*, of ſo meane eſteeme)
Had won whole Countries from Idolatry,
And made them to confeſſe his ſov'raignty.
He comes to thee with honor, like a *King*:
He did into (the *Church*) his *Kingdome*, bring
A ſetled Government. He had aſſwaged
That *Iewiſh*, and that *Ethnick* ſpight, which raged
At his firſt comming. *Emperours* became
His *Viceroyes*; and did governe in his *Name*.
Thou ſawſt fulfilled, many things (of old)
Both by his *Prophets* and *Himſelfe*, foretold;
Which did confirme him, that *Meſſiah*, whom
Thou ſhouldſt receive. His *Doctrines* well become
His purity: and, witneſſed is he
By *Martyrs* and *Confeſſors*, him to be (made
Whom thou ſhould'ſt heare. And (this hath greater
Thy *Favours*, then that *Grace* the *Iewes* have had)
Their threats, their puniſhments, their ignorances,
Their pertinacy, and deliverances,
Their fallings, riſings, and relapſes, are
Recorded, that by them thou mightſt beware.
Thou knowſt what *Deſolation* they are in,
In recompence of their deſpightfull ſin,
The murther of their *Brother*: yea, like *Cain*,
Thou ſeeſt, that, yet, they vagabonds remaine.

Thou

Thou hear'ſt, their fruitfull *Land* hath ever ſince,
Beene curſt with barrenneſſe, for their offence:
That, without *King*, *Prieſt*, *Prophet*, or good order,
They through the world have wandred for their mur-
Nigh ſixteene hundred yeares: and that, altho (ther
They be abhorred, whereſoe're they goe,
They have upon them, ſtill, the marke of *Caine*,
Which will prevent their being wholly ſlaine;
Leſt (as the bleſſed *Pſalmiſt* hath foretold)
The People of the *Lord*, forget it ſhould.
Yet, nor their good *Examples*, nor their *Fall*,
Nor all their *Bleſſings*, nor their *Sorrowes* all,
Have better'd thee: but, thou continu'ſt in
Their obſtinacies, and in all their ſin.
Like them thou murmur'ſt, if God, but to try thee,
Some bleſſing, for a little time deny thee.
So, thou doſt wanton it, as ſoone as e're,
In any ſuffring, he thy voice doth heare.
So, thou Gods wholſome counſell doſt deſpiſe,
To follow thine owne fooliſh *Policies*.
So, thou doſt mixe thy ſelfe with other Nations,
And, learne to practiſe their abominations.
So, on thoſe broken Reeds thou doſt rely,
Which will deceive, in thy neceſſity.
So, thou doſt ſtop thine eares (to thine owne harme)
Although the *Charmer* ne're ſo wiſely charme.
That which thy *Prophets* teach, and well adviſe;
Iuſt ſo, thou doſt neglect; juſt ſo, deſpiſe:
Yea, though from time to time, thou ſeeſt the path
Which thou doſt follow, ill ſucceſſes hath:
Though thou haſt found, that they who did foretell
Thy courſe was fooliſh, did forewarne thee well:
Though thou doſt finde, no reſt, nor peace, in that,
Which thou art yet unwiſely ayming at:

And,

And, though thy trueſt *Lovers*, ev'ry day,
Doe counſell thee, and for thy ſafety pray;
Thou runneſt headlong, ſtill, thy wilfull courſe,
And waxeſt ev'ry moment, worſe and worſe.
Thy eyes are blinded, and thou canſt not ſee;
Thy heart is hard, and will not ſoftned be.
To thy beſt Friends thou ſhewſt thy ſelfe a Foe,
As if, thou rip'ned wert, for overthrow:
And, till God pleaſe to turne thy heart againe,
All, that ſpeake truth to thee, ſhall ſpeake in vaine.
Whence doe thy troubles, and thy loſſes come,
But, from thy carnall *policies*, and from
Thine owne vaine *projects*, which thou doſt purſue,
By *courſes*, that will ſtill thy cares renew?
What gaine thy children, by their oft alliance
With *Babels* iſſue, or by their affiance,
But mungrell off-ſprings; which will ready be,
To ſtir up everlaſting ſtrifes in thee?
Though thou haſt heard, the *Midianites* doe give
Their daughters to no end, but to deceive;
And that the people who to *Moloch* pray,
Will for their *Idoll*, caſt their ſonnes away:
Though thou haſt heard what plagues enſu'd upon
The wivings of the wiſe King *Solomon*;
And knoweſt that, by God, forbid it was,
A *Bullocke* ſhould be yoaked with an *Aſſe*:
Though thou haſt ſeene that their affinities
Are ev'n, among themſelves, poore ſlender ties;
And ſuch as they doe nought at all reſpect,
Vnleſſe they ſerve their projects to effect:
Yet, in their courſe, thy Children doe proceed,
And ſow Gods *Garden* with a mixed ſeed:
Of which, unleſſe they truly doe repent,
And ſeeke, by carefull tillage to prevent,

What

What may enſue thereon (as yet they may)
Thy Land will ſuffer for't, another day.
Thy Guiltineſſe (oh! *Britaine*) makes thee feare,
And often troubled where no terrors are.
Thy faith hath fail'd thee, and thou didſt not ſee
Thoſe armies, which have round encloſed thee
For thy protection. For, had they beene heeded,
Thou no *Ægyptian* ſuccours ſhould'ſt have needed.
If thou could'ſt walke within a conſtant path,
This *Iland* ſhould not feare *Iberia's* wrath.
It ſhould be needleſſe for thee, to procure
Alliances, that cannot long endure.
Thou ſhouldſt not care (but, as they *Chriſtians* be)
What *Kings* on earth, were friends, or foes to thee.
No pow'r abroad, ſhould make thy children tremble;
Nor home-bred faction cauſe thee to diſſemble:
But, being ſafe in God, thou ſhouldſt contemne
The greateſt dangers, and get praiſe by them.
Oh! call to minde, the times now paſt away,
Thoſe, which our *Fathers*, yet, remember may;
And let thine *Elders* tell thee (for they know)
How ſtrong in Gods protection thou didſt grow.
What wanted'ſt thou, when thou wert all alone?
When thou hadſt nothing to rely upon,
But Gods meere mercy? and ſuch grace beſtowne,
That thou couldſt uſe thoſe pow'rs that were thine
When bleſt *Eliza* wore but half thy *Crown*, (owne?
And, almoſt, all the world, on her did frowne;
When *Romes* proud *Biſhop*; and, of *Chriſtendome*
The pow'rfulſt *Monarck*, did her foes become.
When ſhe had no Alliance, to make ſtrong
Her party: but, was hateſull growne, among
The neighb'ring *Princes*; for her caſting by
The yoake of *Babyloniſh* tyranny.

When

When she within her Kingdome had a swarme
Of *Hornets*, which did howrly threaten harme
Both to her State and person. VVhen their pow'r
And fury, was more likely to devoure,
Then at this present it appeares to be.
VVhen her owne Court from traytors was not free,
VVhen she had *Irish* Rebels to correct;
Oppressed *Netherlanders* to protect;
And *France* to umpire in: ev'n when all these,
And other troubles did her *State* disease:
VVhat glory, wealth, and safety hast thou got,
That she, amid those dangers, purchast not?
Religion in her dayes did still encrease;
At home she had both *plentiousnesse* and *peace*;
Abroad, she was renown'd: she did not pause
In executing of her wholesome Lawes,
Through feare of any Malecontents at home;
Or any threatnings from the Sea of *Rome*.
She triple *Gerions* forces, did contemne;
Her neighbours sought her ayd; she sought not thé.
She aw'd the *West*: she from the *Spanish* Coast
Did rend their *golden-fleeces*; and she crost
Their hopefull'st aimes. They could not undermine
Her Counsells; nor by any slye designe,
Defeat her Forces: *France* was prudent then,
And would not stir the wrath of *Englishmen*:
For, they preserv'd their honor, by preserving
Their trust in God; and constant paths observing.
Then, to affront us, did no *Dutchman* dare,
Nor, in our *Voyages* presume to share,
But, with our favour. VVe had fame by land;
Our pow'rfull *Navies* did the Seas command.
To ours, the strongest Fleets did strike their sailes;
They, that now bark; then, dar'd not wag their tailes:

Yea,

Yea, though our *Lyons* not so many were,
Our strongest Foe, to rouze them, stood in feare.
No somne of thine presumed, then, to be
So traiterous unto thy God, and thee,
As to allow a popish Liberty:
Much lesse to move, for that impiety,
In publick hearing. No man sought to sell,
For any summe, the peace of *Israel*:
No not within our *Irish* confines; tho
It somewhat urgent seem'd to have it so:
Because that peacefull pow'r thou hadst not got,
Which now thou hast: nor, then, the neighb'ring *Scot*
So firme unto thy State; nor so engaged
To tame that *Nation*, if a war it waged.
Thy *Patriots* perceiv'd, that to begin
With *Ireland*, would become the meanes to win
Great *Britaine* to the *Romish* yoake anew;
And, give the *Spaniard* courage, to pursue
His great designe upon the *British* nations.
They saw what civill broyles their *Tolerations*
Have bred in *France*. For, if within her wombe,
Rebecca could not but diseas'd become,
(Whilst she, at once, two sons did nourish there,
Which Fathers of unlike *Religions* were)
They thought, that if one *Kingdome* should admit
Two such *Conceptions*, to grow ripe in it,
They would, by daily struggling with each other,
Afflict the body of their nat'rall Mother;
And, cause an endlesse *Warfare*, untill one
Were setled in possession, all alone.
Thou didst not then, within thy *Bounds* afford
An Altar both to *Baal*, and to the *Lord*.
What thou resolv'dst, was put in execution;
Thy zeale was chill'd with no irresolution.

No

No haltings were apparant. No diſunion
Did hazard (though it troubled) thy *Communion*:
And, though thy many follies brought afflictions,
(Which, of thoſe errors, were the due corrections)
Yet, was thy faith in God, leſſe violated:
Apparant evils not ſo palliated:
Prophaneneſſe, not ſo patroniz'd, as now:
Nor didſt thou ſuch impieties allow.
But, thou art changed from what once thou wert;
Thy worſe hath ouercome thy better part.
Vpon thine owne diſtempers thou art toſt:
Thy confidence in God is almoſt loſt.
And, thence it comes, that though thou doſt abound
In many bleſſings, thou art needy found.
This makes *Tranſgreſſions* to encreaſe upon thee,
They bring new troubles, and new dangers on thee;
Theſe make thee feare; thy terror cauſes thee
Impatient of thy feared harmes to be:
Impatience makes thee ſo unfit to ſtay
Gods leaſure; that, thou runn'ſt another way,
And ſeek'ſt for helpe in thine owne *Fantaſies*,
In fleſhly *Leagues*, and humane *Policies*.
Thoſe courſes overwhelme thee with new ſins:
From them, another brood of *Plagues* begins,
Which doth not mollifie, but more obdure
Thy flinty breſt: and will at laſt procure
Thy totall overthrow; unleſſe thou climbe
The hill of hearty *Penitence*, in time.
Growne fat with eaſe, & wealth, thou haſt forſook
Thy God; and many crooked courſes tooke.
God, who did thee ſo love, and ſo eſteeme;
Who did create thee, and thy life redeeme;
Thou haſt forgotten: yea, rejected him,
And, ſought thoſe gods, thy Father did contemne.

His Counſells, and his law, thou haſt deſpiſed;
Nay, unto Devills, thou haſt ſacrificed;
And, them and thine owne luſts, preferd before
His honour, whom thou ſhouldſt have prized more.
The corne, and oile, & wine which thou enjoyedſt
As tokens of his love, thou miſ imployedſt.
The jewels he vouchſafed to adorne thee,
(For his own pleaſure) thou on thoſe th tſcorn thee
Beſtowſt againe. The beautie which he gave,
That he the more delight in thee might have,
Thou baſely p oſtituteſt unto thoſe
That are thy luſtfull *wooers*, and his *foes*.
Thy *Vines* like thoſe of *Sodom* are become,
Ev'n like thoſe plants, that are derived from
Gommorrah's Vineyard; and their Cluſters all
Are ſowre; or elſe, more bitter, far, then gall.
Thy Wine is *Dragons* poiſon: yea, thou haſt
In all thy pleaſant things, a lothſome taſt.
But, thus in groſſe, why ſhould I l nger ſpend
My time, thy wickedneſſe to reprehend?
Since thou art impudent, and haſt the face,
To make of theſe upbraidings my diſgrace?
In my next *Canto's* therefore, Ile preſer
Of thy *Tranſgreſſions* a *PERTICVLER*,
So duly urg'd; that none ſhall juſtly ſay
I utter what I ſhould not open lay:
Or that my *Verſe* doth brand thee with a crime,
Whereof their liues not witneſſe all this time.
Obſerve it; and if ought I mention here,
Not fitly ſpoken to the publike eare;
Or if, but in a word, I wrong thee ſhall;
Me to the moſt impartiall cenſure call:
Let my good purpoſes be puniſht more,
And pittied, alſo leſſe then heretofore.

Let

Let me of all thy children be reviled;
From thy moſt pleaſant *Borders* live exiled:
And never be recall'd. But, if I tell
What thy beſt Lovers ſhall approve of well.
If *Truth* I utter; and ſuch Truth as is
To be diſcloſ'd: then marke what's found amiſſe.
Amend thine errors. Let thy folly ceaſe.
Love him, that loves unfainedly thy peace.
At leaſt, deſpight him not. But, if thou doe,
Yet he will ſerve thee ſtill, and love thee too:
Thy welfare rather then his owne prefer:
And, leave this *Booke* for thy REMEMBRANCER.

The ſixth *Canto.*

The Poet *(weighing well his* Warrant*)*
Goes on with his enjoyned Arrant.
Impartially he doth relate
This Ilands *good and bad eſtate.*
What ſev'rall ſinnes in her have place;
How groſſe they are; how they encreaſe.
He alſo tells: and, then he ſhewes
That nor the Gentiles, *nor the* Iewes,
Were check'd, or plagu'd for any Crimes,
Which are not reigning in theſe times.
Next that, he boldly doth reprove
The courſe in which our Nobles *move;*
Derides their folly, blames their ſin,
And warnes what dangers we are in.
Our Gentry *then he reprehends;*
Their fooliſh humours diſcerns mends;
And (having brought them to their ſights)

Vpon the guilty Clergy *lights*;
On Lawyers *that abuse the Lawes,*
On Officers, *and on the Cause*
Of most Corruptions: Last of all
On some enormities doth fall
Which are in Court *and* City *found*;
And runs this Canto, *there, aground.*

BVt, am I well advis'd? and doe I know
From whence, & from what *Spirit* this doth flow?
Doe I remember what, and who I am,
That I this famous *Monarchy* should blame?
Am I assur'd no ill-suggesting *Spirit*
(In hatred of thine honourable merit)
Seduceth me (oh *Britaine*) that I might
Become an instrument of his despight?
Have I considered of what esteeme
Thou art? How great thy Piety doth seeme?
What glorious titles, and transcendent stiles
Thou hast obtain'd above all other *Iles*?
What attributes unto thy selfe thou givest?
What of thine owne perfections thou beleevest?
And what thy flattring *Priests* and *Prophets* say
Of thy admired happinesse this day?
Yes, yes; all this I ponder'd, and I know
What good or evill from this act may flow.
I am not ignorant, that thou hast beene
Among the neighb'ring Countries as a *Queene*,
Among her Ladies. Formes of Government,
Or Lawes, or Customs, through Earths Continent,
Are none received that more pious be,
Or more upright then those that are in thee:
Among faire *Sions* Daughters, none doth sit
More free from blemishes (then thou art yet)

In

In points of Christian Doctrine (though there are
Some, who that simpleneſſe begin to marre)
No people doth retaine a *Diſcipline*
More *Apoſtolicall*, then ſome of thine.
No *Church* that's viſible, hath kept more pure
The grounds of *Faith*, nor countenanced fewer
Of *Romes* innumerable *Superſtitions*;
Of uſeleſſe, or of burdenſome *Traditions*,
Then thou haſt lately done. I feele thou haſt
Some warmth yet left. As yet, ſo brazen-fac'd
Thou art not growne, but that thou doſt deſpiſe
Notorious Crimes, and open *Hereſies*;
Becauſe the hidden *Leaven* of thy ſin
To ſowre the Lumpe, is (yet) but new put in.
I'le doe thee right, and give thee all thy due,
Before thy follies further I purſue.
I know that thou with *patience* heretofore
(Ev'n like the Church at *Epheſus*) haſt bore
Thy Chriſtian Labours; that, thou haſt been moved
Againſt offenders; that, thou ſuch haſt proved,
Who falſely did affirme themſelves to be
Apoſtles; and, ſtrong Faith was found in thee.
Yea, thou didſt long thoſe hereſies reſiſt,
Which God abhorreth; and didſt them deteſt.
I know, that like the *Smyrnian* Congregation
Thou haſt through poverty and tribulation,
Got heav'nly Riches: neither didſt thou feare,
When they, who of the Church of *Satan* were,
Blaſphem'd the Truth, and did themſelves profeſſe
True *Iſra'lites*, when they were nothing leſſe.
I know, that when thy Lott it was to dwell
Like *Pergamus*, ev'n where the throne of *Hell*
Erected was (and in their bloody Raigne,
By whom ſo many *Martyrs* here were ſlaine)

Thou didſt not then the Faith of *Chriſt* deny,
Nor from profeſſing of his *Goſpel* flye.
I know, that *Thyatira*-like thy love,
And thy devotion did unfained prove;
And that thy piety, and righteouſneſſe,
Did (for a ſeaſon) more and more encreaſe.
I know, thy goodneſſe is not quite bereft,
But that (like *Sardis*) thou ſome *Names* haſt left
That walke with *Chriſt*, from all pollution free,
In thoſe white Garments that unſpotted be.
I know, that like the Church of *Philadelph*,
Thou haſt a little ſtrength within thy ſelfe:
Gods word, and holy Sacraments yet are
(As pledges of his love) preſerved here.
And I doe know, that, ſince thou heretofore
Didſt love the Truth; God will his Grace reſtore,
On thy repentance; and in all temptation
Become thy ſole-ſufficient preſervation;
Yea make all them, who now falſe boaſters be
Of true Religion, to ſubſcribe to thee;
Confeſſe he loves thee; and to thee hath given
That *Cities* title, that came downe from heaven.
But, much is, yet, amiſſe; and (to prevent
Thy Ruine) I adviſe thee to repent.
Remember (oh! remember thou) from whence
Thou fallen art; and ſeeke by penitence
To riſe againe. Thy former works renew;
Thy lately practis'd wickedneſſe eſchew;
What thou haſt loſt, endeavor to regaine,
Hold faſt that *Faith* which yet thou doſt retaine;
Awake, and uſe thine utmoſt pow'rs, to cheriſh
Thoſe Graces, which in thee are like to periſh.
O! doe it ſpeedily, whilſt he doth knock
That opes the doore, which no man can unlock,

And

And ſhuts, where none doth open: yea (leſt he
Come ſuddenly, and take away from thee
Thy pretious *Candleſticke*) renew thy zeale;
And unto him thy ſinne, betimes, reveale.
Marke, to the Churches, what the *Spirit* ſaith;
And purchaſe thou of *Chriſt* (by lively faith),
To make thee rich, gold tryed in the fire.
To hide thy filthy nakednesſe, deſire
The pure white rayment of his Righteouſneſſe.
Thy former ſight, that thou maiſt repoſſeſſe,
His *eye ſalve* take: The conqueſt ſtrive to get,
That of the hidden *Manna* thou maiſt eate;
And gaine the *Stone* inſcribed with a *Name*,
Which none can know, but he that weares the ſame.
For, I muſt tell thee, thou art run aſtray,
And (like a whoriſh wife) haſt caſt away
Thy old affection: thy firſt love is gone,
And other friends thy heart hath doted on.
Thou haſt not halfe that zeale, which thou haſt bore
To thy *Redeemers* honor heretofore;
That ſimpleneſſe, thou haſt not in thy workes;
But, baſe diſſembling in thine actions lurkes.
Some Doctrines alſo are in thee profeſt,
Without reproofe, which God doth much deteſt.
Thou doſt let goe unpuniſhed in thee,
Thoſe perſons that notorious ſinners be,
And impudently wicked: thou mak'ſt light
Of their miſdeeds, in verruous mens deſpight.
Thou haſt conniv'd at thoſe, who in the Land
Have with an high, and an imperious hand
(Like *Iezabel*) oppreſſed, and bereav'n
The poore mans portion, in contempt of Heav'n.
Thou haſt blaſphemers, who doe falſely ſay,
That they are *Catholiques*, (and none but they)

Yet, if they heeded what their words imply,
Their owne *Diſtinction* gives themſelves the Lye.
The *Babyloniſh* Strumpet thou (as yet)
Within thy territories doſt permit;
Who doth ſeduce Gods people, and thy Nations;
And make them drunken with her *Fornications*.
Tho haſt thoſe *Hypocrites* that make a ſhow
Of zealous hearts, when they are nothing ſo.
Thou haſt thoſe *Baalamites*, that in the way
Of weake Profeſſors, ſtumbling blocks doe lay:
And practile cunning ſleights of policy,
To bring thee backe unto *Idolatry*.
To trouble and diſtract thee, they invent
Strange queſtions, doubtfull, and impertinent.
By needleſſe provings, by their vaine confutings,
By over nice diſtinctions, and diſputings,
And by their multitudes of windy notions,
They have ſo interrupted thy devotions,
So over-whelm'd thy Faith; ſo tired out
Thy knowledge, (with ſtill running round about)
That there is left but little care in thee,
How much decayed thy *good manners* be.
Indeed, of thy loſt Vertues, there's a *Fame*
Remaining ſtill; and thou haſt yet a *Name*
To be alive; but, ſome doe greatly feare
That thou art either dead, or very neare.
Though *Laodicea* like thou proudly vaunteſt,
That rich thou art, and that thou nothing wanteſt:
Though thou art happy in thine owne eſteeme,
And doſt to thine owne ſelfe quick-ſighted ſeeme:
Yet, were thy *Iudgement* cleared, thou wouldſt finde
That thou art wretched, naked, poore, and blinde.
Thou doſt almoſt that lukewarme temper hold,
Which neither can be termed hot, nor cold.

Thy wickednesse is (well neere) growne as ripe,
As hers, that served for thy Prototype.
Nay, Gods great *Volume* mentions not a sin,
Wherewith or place, or person, taxt hath bin,
But thou hast practis'd it; and of thine owne
Hast added others, to those times unknowne.
With our first *Parents*, there are some in thee,
Who strive to eate of Gods forbidden tree;
And have upon them such an itch to know
Those things which he vouchsafeth not to show:
That, from their eyes true wisedome it hath hid,
And more endanger'd them, then *Adam* did.
Thou hast a brood of *Cainites*, that envies
Their brethrens better pleasing sacrifice;
And persecutes, and slanders, (what it may)
All those that walke not in their wicked way:
And thirst with greedinesse to shed their blood,
Who seeke their safeties, and effect their good.
There be, among thee, some just like that Race,
Who (being made the *Sonnes of God*, by Grace)
Did with mans female issue fall in love;
And these beget a mungrell brood, that prove
The *Giants* of their times; and, those, that will
The measure of the worlds misdeeds fulfill.
They (as those careless people did, on whom
An universall *Deluge* once did come)
Eate, drinke, and take their pleasure, without care,
How many or how great their follies are.
And, though a Iudgement on their head is pour'd,
They will not heed it, till they are devour'd.
As soone as any *Plague* from us is gone,
We build and plant, and in our sins run on:
Or when (with *Noah*) blessings we have had,
(In stead of being in Gods favour glad)

We doe in ſome vaine mirth bewray our folly;
In drunken feaſtings, or in games unholy.
Since out of beaſtly *Sodom* they were got,
Thy Children have among themſelves (like *Lot*)
Committed much uncleanneſſe; whence proceeds
A Race, which diſcord in thy borders breeds.
Like *Laban*, many wickedly detaine
The workmans hire; and make unlawfull gaine
From their owne Children. Some (with *Iſmael*)
Are bitter mockers; ſome (with *Eſau*) ſell
Their heav'nly Birth-rights: & for what d'yee think?
For worſe then porridge; ev'n for ſmoake and ſtinke.
We have as mighty *Hunters* (now adayes)
As *Nimrod*, and as wilfull in their wayes.
Some, of their brethren merchandizes make,
Like *Iacobs Sonnes*, and money for them take.
With *Simeon*, and with *Levi*; ſome, pretend
Religions cauſe; when for ſome other end
They doe project: and, makes of holy zeale
Doe often bloody cruelties conceale.
For wives, for wealth, and for our vaine delights,
We change *Religion*, like the *Sichemites*.
We have thoſe Iudges, who will (*Iudah*-like)
Their brother, for his fault ſeverely ſtrike;
Deride, taunt, cenſure, and without compaſſion,
To death condemne him, for the ſame tranſgreſſion
Which they are far more guilty of then he;
And, thoſe the *Plague-ſores* of this *Iland* be.
We have in either ſex, of thoſe that are
As wicked as the wife of *Potiphar*.
Ev'n thoſe, who ſo wil ſlander, and accuſe;
If any to obey their luſt refuſe.
Like *Er* and *Onan*, we have wicked heires,
Who rather would conſume themſelves, and theirs,

In

In fruitleſſe vanities, then part from ought
By which their brothers welfare might be wrought.
With *Phar'oh*, we Gods judgements do contemn,
And grow the bolder, and the worſe by them.
When he moſt plagued us, we moſt preſumed;
And ſinned moſt, when we were moſt conſumed.
Nor blood, nor frogs, nor loathſome lice, nor flyes,
Nor murraines, biles, nor botches can ſuffice
To make our Nations their bad lives reforme;
Nor Locuſts, nor the leaſe-devouring worme;
Nor horrid darkneſſe, liable to ſenſe,
Nor Haile, nor Thunders, nor the Peſtilence;
Nor bringing us to ſprings that bitter are;
Nor ſweetning thoſe things that unſav'ry were;
Nor ſtrange deliv'rances by ſea and land;
Nor Gods protecting us with his owne hand;
Nor Quailes, nor *Manna*, (bleſſings which be rare)
Nor favours which more ordinary are:
No, nor Gods dreadfull Anger, nor his Love,
Can our hard hearts unto repentance move;
But, we (*like Ægypt*) in rebellion be,
And, full as faithleſſe as the *Iewes*, are we.
Among us, we have wealthy men, who may
Whole Groves diſpend; yet on the *Sabbath* day
They'll gather ſticks. Ev'n to the Devill, ſome
With no leſſe worthy ſacrifices come,
Then ſons and daughters. For, what leſſe do they
Who them in wedlocke wickedly betray
To open *Hereticks*? Or, they that make
Their mar'ages, for wealth, and hon'ors ſake,
Without affection? And (I pray) what leſſe
Doe they, who force their children to profeſſe
Vnlawfull trades? There be among us, living,
Too many, that, ev'n whilſt the *Law* is giving,

Do: ſet up golden-calves. Such men are they,
Who in the *Church*, or on Gods *Holiday*,
Are plodding on the world; whil't they ſhould bend
Their eares to God, and on his will attend.
We have (our beſt proceedings to withſtand)
A *Iannes*, and a *Iambres* in the Land,
Who (by their ſorceries) continue ſhall
Some people of this Monarchy in thrall:
Vntill a Plague (like *Ægypts* lowſineſſe)
Shall make them God Almighties pow'r confeſſe.
Young *Nadabs* and *Abihues*, we have ſome,
That with ſtrange fires unto Gods altars come:
Their dull devotions kindled are with ſticks,
And wither'd leaves of humane Rhetoricks;
They offer up to God, their vaine *Orations*,
Compos'd of *Clinchings*, and *Adnominations*;
Which he abhorres; with all that frothy ſtuffe,
Of which this age hath more then thrice enough.
Our brethren by extortion we oppreſſe:
The ſtranger, (nay, our kin) are harbourleſſe;
And thoſe offences we have *Patrons* for,
Which many Heathen people did ablior.
With *Miriam* and with *Aaron*, we have ſuch,
Who at their brethreens due preferment grutch;
Hot ſpirits, troubleſome to civill ſtates;
Like *Corah* and his rude confederates.
Theſe argue much for pop'lar parities,
And raile upon all civill dignities;
But, when they can attaine them, none ſpeake louder
In their defence; nor are there any prouder.
We Gallants have more impudent, then e're,
Yong *Zimri*, and his *Cozbi* did appeare:
And doubtleſſe we have *Athens*, who have bidden
Some *Babyloniſh* things which are forbidden.

For

For all the Land much troubled we may ſee;
And many thinke, it ſhall not quiet be,
Till they be found. *Reveale thou their tranſgreſſions,*
O Lord! and be thou prais'd in their confeſſions.
We have, this day, amongſt us, many a *Bramble,*
That, like *Abimelech*, knowes how to ſcramble
Above their owne deſervings: and (though baſe
Vnworthy ſhrubs) durſt arrogate a place
More eminent, then dares the nobleſt Plant,
Whereof the Mountaine *Libanus* doth vaunt.
By others vertues theſe aſcend on high,
And raiſe themſelves to ſuch authority,
That our moſt noble *Cedars* are o're-topt;
Our pleaſant *Figtrees*, are be ſcratcht and dropt;
Our *Vines* are ſhadow'd, and unfruitfull made;
Our *Olives* robbed of that oile they had;
Yea, all our forreſt and our garden trees,
By their ambition, fruit, or honour, leeſe.
Thou nouriſht haſt, and fondly doted on
Thoſe cunning *Dalilahs*, who having won
Thy good reſpect, doe practiſe how to ſpye
Wherein the chiefeſt of our ſtrength doth lye;
That (having by their flatt'ries lull'd aſleepe
Thoſe watchmẽs eyes that ſhould our fortreſs keep)
They may (unheeded) ſteale our pow'r away,
And to our greateſt Foes our lives betray.
Here want not ſuch as *Michah*, who with eaſe
Can make a new *Religion* when they pleaſe;
Coine formes of worſhip proper to their *Sect*;
A private Church among themſelves erect;
Make *Prieſts* at their owne pleaſure; furniſh them
Ev'n with their owne new-fangled *Teraphim*;
And preach abroad for good Divinity,
The tumours of their windy fantaſie:

Nay

Nay, some of them far stranger things can doe;
For, they can make their *gods*, and eate them too.
There be of us, as wilfull Favourites
Of wicked men, as were the *Benjamites*;
And, rather then we will deliver them
To feele the stroke of Iustice, who contemne
The wayes of goodnesse; we will hazardize
Our peace, our fame, and our posterities.
We have those Prophets, who (with *Balam*) know
Gods pleasure, and what way they ought to goe:
And, yet, will for preferment doe their best,
That they his plaine revealed *Will* may wrest.
And though they are, perhaps, asham'd to lay
Their minds in publique, closely they'll betray
The Lords inheritance; and Scripture proofe
Inferre for all things to their owne behoofe.
If of the pop'lar faction these become,
And thinke some gaine may be atchieved from
That side; Gods word they will produce for those
That would disloyally their *King* oppose:
If by the *Prince* advantage may be had,
Then, God himselfe an instrument is made
To warrantize their claimes; and, Tyranny,
Shall proved be a lawfull *Monarchy*.
As rash as *Iephthah*, in our vowes are we;
As *Ehuds* gift, such oft our presents be.
In entertainments, some like *Iael* are;
And, in their complements may well compare
With bloody *Ioab*: for, they make their table
Become a snare: and (when most serviceable
They doe appeare) unheeded, they unsheath
Some fatall instrument, that wounds to death.
Like old indulgent *Eli*, some connive
At all the sins, in which their children live:

Nay,

Nay, glory in their lewdneſſe; and maintaine
In them thoſe follies, which they ſhould reſtraine;
Till their owne ſhame, and their undoing followes,
And their wilde brood be tamed at the Gallowes.
Nor were the ſonnes of *Eli*, heretofore
More wanton at the *Tabernacle* doore,
Then ſome young Prieſts of ours; whom to correct,
The *Fathers* of our *Church* ſo much neglect,
That if they long connive as they have done,
The glory of our *Iſr'el* will be gone.
Like thoſe *Philiſtians*, whoſe advice it was
To fixe *God's* Arke, and *Dagon*, in one place,
We have too many; and, they cannot ſee,
Why *God* and *Baal* in one, ſhould not agree.
But, when they raiſe their *Idol* in theſe Lands,
Lord, let it fall, and loſe both head and hands.
We are as curious as the *Bethſhemites*,
And long as much to ſee forbidden ſights:
Like thoſe of *Ekron*, we profeſſe to know
The trueſt God, and whence our troubles grow:
Yet, are ſo ſtupid, that we ſleight his Grace,
And, ſend him from us, to another place.
Yea, like the *Gadarens*, we for our Swine,
Would baniſh *Chriſt*, and ſleight his love divine:
With *Saul*, we doe neglect what ſhould be done;
And ſacrifice, when God requireth none.
Fat Sheepe and Oxen we prefer before
Obedience to the Lord; and follow more
Our wills then his. When God ſaith *kill*, we ſpare,
And where he bids, *be kinde*, we cruell are.
No love, no kindneſſe, no ſincerity,
No tokens of unfained piety
Can ſtay our furies, or divert our mind.
When we are once maliciouſly enclin'd.

Goliah-

Goliah like, Gods army ſome contemne;
With *Rabſhakeh*, ſome others doe blaſpheme;
Some curſe (with *Shimei*) Gods beſt beloved;
As cauſeleſly, to grieve them they are moved,
And are of gaine as greedy. For, if they
Have but an uſeleſſe *Groome* eſcap'd away,
(Or loſt a beaſt) for ſuch a petty priſe,
They will not ſtick their lives to hazardize.
VVe have thoſe *Michols*, which will ſcoffe & flout
At ſuch as are moſt zealouſly devout.
We have thoſe dog-like *Doegs* in our Courts,
That gladly heare and utter all reports,
To diſadvantage them, whoſe wayes are pure,
And cannot their impieties endure.
VVe have thoſe *Nabals*, upon whom all coſt,
All curteſies, and kindneſſes are loſt.
We have (like *Uzzah*) thoſe that dare to touch
Gods holy Arke. Nay, we have worſe then ſuch,
Ev'n thoſe that rob it; and themſelves adorne
With Iewels, from the *Sanctuary* torne.
With *David*, ſome have thought their ſins to hide;
And, their *Adulteries*, in *Murther* dy'd.
Officious knaves (like *Ziba*) we have ſome,
VVho by their *Maſters* falls, to greatneſſe come;
And (though they did men innocent betray)
VVithout reproving, they doe paſſe away.
VVe have thoſe wicked *Ammons*, who defile
Their ſiſters. And, to lay a cunning wile
For helping their companions to a drab,
VVe have more ſubtile Bauds then *Ionadab*.
Thoſe diſobedient *Abſoloms* there be
Among us here; that wiſh and ſeeke to ſee
Their Parents deaths; like him, they can conceale
Their ends, till they (by faire diſſembling) ſteale

Mens

Mens hearts away; and then abuſe them ſo,
That all ſeemes juſt and honeſt which they doe.
VVe have *Achitophels*, that are as wiſe
Againſt Gods honor, projects to deviſe,
As if the *Delphian* Oracle were ſought:
But, ſtill in their owne pit-fals they are caught.
For, he that honeſt purpoſes doth bleſſe,
Converts their wiſedome into fooliſhneſſe.
VVe have with *Solomon* (though none ſo wiſe)
Men wonne by women to Idolatries.
VVith *Ieroboam*, we have thoſe who ſtrive
A ſettled temp'rall fortune to contrive
By ruining *Religion*; and to win
An outward peace, by tolerating ſin:
Not heeding, that a greatneſſe ſo procur'd,
Hath ſeldome to a third deſcent endur'd.
To ſerve an Idoll we like him proceed,
Although Gods Meſſengers reprove the deed.
And though our arme be wither'd, for our ſin,
Our obſtinacies we continue in.
VVe want not *Rehoboams* Counſellors,
VVhoſe unexperienc'd *Policy* prefers
Harſh courſes, rather then a calme proceeding;
VVhen times are troubleſome, & dangers breeding.
VVe have (with *Ahab*) thoſe who covet ſo
Their neighbours Vineyard, that they ſullen grow,
And can nor eate, nor ſleepe, till they may plot,
How their ungodly longings may be got:
And we have *Iezabels* enough, to further
Their claimes by ſlanders, perjury, and murther.
Nor want ſuch *Elders*, and ſuch *Nobles* here,
As thoſe that Citizens with *Naboth* were.
For ſhould (as God forbid) our hopefull *King*,
Deſire to compaſſe any lawleſſe thing,

Or

Or seeke his loyall *Subjects* to bereave
Of what their *Ancestors* to them did leave:
We have of those (I doubt) that would effect it
According to their pow'r: nay, project it,
And urge him, and perswade him, that (of right)
He overthrow their lawfull freedomes might.
We have of those (I feare) that would command
A Fast (like *Iezibels*) throughout the Land,
And underneath a maske of Piety,
Proceed to practise any Villany,
Which might advance their greatnesse: and, I doubt
Some *Priests* would helpe to set the project out.
Yea, we those *Iudges*, and those *Elders* have,
That if a man his neighbours Vineyard crave,
He need not, for his purpose, name the King,
Or Letters from the royall *Signet* bring
To move the same: Nor were it necessary
That (to corrupt them) he Epistles cary
From some great Lords. For, if he can but make
The tongues of golden Angels for him speake;
Or get some one, on his behalfe to write,
That is but servant to a *Favourite*;
The deed is done: and they will feele no sense
Of others griefes, or of their owne offence.
We have such Prophets as *Zidkiah* was,
Who are no whit asham'd, in publique place,
To speake false messages; and those to smite,
That in Gods name have spoken what is right.
We have *Gehezies*; fellowes that will take
Vnlawfull bribes: ev'n those who sale doe make
Of what their *Masters* should have, gratis, done;
And force out fees, where they can challenge none.
Gehezies did I call this crew? I feare
I wrong the Leper: for his brib'ries were

But

But petty pillages, to those rich preyes,
On which some one of these his fingers layes.
He askt, and had a willing gratulation,
From one both rich, and of another Nation:
But, these extort, compel', and slily scrue
Vnjust demandings, as a lawfull due.
From friends, from strangers, from both poore & rich
Their fingers to be scraping have an itch.
For making their poore suitor, wait and pray,
(When they might have dispatcht him) he must pay.
For surly speeches, and for proud neglect,
They must be humoured with all respect.
When to their *Client*, they a wrong have done,
He must not seeme to know or think thereon;
But, faine all noble thoughts of them to have,
Or, in some other persons call them knave.
And bribe them still, in hope they may be won,
Yet, at the last, be cheated and undone.
We have among us, men as very fooles
As *Na'man* was; who thinke *Damascus* pooles
As good as *Iordan*: and (like him) at home
Some serve one God; and when to *Court* they come,
Professe another. We have those that be
As trustlesse of Gods promises, as he,
Who in *Samaria*'s gate was trodden on:
These may behold the favours which are done
To faithfull men; but, till they can beleeve,
They shall not taste what blessings those receive.
Here be like *Haz'el*, those who seeme to hate
All tyrannizing, in their low estate;
Yet, being once promoted, throw aside
All pity; and all piety deride.
Yea, that which formerly they did condemne,
(As vilifying, and debasing them,

Below

Below a Dogs condition) they allow,
VVhen to their height of greatneſſe once they grow.
(If none yet ſive) we had in former time,
Ev'n thoſe that guilty were of *Zimries* crinne.
Moſt *Officers*, like *Iehu*, doe begin
Good reformation, at firſt entring in;
Their violent *Zeale* doth ſeeme to ſay, *Come ſee,*
How juſt in our proceedings we will be.
But, oft they prove meere *Hypocrites*, who having
Acquired meanes to colour their deceiving,
Surpaſſe the worſt; and by degrees proceed,
Till they appeare the men they were indeed.
Like wicked *Haman*; ſome, unleſſe they may
Inſult and trample on poore *Mordecai*,
Are ſo diſtemper'd by their haughty minde,
That they nor pleaſure, nor contentment finde,
In honours, riches, or in any bleſſing,
VVhich they already have in their poſſeſſing:
But, will purſue, and ruine, if they can,
VVhole Kingdomes, for their malice to one Man.
As proud are we as *Nebuchadnezar*:
In feaſtings, as profuſe as *Balthazar*,
And as prophane as he. VVe ſometime ſeeke
The god of *Ekron*, *Ahaziah* like.
Like *Amaziah* (an informing Prieſt
Of *Bethel*) we have thoſe that will reſiſt
Gods *Meſſengers*; and would not heare them bring
Into the *Court* or *Chappell* of the King,
The ſound of that reproofe or puniſhment,
VVhich to pronounce among us they were ſent:
And, theſe, perhaps, when they my Arrand ſee,
VVill prove as buſie as that *Prieſt* with me.
But, if they doe (as *Amos* ſaid to him)
Although I be no Prophet, nor of them

That

That are the ſonnes of Prophets ; God doth know
He called me to this (which now I doe)
From viler actions, then from gathering fruit,
Or foll'wing herds : And I will make purſuit
Of what he bids me ; though oppos'd I ſtand,
By all the *Prieſts* and *Prelates* in the Land.
And if they contradict, what well is done
Their heads, at laſt, the ſhame ſhall light upon.
Some Courtiers now, like *Daniels* foes, there are,
That will object as things piacular,
The trueſt *Piety* ; and ſeeke to bring
Ev'n thoſe to be ſuſpected of the King,
Who ſtrive moſt loyally, to keepe his *Name*
In honor ; and his *Kingdome* without blame.
As *Iudah* had (in *Zephaniahs* times)
Her Prieſts of *Baal* ; the name of *Chemarims* ;
Thoſe, who the heav'nly army did adore ;
Thoſe alſo, who by *God*, and *Mal hom*, ſwore ;
And multitudes among them, who did weare
Fantaſtick *Habits :* So, we harbor here
Some *Shavelings* yet ; ſome *Romiſh ſuperſtitions* ;
To *Saints* we offer up ſome vaine petitions ;
Equivocating *Oathes* we often take ;
And, we our ſelves, in our apparell, make
Deformed, by a skittiſh imitation
Of ev'ry new-found guiſe, in ev'ry Nation.
I doe not think (nor have I ever thought)
That in it ſelfe it is materiall ought,
What ſhaped Robes I weare : nor do I hold
That any *Faſhion*, whether new or old,
Doth ſo much handſome or diſfigure any,
As it may ſeeme to do, perchance, to many.
It is the *Time*, or elſe their mindes, that weare
Such clothes, which make them good or bad appear.

Thoſe

Thoſe fooles who bring new faſhions firſt; and they
That haſt to follow them (and thinke it gay
And generous) are thoſe unworthy ones,
That bring ſuch folly, ſhame, and coſt upon's.
But, when thoſe *Garbes* grow generall; then, we
That firſt abhorred them, compelled be
To take them up: leſt our old clothes be thought
New faſhions from ſome forrain kingdomes brought:
Or, leſt we ſhou'd by ſome be thought to erre,
In being over nice, and ſingular.
Moſt other people, both at home, and here,
Doe in their habits, like themſelves appeare:
But, whereſoe're we come, we change our ſhapes,
And, in our geſtures, are all Nations Apes.
True gravity, we ſo are fallen from,
And, ſo abſurdly blockiſh are become;
That, ſtrangers jeere us, to behold how ſoone
We get the garbe of ev'ry fond *Baboon*.
Yea, they are proud, to ſee that we condemne
Our owne attires, by imitating them.
And I doe bluſh to thinke, that our whole Nation
Should of it ſelfe admit a tranſformation,
So ſuddenly (as oftentimes we ſee)
To imitate the guiſe of two or three.
But, ſo it is: And at this preſent tide,
Our female Gentry is ſo frenchifi'd;
That we have ſcarce a Gentlewoman now,
In clothes, more handſome bodied then a Cow.
Thoſe women who e'rewhile were goodly creatures,
Proportion having, and (me thought) ſweet features;
Doe looke as triple-bodi'd *Gerion* did,
When they in their miſ ſhapen gownes are hid:
For, either arme, in ſuch a mould is caſt,
As makes it full as fulſome as their waſte.

Their

Their necks ſtand ſneaking out, before thoſe ruffes,
Which lie behind their backs with wide mouth'd puſs
As doth a peeled Ewes, whoſe fleece unſhorne,
Was from about her neck with brambles torne.
Their flaring curles about their ſhag-ſhorne browes,
Doe, of the faireſt Lady, make a blouſe.
Thoſe demy-skarfes, they wreathe about their chaps,
(Which may be comely to ſome eyes, perhaps)
Doe make them ſeeme as Antick-like to me,
As *Hags*, that ſent to fright yong children be.
And I am ſory, that a fooliſh pride
Should make our *Beauties* their perfections hide
In ſuch a masking ſuit. And that a few
Fantaſtick women, ſo great numbers drew
To follow their new-fangles; and beſot
Their judgements, by that faſhion newly got.
For, not meane wits alone; but, of the wiſeſt;
(Nay, of the moſt religious, and preciſeſt)
There are great multitudes befool'd in this:
And, *She*, that of that *Guiſe* their *Patterne* is,
(Perhaps) derides their fickleneſſe. For ſhe
Is from their minde, and from their folly free.
Nought, but her country faſhion, ſhe hath worne:
And, that which them deformes, doth her adorne.
Yea, they have either miſſed of her dreſſe:
Or elſe ſhe gives it much more lovelineſſe,
For to my eye there is ſome excellence
Which puts t'wixt her and them much difference:
And this opinion is not mine alone:
For, ſo much hath beene ſaid by many a one.
Oh! ſhew the ſweetneſſe of your diſpoſition,
In hearing me, and granting my petition.
Lay off your ſtrange attires, that we may know
If you be Engliſhwomen, yea or no.

Your

Your monſtrous habit, each true *Britaine* lothes;
And, were your bodies formed like your clothes,
(Which, God in *Iuſtice*, may effect, perchance)
You might go ſeek your fortunes out in *France*,
From whence your new proportion hither came:
For, we ſhall never truly love the ſame.
Becauſe, if other men have thoughts like mine,
It would appeare to be ſome fatall ſigne,
To ſee our women leave their native faſhion,
And, turne themſelves into another *Nation*.
But, let theſe *Females* goe. I hope that ſhe
Who ſhall be mine (if any ſuch there be)
What ever accident or change betalls,
Will ſtill retaine her *Engliſh* naturals.
More blame then this might in this kind be laid
On women: but, unwillingly I ſaid
What here is uttred. And, if they had bin
In thoſe attires that I have ſeen them in,
I had not on this over-ſight reflected;
But, left them to be counſell'd and directed
By their neare Friends or Husbands. Yet, alas!
We have of them, whoſe levity doth paſs
The fickleneſſe of theſe: and, they alone
Are oft the cauſe, that theſe have ſo miſgone.
Nor ever did this folly more appeare,
Then now it doth; ev'n in this very yeare,
Wherein the *Peſtilence* devoured ſo:
And, as that *Plague* decreaſed, this did grow.
But, in *Tranſgreſſions*, how we parallell
The times before, I will proceed to tell.
High-prieſts have we, who ſend our ſpies to watch
The Preachers of Gods word; and pick, and catch
Advantages againſt them. Some of us
Are like the *Silver-ſmiths* at *Epheſus*,

And

And, for their private lucre will contend
Against the Truth, and Hereſies defend.
We, *Demas* like, have thoſe Apoſtataes,
Who, for the world, forſake the Chriſtian cauſe.
And, ſome there be, that with *Diotrophes*,
Affect preheminence in theſe our dayes.
Some, like the *Scribes* and *Phariſes* do rinſe
The Cup without; but, have no care to clenſe
The loathſome inſide. Some, have arrogated
Such *Holineſſe*, that they are ſeparated
From others, as a ſpotleſſe *Congregation*,
That is without all blame, or prophanation.
Some, like to thoſe, their Brethren diſreſpect:
And, lordly titles over-much affect,
As did the *Iewiſh Rabbies*. Some, as they
On others backs uneaſie burthens lay:
VVhich they themſelves, to cary do refuſe.
The *Orphane*, and the *Widow*, ſome abuſe,
By ſhewes of piety. And, we have ſome,
In tything Anniſeed, and Mint, become
Exceeding zealous: yet, have neither care
Nor conſcience, in thoſe things that waighty are.
VVe have our ſev'rall *Brotherhoods* of thoſe,
VVho ſeriouſly do Sea and Land encloſe,
(And practiſe, by a multitude of ſleights)
To win unto their *Sects* new *proſelites*:
Not out of love to Truth, or Charity,
But rather to advance their Hereſie.
VVho ever all their crotchets doth embrace,
Is inſtantly become the child of *Grace*,
(In their opinions) whatſoever he
In other points, or in his manners be.
But whoſoe're he be that ſhall deſpiſe,
One branch of any toy, which they deviſe,

Is

Is judg'd a *Reprobate*. Yea, though in all
The grounds of *Faith*, and in his works he ſhall
Appeare unblemiſhed; they will contemne
His judgement; and traduce and cenſure him.
Yea, ſome of thoſe there be who have deſcride
A tricke to know who are unſanctifide;
Though they have all the markes of holineſſe.
Nay, ſome are not aſhamed to confeſſe,
To know what perſons thoſe hid marks do beare,
Which knowne to no men but their wearers are.
Like *Ananias*, and *Saphira*, here
Are they that holy *Brethren* doe appeare,
Yet want ſincerity. And, I could tell ye
Of *multitudes*, who meerly for their belly,
Doe follow *Chriſt*. With *Herod*, we have ſuch
Who heare men gladly, till thoſe Crimes they touch
Which are their *Darlings*: But, then mad they grow,
And what they truly are, they truly ſhow.
Like *Dives*, we have thoſe that ev'ry day
Are fed with dainties; cloth'd with rich aray,
And, full as mercileſſe unto the poore,
That lye uncloth'd, and hungry at the doore.
We have a rattle-brain'd and wilfull *Crew*,
That with a purblinde zeale the *Truth* purſue:
And would be found, were not their pow'r ſo ſmall,
More bloody, and more violent then *Paul*,
Before his name was changed: for, they teare
That Robe, whereof they doe profeſſe a care.
We have thoſe *Nobles*, who with *Felix*, can
Confeſſe the innocency of a man
Accus'd before them; and, yet leave him bound,
If ought to their advantage may redound.
We have of thoſe that *parcell Chriſtians* be,
As King *Agrippa*. Otherſome have we

That

That walke for company, they care not whither;
And, some that sleight Religion altogether.
Nor want we those, that while they Christ professe,
Convert his *Graces* into wantonnesse.
We are almost as wicked as old *Rome*:
Of Heresies we are as full become,
As *Amsterdam*. Nay, many men have we,
That can of three or foure professions be,
(Ev'n all at once) although that ev'ry *Sect*
Each other doth directly contradict.
We have an *Elimas*, who doth apply
His cunning to pervert the *Deputy*:
Like *Simon Magus*, we have *Merchants* here,
That were baptized; and yet without feare,
Dare buy and sell those things that holy be;
And which, by Gods donation, should be free.
Nay, in the gall of bitternesse they lye,
More deepe then he, from whom their *Symony*
Deriveth name: for, he, in shew, repenting,
Did crave the *Churches* prayers for preventing
Of his deserving: whereas, these devise
Quaint arguments, their sin to patronize;
Or make it lesse. Else, by *equivocation*,
Or, by their tricke of *mentall reservation*,
They hide their fault: and (that the sin they doe
May grow compleat) themselves they perjure too.
There be, that *Mammon*, for their God, adore:
That make *Christs* members, members of a whore:
And stained be with those offences all,
Whereof the *Gentiles* were accus'd, by *Paul*.
We all are guilty of much fraud, debate,
Impiety, uncleanesse, envy, hate,
Backbiting, stealing, pride, maliciousnesse,
Dissembling, murther, lying, spightfulnesse,

Truce breaking, diſobedience, ignorance,
Implacability, bold arrogance,
Want of affections naturall, exceſſe,
Inhumane cruelty, ungratefulneſſe;
Blaſpheming, ſwearing; and innumerable
Tranſgreſſions more, of that ungodly rable:
And, ſome (when God Almighty poured hath
Vpon their heads the *Viols* of his wrath)
Inſtead of penitence, encreaſe the ſcore
Of their offences; and, blaſpheme the more.
Nay, that we may be partners of their guilt,
That have the blood of Gods *Anointed* ſpilt,
With *Pilate* and the *Jewes*, we have, againe,
The *Lord of Life*, both crucifi'd, and ſlaine.
Thou haſt, Oh *Britaine*, ev'ry thing miſdone,
That *Aſſhur*, *Moab*, *Ammon*, *Babylon*,
Or any Kingdome hath tranſgreſſed in,
Which unto Piety a foe hath bin.
Of whatſoever *Iſr'el* was detected,
For whatſoever *Iudah* was corrected,
Thou maiſt be taxed; for, among thy Nations
Are daily practis'd their abominations.
Their tricks thou haſt, to hinder and oppreſſe,
Thoſe men who tell thee of thy wickedneſſe.
Right ſo thou doſt debaſe; ſo ſlander them:
Right ſo, their juſt reproofes thou doſt contemne:
And, though their words are daily verifide,
Yet, thou doſt alwayes wilfully deride
Their admonitions; and, paſſe all things by,
As falling on thee but by caſualty.
I doe beleeve, and know, that, yet, in thee
Some *Obadiahs*, and ſome *Ezraes* be.
Some Courtiers, and ſome Nobles yet remaine,
Which doe their true Nobility retaine:

But,

But, moſt of them their dignity have loſt;
And can of nought but painted Scuchions boaſt.
As did of theirs, the Iewiſh *Prophet* ſay,
Thy *Princes* doe procraſtinate the day
Of thy Calamity; and will not heare,
Of that affliction which approacheth neare:
But, of *Iniquity* they climbe the ſeat;
And, by extortion make their houſes great.
Their *Palaces*, they ſeele and trim with gold,
Gods *Temples* being ruinouſly old.
On beds (more pretious then of Ivory)
They ſtretch themſelves, and live luxurioufly.
The paſture Lambes, and wainlings of the ſtall,
Suffice not them; but they make prey of all,
Which liveth in the wood, or in the field;
Or which the land, the ſea, or ayre doth yeeld.
Their luſhious wines in pretious bowles they quaffe;
While *Ioſeph* is afflicted, they doe laugh;
And ſing unto the Violl, wanton ſtraines,
While *Syon* in captivity remaines.
They have but little care of Gods commands;
They breake his yoake, and caſt away his bands.
Thy men in honour, without knowledge be,
Like beaſts that periſh; and, diſhonour thee.
Some have aſpired to their preſent heights
Of wealth and greatneſſe, by ignoble ſleights:
Of others houſes, they have got poſſeſſion,
And, furniſhed their chambers, by oppreſſion.
Their wives and children, waſte in brave attire,
The poore mans portion, and the workmans hire.
Their credits they have pawned, to maintaine
Their luxury, their pride, or gaming vaine.
And, by their *Honors* have ſo faiſly ſworne,
That men their Idoll, and their oath do ſcorne.

Some, have ſo bluſhleſſe and ſo ſhameleſſe beene,
To let their Coach, and foot-cloth horſe, be ſeene
At common Strumpets doores: their Favorites,
(And they, in whom their Nobleneſſe delights)
Are gameſters, roarers, perſons diſſolute,
And ſuch; for unto them ſuch beſt do ſute.
To bold-fac'd Rimers, Ieſters, or to thoſe
Who make their Lordſhips laugh with fooliſh proſe,
To Fencers, Fidlers, Tumblers, and to ſuch,
Who any way their ſenſuall humors touch,
Their hands are prodigall; and theſe obtaine
Rich favours to requite their idle paine.
Their tongues, to ſpeak on their behalfe are free;
When queſtion'd for the fouleſt crimes they be.
(Ev'n fellonies and murthers) but are mutes
In vertuous cauſes, and in honeſt ſuits.
When wiſe and painfull men, have ſpent their wealth,
Their ſtrength conſumed, or impair'd their health,
In profitable works; and to reveale
Such things as might advance the publike weale;
Their labours (for the moſt) are over-paſt
Without encouragement; ſometimes, diſgrac'd
By arrogant impoſtors; who ariſe
To greatneſſe, by diſcrediting the wiſe;
Or broaching ſuch good projects for their owne,
Which were by thoſe mens induſtry made knowne,
Whom they have ruined. For, what were ſome
(That now to places eminent are come)
Before they got aloft on others wings,
But poore unworthy, and ignoble things?
Nay, what (as yet) appeare they (unto thoſe
Whoſe good-experience their true value knowes)
But gilded ignorance? who having got
The ſhadowes of the ſubſtance they have not,

Doe

Doe paſſe for men of worth, in their eſteeming,
Whom they have cheated, by a cunning ſeeming.
Admit but ſome of theſe into ſuch place,
VVhich may afford them priviledge, or grace,
To ſpeak before their Prince; and you ſhall heare
Their tongues to run, as if their knowledge were
As great as *Solomons*; and that of all
The plants, ev'n from the *Hyſope* of the wall,
Vnto the *Cedar*, they could tell the nature;
And knew the qualities of ev'ry creature.
They, *Protëus* like, will any thing appeare;
A *Sea-man*, *Ship-wright*, or an *Engineere*,
Or whatſoe're they liſt: and having bought
Of ſome poore Artiſts; or (ſome worſe way) wrought
Their *projects* from them, that they may be ſhowne,
As if the quaint invention were their owne:
(And, having gotten alſo termes of *Art*,
To help them in the acting of their part)
To ſuch opinion of themſelves they riſe,
That men of ſoundeſt knowledge they deſpiſe;
Deride experience; and, ev'n to their face,
The skill of moſt approved men diſgrace.
Make theſe men *Counſellors*, and though till then
They knew not halfe ſo much as common men,
Nor had the meanes of knowing any thing,
But how to ride a horſe, or take the Ring,
Or hunt, or hawk, or caper: yet (behold
A wonder) in a moment they grow old
In State affaires; and nothing doth concerne
Or peace or war, which they have need to learne.
If any queſtion be, before theſe, made,
Of Merchandiſe; the skilfull'ſt in the trade
Are fooles to them; and tis an arrogance
To offer to inſtruct their ignorance.

If armes be treated of, there's no man knowes
By practice, that which these men can disclose
By contemplation. And though they have seene
No other warres but those at *Mile end greene*,
Or *Tuttle-fields*; great *Mars* himselfe, of these
May learne to be a *Souldier*, if he please.
If any thing concerning *Navigation*,
Be tendred to a grave consideration,
These either dare affirme, or to deny
What all the *Masters of the Trinity*
Oppose them in; and *Novices* would make
Of *Hawkings*, *Frobisher*, and famous *Drake*,
Were they now living. And, yet such as they,
The wreathes of *Honor* soonest beare away.
With empty *Names*, and *Titles*, being blowne
Above themselves, they are unweildy growne;
And greater in their pride, and in their traine,
Then their consumed fortunes will maintaine.
Which doth compell them, by unworthy wayes,
To seeke the patching up of their decayes:
And, still in their profuseneſſe they proceed,
As if their prodigality should breed
New fortunes; and, were like those wells that fill,
And grow the purer, by exhausting still.
In feasts, apparell, furniture, and things
Of such like nature, many Christian *Kings*,
To equall them shall finde it much to doe:
But, them they cannot very far outgoe,
Vnleſſe they meane to draine their fountaines dry,
With Fooles, in prodigality, to vye.
Hence comes it, that the Rents and Royalties
Of *Kings* and *Princes*, which did well suffice
In former times, to keep in comely port
An honour'd, and an hospitable *Court*,

(Yet

(Yea, and an Army if occaſion were)
Can hardly now the charge of houſhold beare.
For, they muſt either in their large expence,
Come ſhort of that profuſe magnificence
Among their *Vaſſals*: or elſe waſte away
The price of many *Lordſhips*, to defray
The coſt of one vaine ſupper; and, from this,
With other ſuch like things, growes all amiſſe.
For, one exceſſe another ſtill produces;
One Foole out-vies his fellow Fooles abuſes;
Vntill their wealth, and hopes, and reputation,
Be waſted in a witneſſe emulation:
Not heeding what is taught them in the *Fable*,
That when a *Toad* hath ſweld while he is able,
An *Oxe* is bigger, and with eaſe can ſmite
His pride to nothing, when it is at height.
This over large profuſeneſſe, they are faine
By many evill courſes to maintaine:
By bribery, by griping, by the ſale
Of *Iuſtice*, yea of *Conſcience*, and of all
That may be ſold for mony. From hence ſprings
Deceiving, and miſ-leading of good *Kings*.
This, makes their *Treaſuries* to ebbe ſo low;
This, makes their *Subjects* diſcontented grow;
This, makes the Merchant, and the Tradeſman, breake;
This, makes the arme of *Iuſtice* grow ſo weake;
By this, are *States* unjointed, by degrees;
By this, their honour and their love they leeſe;
And, that confuſion in upon them ſteales,
Which ruines *Nations*, *Kings*, and *Commonweales*.
From hence are all thoſe raſcall Suits derived,
By which the common dammage is contrived:
Hence, they (who by the publike deſolation
Would raiſe themſelves) pretend the reformation

They purpose not: and, by their faire pretences
To cure old *grievances*, breed new *offences*.
Hence comes it, that to keep themselves on hie,
They sell their country, and posterity
To slavery and bondage; caring nought,
So they have rest, how dearly it be bought.
This, makes the *Grants* of Kings become so tickle,
And *Orders*, and *Decrees* of State, so fickle,
That no man knowes when he hath ought procured,
How he, of what he hath may be assured;
For, in a righteous cause, though he proceed,
And have it ratified, and decreed,
By all Authority, that may be gained;
A sleight suggestion (without reason fained)
May frustrate make the *Royall-confirmation*,
Or keep him in an endlesse expectation,
Till he be quite undone. And, if his foes
Have wealth, (though no good reasons to oppose
His rightfull cause) he may be wheel'd about,
With *Orders*, that will fetch him in and out,
Till he be tyr'd: and, neither side is sure
Of conquest, till the other can procure
No bribe to give. Which is more wicked, far,
Then those injustices which practis'd are
In heathen Kingdomes: since, when any there,
For *Iustice*, or *Injustice* bribed are;
A man shall have his bargaine. And in this
More just they be then many a Christian is.
For, when some here are forced for their owne
To give great fines, they afterward are throwne
From their possessions, if another come
To buy *Injustice* with a larger sum.
Oh! what a madnesse is it, for one day
On earth, to foole *Eternity* away?

To

To ſell both ſoule and body for meere toyes;
And reall comforts, for deceiving joyes?
To build their houſe with morter, which will burne
The timber, and the ſtructure overturne?
Perchance before the finiſhing be done,
But (doubtleſſe) e're the third deſcent be gone?
What folly is it for a man to waſte
At one vaine triumph (which an houre doth laſt)
More then the portion, ten and ten times told
Which all his predeceſſors leave him could;
That, to his prejudice it may be knowne,
How haſtily a rich man he is growne?
What meaneth he, who doth conſume upon
One banquet, what a towne of Gariſon
Might live a yeare withall; to heare it ſpoken,
That ſo much coſt was but a certaine token
Of his corruption? And that all the ſtore
He waſts, was got by making others poore?
Or that the greatneſſe of his new gain'd glory,
Is of the common wrongs a reall ſtory?
Who praiſeth him for this? or who doth call
Him honorable, wiſe, or liberall,
For thoſe expences; but the raſcall rable
Of Coxcombs, and of Gulls, that haunt his table?
What honour is it? or what can it pleaſe,
To be the Lord of many Palaces?
To have their Cambers, and their Galleries
Ado ned with moſt precious rarities?
To feed, and cloath, and patronize a number
Of *Paraſites*, and of *Buffoones*, to cumber
Their w lks and lodgings? To have ev'ry day
Their ſervants following them in rich aray?
Rich ſtuffes, with rich embroyderies to bury,
To ride on princely charets? or to hurry

In gilt Caroches? or on pampered Steeds,
(From *Turky* fetcht, or from the *Barbary* breeds)
To prance about the ſtreets to ſhow their pride?
Or with vaine titles to be magnifi'd?
What pleaſure is all this, when they ſhall heare,
How loud the clamour ſounds in ev'ry eare,
Of their oppreſſions, frauds, and cruelties?
And how the people curſe their tyrannies?
Their ſtate, and their ambition to maintaine;
How many, oh! how many to complaine
Conſtrained are? Alas! how many a one
Have their proud followers tyranniz'd upon?
And of their ſervants, what great numbers too,
Doe theſe by thir ambitiouſneſſe undoe?
The faces of the poorer ſort they grinde;
The bread of *Orphanes* (who the while are pinde)
They feed upon. The people they have ſold
For old-worne ſhooes: on Altars they lay hold;
And, of each holy thing they make their prey,
Whereon their ſacrilegious hands they lay.
The portion of their brethren they devoure;
And, by uſurping an unlawfull pow'r,
They ſave each other harmleſſe from the lawes;
And overthrow the poore complainants cauſe.
Their neighbours, often, and their neareſt friends,
(To whom they daigne reſpect but for their ends)
Are ſo engaged to uphold their pride,
That they their fooliſh heads are faine to hide.
Some *Tradeſmen*, for their vaine credulity,
(In truſting to their *Honors*) now doe lye
Impriſon'd for their aptneſſe to beleeve:
And, what they ſuffer, or how much they grieve,
Their *Lordſhips* care not: For (except their owne)
Of all mens troubles they are ſenſeleſſe growne.

Their

Their houſes, and their lodgings, ev'ry day,
Are full of *Suitors*, who as humbly pray
For what's their owne, as if that they were ſome
Who to entreat for charity were come:
And oft are anſwer'd with ſuch harſh replyes,
For their compelled importunities,
As if it were an impudence or wrong,
To aske the debt which had beene due ſo long.
The *Baker* and the *Butcher*, ſometime ſerve
Great men with bread and fleſh untill they ſtarve
Themſelves almoſt: and, if they doubt they ſhall
Be quite undone before it ſo befall;
They oft are glad to loſe the ſumme that's due,
Through feare that for their own if they ſhould ſue,
(In ſtead of recompence) receive they might
Some evill turne, their boldneſſe to requite.
For, ſome are growne ſo baſe, that now and than
Their *Coſtermonger*, yea their *Butterman*,
And *Herbwife* is halfe begger'd and undone,
By ſuffring them upon their ſcores to run.
Oh! with what faces can theſe Tyrants ride
Along the ſtreets, in ſuch a height of pride,
As oft they doe, when they are lookt upon
By thoſe poore Tradeſmen whom they have undone?
What joy have they to ſee, or to be ſeene
In thoſe gay feathers, which have plucked beene
From others wings; whoſe nakedneſſe appeares
To cry aloud for Iuſtice, in Gods eares?
And what a *Plague* is fallen on that Land
Where ſuch as theſe have places of *command*?
Where theſe are choſe for *Statеſmen*, what protection
Is *Vertue* like to finde? what due correction
Hath *Vice* where ſuch controule? or what is he
Can looke for Iuſtice, where ſuch *Iudges* be?

Would

Would I could ſay, oh! *Britaine*, thou haſt none
Of theſe. Or eiſe might name thee ſuch a one,
As lawfully, as I might boldly do it,
For thy advantage, were I called to it.
But, that authority which I have got,
Checks faults alone, with perſons meddles not.
Thy ancient Vertues are not wholy loſt,
In all thy families. Yet, for the moſt,
As are thy *Princes*, now, thy *Gentry* be;
According to the height of their degree.
They ſpend their youth in luſt and idleneſſe;
In impudent prophaneneſſe, and exceſſe;
In fooliſh complements; in thriftleſſe games;
And in *oblivion* do interre their *Names*:
Through want of knowledge, and that reall worth
Which ſets the luſtre of true *Gentry* forth.
The *markes* of *Gentle-blood*, and that which praiſe
Did thereunto acquire, in former dayes,
Were Iuſtice, Temp'rance, Courage, Prudency,
True Courtſie, Meekneſſe, Liberality,
And ſuch as theſe. Their *Exerciſes* were
Thoſe which the mind or body might prepare
For vertuous practices: as leaping, running,
To handle Armes, to ſhoot, to ſhew their cunning
In managing great Horſe; in ſtudiouſneſſe
Of piety, and of the *Sciences*,
Which we terme liberall. But now, alas!
Thy *Gentry*, *Britaine*, is not as it was.
To be a *Gentleman*, is now, to weare
Fantaſtick habits; horrid oaths to ſweare;
To whiffe Tobacco; to be drunk, and game;
To do a villany, and boaſt the ſame.
To dare the Pox; to talk with impudence,
How oft they had it, without griefe or ſenſe,

Of

Of their misdoings; nothing to professe
Or practise, but to live in idlenesse;
To quarrell; to be insolent, and proud;
To cheat, and brag, and lye, and speak aloud
Instead of speaking reason: to presume,
Above his worth; unwisely to consume
His patrimony; fast and loose to play;
To borrow, without purposing to pay;
To spend their time in fruitlesse visitations,
In beastly and prophane communications;
In telling and in listning after newes;
In viewing idle sights, or haunting Stewes;
With such like exercises: as if they
Were made to flutter all their time away
Like *Butterflyes*; and lived, purposely,
For nothing, but to eate, and drink, and dye.
Their noblest mark, is dieting a brace
Of handsome Nags, to run a squirting *Race*.
Or keeping of a cast of *Norway* Kites,
To show them yearly halfe a dozen flights;
Or else, the feeding of a stinking pack
Of yelping Hounds; that when discourse they lack,
They may whole dayes together, prate a story,
In which some Dogs, or Hauks, or Horses glory
Is magnified; and him they count a Clowne,
That in their folly is no partner growne.
Oh! would these lines had po'wr to make thē see,
How foolish and absurd their courses be:
And that my *Muses* now could reach the straine,
Might win them nobler thoughts to entertaine.
But, mine will hardly prove such *Charmes*, I feare;
For, at the very root we rotten are;
And, where our *Maladies* their cure should have,
The dangerouſt infections we receive.

Our

Our Nurſeries of *Arts* are not ſo pure,
But that in them our bane we may procure.
Our *Inns of Court* have loſt their good repute,
By harboring of perſons diſſolute.
The Schooles of *Law* are *Sanctuaries* made
For *Out-lawes*; and where once our *Gentry* had
That nurture which enobled them; now, there
By lewd examples, which too frequent are,
Or, by too great a liberty, we gaine
A habit in all courſes that are vaine.
And moſt of thoſe, of whom the world beleeves
Moſt good (among them) are but civill theeves.
For, *Lawyers*, and ſome *Officers*, in thee,
(Which Miniſters of *Iuſtice* ſeeme to be)
Have made the *Courts* and *Offices*, whereby
We ſhould of wrongs receive a remedy;
To prove to us things more uneaſie, far,
Then thoſe, for which their juſt complainings are.
So coſtly be their wilde interpretations
Of *Lawes* and *Cuſtomes*; and ſuch variations
Are found in their opinions, that few know
When they uprightly, or in ſafety goe.
If any *Common Barreter* will pleale
By ſuits unjuſt his neighbors to diſeaſe;
The *Plea* may be maintained, though that all
His allegations prove untrue they ſhall:
Or manifeſt, by due theſſe demonſtration,
He purpoſ'd nought but wilfull moleſtation.
For, *Lawyers* will defend and plead the Cauſe,
Which to their knowledge doth oppoſe both *Lawes*
And *Conſcience* too; as if they did contemne
His threatnings that pronounced woe to them,
Who juſtifie the wicked in their ſin;
Or him gainſay which hath not faulty bin.

Ev'n

Ev'n in our *Court of Conſcience*, ſome things are
Vnconſcionable. For, if any there
Be cauſleſly complain'd on; well is he
If uncondemned in the ſuit he be.
For, this *Defendant* hath ſmall remedy,
Save that, and patience, for his injury.
His cauſleſſe troubles, and his large expence,
Hath no requitall ſave his innocence.
For, if all they that are unjuſtly grieved,
By having coſts of ſuits ſhould be relieved;
Or if the *Plaintiffe* ſhould his *Bill* averre
Vpon his oath, as ev'ry *Anſwerer*
Confirmes his Anſwer, many a brawling *Knave*
Would then be quiet, and that *Court* would have
Far leſſe employment: yea, and were it not
Their *Traverſes* did knit againe the *knot*,
Which *Anſwers upon Oath*, almoſt unty,
Suits would not halfe ſo long unended lye.
This, many *Officers* doe ſeeme to feare;
And therefore (as if *Courts* erected were
To make them rich, by nouriſhing contention;
Much rather then to compaſſe the prevention
Of wrongs and diſcord) they continue ſtill,
That courſe which brings moſt grifts unto their mil.
If I would make a *Libell*, it ſhould be
By way of *Suit*: for, I did never ſee
A ſcurrilous *Rime* or *Pamphlet*, ſo compact
Of ſlanders (nor ſo cunningly derract)
As doe their harmleſſe *Bils*, and their *Replies*,
Who ſeeke, that way, mens names to ſcandalize.
They dare pretend (as if with warranty)
Thoſe things of which no probability
Was ever ſeene. For, though they prove it not,
They know the very mention of a blot

Doth

Doth leave a ſtaine; and, that aſperſions laid
Suppoſedly, are often ſo convaid,
And ſo diſperſt; and in diſperſing, will
Such new additions gather to them ſtill;
That, at the laſt (although moſt falſe they were)
For truths, they told and heard, of many, are.
But, their *Intergatories* have a tricke
Beyond all other *Libellings*, to ſtick
An infamy on any: for, in thoſe,
Of all which they will cauſleſly ſuppoſe
Within their *Bils*; they may the queſtion move,
To whomſoever they pretend ſhall prove
What they object. And, though no proofe be brogh,
Nay, though it never came within his thought,
That is complain'd againſt; to doe or ſay
Thoſe things which they object againſt him may:
Yet, he that is examined, or he
That reads what matters queſtion'd of him be;
Sniſpects, perhaps, (although he nothing knew
Concerning them) that ev'ry thing is true
Which their Intergatories doe imply.
For, why thinks he (that meaneth honeſtly)
Should *Propoſitions* of theſe things be made,
If they no likelihood of being had?
Or who (ſuppoſeth he) hath ſo abhord
A mind, as to ſuggeſt, and on record
To leave aſperſions (of deſerving blame)
On him, that no way merited the ſame?
Yet, this is frequent: and this libelling
Much profit to their *Common wealth* doth bring,
Who gaine by others loſſes. And, there's none
On whom this miſchiefe may not fall upon.
For one example of ſuch groſſe abuſe,
My ſelfe I can, and juſtly may, produce.

For,

For, ſitting lately in a roome alone,
My owne occaſions meditating on:
Two men, who talking at the doore had bin,
(And, as appeared, knowing me within)
Made entrance, and beſought me both to heare,
(And witneſſe) what they had agreed on there.
I heard them; and, I purpoſed to do
As they required, being call'd thereto.
But, mark what follow'd. Twelve months after that
The one of theſe (not well content with what
His bargaine was; and knowing, I alone
Cou'd teſtifie what they agreed upon)
Did in this knaviſh cunning wiſe project
To make my *witneſſe* take the leſſe effect.
Forſooth, he makes me party in the cauſe;
A pitifull *complaining Bill* he drawes;
Wherein his *learned Counſell* did deviſe
Such *Combinations*, and *Conſpiracies*,
Such *Plots*, ſuch *Practices*, and ſuch large tales,
Of *Premiſes*, of *Bargainings*, of *Sales*,
And ſuch like *Heathniſh Stuffe*: and his pretence,
Was worded out with ſo much impudence;
That, ſurely, whoſoever came to ſee
That peece of *Chauncery*, ſuppoſed me
A very cheating Raſcall: or, that I
(At leaſt) was privy to ſome knavery;
Whereas he knew, who then did ſo abuſe me,
I blameleſſe was of what he did accuſe me.
Yea, then ſo farre was I from any plot,
Or purpos'd wrong; that I had quite forgot
Both *man* and *matter*: and, but for his *Bill*,
Had beene (I thinke) unmindfull of them ſtill.
A wrong like this, if any pleaſe, he may
Inflict upon me ev'ry other day,

With

With ſafe impunity. For, ſuch as he,
Intituled *Amici Curiæ* be:
And, many thouſand fees would quite be loſt,
Were they, in ſuch like ſuits, to beare the coſt.
If I ſhould here diſclose what I have ſeene,
The practice of ſome *Lawyers* to have beene;
What cunning in *conveyances* they uſe,
How ſtrangely their Profeſſion they abuſe;
And what a glory to themſelves they take,
When they an evill cauſe to thrive can make:
Or, ſhould I here character their *Delayes*,
Their *Errors*, their *Demurs*, their many wayes
Of hindring *Iuſtice*; their impertinent
And coſtly tedious *Formes*; their impudent
Extorting from their Clients double fees;
For *Motions*, which they willingly doe leeſe:
How they doe move by halfes; how they miſtake
(Of purpoſe) for themſelves, new work to make;
How oft their *Orders* have by procreation,
Made up, almoſt, the hundreth generation;
What double-tongu'd *Reports*, for double fees,
Are gotten by corrupted *Referrees*;
(Who when the truth is plaine, can coine a doubt
To bring againe the falſeſt *Cauſe* about)
How ſenſeleſſe of mens loſſes, griefes, or paine,
They are in all things which concerne their gaine;
To what expences they their *Clients* bring;
How they doe ride them in an endleſſe Ring,
And prey upon them: or, if here I ſhould
Diſcloſe as evidently as I could,
How full of wicked bribes, their cloſets be;
What brutiſh cruelties mine eyes did ſee;
How many honeſt *Cauſes* I have knowne,
For want of proſecution, overthrowne;

Becauſe

Becauſe our tedious *termes* of triall, ſtretch
Much further then the Clients purſe can reach,
How many miles poore men are forc'd to come,
For trifling ſuits, which might have end at home;
But that our higher *Courts* more ſeek encreaſe
Of their baſe profits, then of bleſſed *peace*.
Should I relate, with what ſtrange tyrannies
Some *Officers* their places exerciſe;
What partiality they ſhew; what pride:
How they inſult on men; how they deride;
How big they ſpeak; how ſcurrilous they be,
In taunting and reviling men more free
From vice, then they themſelves: Or, ſhould I tell
How little tenderneſſe doth ſeeme to dwell
Within their boſomes, when they do oppreſſe
The needy widow, and the fatherleſſe:
If all theſe things I ſhould inſiſt upon,
And ſo deſcribe them, as they might be done;
The world would know that all thoſe injuries,
For which the Law appointeth remedies,
Are oft leſſe grievous to the Common weale,
Then moſt, who moſt pretend her ſores to heale:
And that as little help from them ſhe ſees,
As when ſhe ſets her Cats to keep her Cheeſe.
For, ſome of them are truſty in their kind,
And ſo, ſome truſty *Lawyers* ſhe may find:
Yea, thoſe there be, that in theſe evill dayes,
Like *Rubies* mixt with peble, ſend forth rayes
Of Chriſtian pieties; which do declare,
That ſome remaine who yet an honor are
To that profeſſion; and all thoſe are free
From being taxt, or blamed here by me.
The reſt ſhall beare their ſhame; for, they were born
To be our plague; and they ſhall be my ſcorne:

Their

Their torments do afflict both night and day,
And there are few such torturers as they.
For, of those wrongs which we by them sustaine,
We scarcely are permitted to complaine.
Nor will this *land* better dayes behold,
So long as *Offices* are bought and sold.
Nor shall I ever think that any one,
Much cares, what right or injury be done,
That buyes or sels an *Office*; chiefly he,
Who chaffers that where seats of *Iudgement* be.
For order sake, to these my knee I bend;
Or, I to give them titles can descend,
And ev'ry outward reverence; that so
The place they beare, contemned may not grow:
Yet, nobler far he seemeth in mine eyes,
Who, by a due election, doth arise
To be but *Heardman* in some Country Borrough,
Then all those *Lordlings* who have passed thorough
The greatest *Offices*, by giving pay;
Or by some other unapproved way.
When mé were sought, that *Office* they might bear
And had it gratis: they such persons were,
Whose worth, whose vertues, and whose nobleneſſe,
Brought honor to the seats they did posſeſſe.
With faithfulneſſe, their duties they discharged;
No ancient fee unjustly was enlarged;
Or new extorted; neither did they take
The poore mans money, when he mone did make:
For, by an easie entrance they were able
(When need required) to be charitable.
Their just expences, also, to provide;
And to sustaine a comely port beside.
But, since men sought out *Offices*; and thought
Of their owne merits, better then they ought,

(Intru-

(Intruding, without modesty, to sit
Vpon that Seat, for which they were un-fit)
Since men experienced (by serving long
In some inferior places) had such wrong,
That ignorant Impostors got possession
Of what pertaines to them, by due succession:
Yea, since to sacred *Callings* men are chose
By them, that should not of such things dispose;
What can e're long expected be, unlesse
It be an overflow of Barbarousnesse?
Since each base fellow (who, perhaps, by stealth,
By fraud, or by extortion, scrapes up wealth)
May purchase, by his evill gotten pelfe,
A place of honor, to ensconce himselfe,
And fortifie his wickednesse withall;
What hope of good proceedings follow shall?
Since needy, worthlesse, base, & shameles grooms,
May scrue their persons into noble roomes,
By meanes ignoble; no man must expect
From such a *Cause*, to draw a good *Effect*;
Or, that he honor gets, who in such times
To any honorable title climbs.
He's but a theefe, that in at window comes;
The buyer sells, and sells for greater sums;
By bribery, he bribery defends,
Of unjust *Mammon* he doth make him friends,
To nourish Pride; or else to make up that,
Whereby possession of his place he gat;
Without compassion, he doth grieve, oppresse,
And rack the widow, and the fatherlesse:
All places, and all things that appertaine
To ev'ry place, he puts to sale, for gaine:
Yea, most men of each other, now, make sale:
Of their owne liberties, of lives, and all.

Great

Great *Officers* pretending to the gift
Of ſome inferiour places, make a ſhift
To ſave the giving, and, ſo dearly ſell
That their poore underlings they oft compell
To ſerve without allowance; or to raiſe
Their maintenance, by ſome unlawfull wayes:
VVhich they muſt countenance; or elſe contrive
That others at ſuch doings may connive.
VVhereby thoſe places held diſgracefull be,
VVhich, otherwiſe, from ſcandall, had bin free.
VVhy then reproach we ſuch with odious names,
Since they that are the authors of their ſhames,
(And thoſe to whom baſe termes do appertaine)
Are their great *Maſters*, who make wicked gaine
Of what ſhould freely be beſtow'd on thoſe
To whom they ought ſuch places to diſpoſe?
From them, and their corruption, doth ariſe
The multitudes of baſe enormities
That ſwarme among our petty *Officers*.
It is a ſum of mony that preſets
To ev'ry place; and that makes knaves, and ſharks,
Of *Sergeants*, *Waiters*, and of *Vnder-clarks*.
This maketh *Regiſters*, in ev'ry Court,
And other *Miniſters*, ſo much extort:
This makes them ſeek out knots, demurs, delayes,
And practiſe many unapproved wayes,
To make up that which fooliſhly they paid:
Yet, in the grave, their heads, perhaps, are laid
Ere halfe recover'd be: and oft their wives,
(VVhoſe portion bought thoſe places for their lives)
Are left, with many children, to a lot
Vnpitied; as they others pitied not.
For, many a one of theſe, although you ſee
Their wives and children in apparell be

As coſtly as a Lords (that yearly may
Diſpend as great a ſum, as theſe did pay
For their new Offices) engaged are
To Vſurers, for twice the better ſhare
Of their large Fines: and, ſometime they undoe
Themſelues, their kindred, and their neighbours too.
Hence comes it, that *Receivers*, *Bailifes*, *Reeves*,
And other ſuch, are worſe then common theeves;
And rack and pill ſo boldly; and from hence
It flowes, that few ſuppreſs their inſolence:
Ev'n from their baſe corruption, who do thrive
By ſuch mens loſſe; and not alone connive
At their miſdoings, but, oft patronize them,
And from juſt cenſures an eſcape deviſe them.
For they that elſe would Furze and Brambles burne,
Will cheriſh them, where they may ſave their corne.
Thus, *Britaine*, moſt of them have uſed thee,
Whoſe *Offices*, by purchaſe, gotten be.
Theſe, and a multitude of other crimes,
They cauſe, and act, and ſuffer in theſe times:
And are ſo inſolent in what they doe,
That they dare practiſe, and defend it too,
Without remorſe of mind, or ſeeming ſenſe
Of being guilty of the leaſt offence.
Nor come thy *Prieſts* or *Prophets* much behind
The worſt of theſe: but, paſſe them in their kind.
For, though a learned *Clergy* thou poſſeſſeſt,
And ev'ry day in knowledge much increaſeſt:
Although I do beleeve thou haſt in thee
Thoſe *Guides* whoſe wayes are from reproofe as free
As are the beſt on earth: yet, thou haſt more
That are perverted, now, then heretofore.
Of late, thou heaps of *Teachers* gotten haſt,
Reſembling empty vapours, or a blaſt

That

That breathes no comfort. What God never ment
They publish forth; and come e're they are sent.
Thy peoples hurts, they cure with sugred speech;
When there's no peace at all, of peace they preach;
Thou purblind *Watchmen* hast, and some that see,
As blindly walke, as they that blindest be.
Dumb Dogs thou hast, who spend their time in sleep;
And, some who barke, but to affright the sheepe.
Like hungry Curres, some alwayes gurmandize;
Yet nothing can their greedinesse suffice.
They follow their owne wills, and their owne waies
They hunt for their owne profit, their owne praise.
They tread the paths where common sinners walke;
Amongst themselves, they most prophanely talk;
And, at the Tavernes meet, and sit and swill
Strong drinke, and wine, untill their guts they fill.
In taking Gifts, and compassing Promotion,
They shew more zeale, and practice more Devotion
Then in their holy *Callings*. They delight
In Flatteries; and the fawningst *Parasite*
In all the Courts of *Europe*, cannot prate
More Heathnishly, nor more insinuate
Then some of them. The blessed Sacraments
And holy Word, are us'd as instruments
To compasse that, for them, which they projected;
And oft polluted are, and oft neglected.
Their sacred *Orders*, are abus'd and made
To serve them for an *Office*, or a Trade,
To be inriched by; and to that end
The preaching of the *Gospel*, they intend.
They come not by the doore into the fold;
Things holy, they have often bought and sold;
Conspiracies they make in matters fowle;
They prey vpon the body and the soule;

And

And, fat and rich, and mighty to become,
They daub and plaiſter with untemper'd lome.
With lies, and faire pretences they beguile;
And violate the Law of God, the while.
His Altars they prophane, they ſlave his flocke;
They make *Religion* but a mocking-ſtocke;
And, by examples horrible and vile,
Cauſe other men, Gods *Temples* to defile.
There is no avarice which theirs exceeds;
No malice which a miſchiefe ſooner breeds:
No pride ſo ſurly as their *Clergy-pride*,
Except among the Beggers, when they ride. (broke
They, who but few yeares paſt, would halfe have
Their kindreds, to have purchas'd them a cloake;
And in poore threed-bare Caſſocks ſought to preach
Beneath an *Vnder-Curate*; or to teach
The children of ſome *Farmers*, for their meat:
And ſeem'd ſcarce worthy ſo much grace to get,
Vntill by counterfeit humility,
(By fawning mixt with importunity,
And gilt with fained zeale) they wrought on ſome,
To bring their wandring feet into their home.
Ev'n ſome of theſe, ſo well have acted out
Their parts, of ſeeming honeſt and devout;
That (either like to *Micahs* Prieſt, by leaving
Their *Patrons*; and their hopefull truſt deceiving:
Or, ſome ſuch likely wayes) they have acquired
A higher ſtation, then they firſt deſired.
They have ſo quaintly humour'd, and ſo pleaſed
The preſent times; that, they have proudly ſeized
Supremeſt places: and, now, over-peere
Their heads, by whom, they firſt advanced were.
And very profitable, ſure it is,
To heed them, ſince their *metamorphoſis*.

For, if thou mark, how ſtately now they beare
Their lofty heads; how inſolent they are;
How pitileſſe to ſuters they become;
With what contempt poore men be rated from
Their angry preſence; what imperious *Lords*
Their *Doctorſhips* are grown; what haughty words
They thunder forth; what *Antichriſtian* ſtate
They take upon them; how extreame ingrate
And inhumane they prove (ev'n unto thoſe
By whom, they from the dunghill firſt aroſe)
Wer't well obſerv'd how ſtrangely they contemne
Their ancient friends; and twixt themſelves, & them,
What diſtances they ſet; or, to their kin
How harſh and evill natur'd they have bin;
(Except to thoſe, that having meanes to riſe
As well as they, their folly do deſpiſe.)
Wer't knowne, what ſelfe opinion they have got
Of their owne worths; how they themſelves beſot
With arrogance; how peeviſh, and unquiet
They be in their attendance, and their diet;
In ſmall or trifling matters how ſevere;
In thoſe which of the greateſt moment are,
How careleſſe growne: how envious of the grace
Or gifts beſtow'd on thoſe, in meaner place.
Were notice alſo taken, with what ſtraine
Of pride and loftineſſe, they entertaine
Their brethren of the *Clergy*, when they are
By any ſummons called to appeare
Before their *Lordſhips*; with what *Pope* like phraſe
They ſeek to terrifie, and to amaze
Their humble *Suppliants*, with what balde conceits
They vent their humors, that the crew which waits
To claw and ſooth ſuch follyes, may begin
(In ſtead of ſome applauſe) to fleere, and grin.

How

How rarely they can chide, and raile, and play,
And jeſt on thoſe, who but the other day
Did equall them in tempr'all dignities;
And are more worthy, though leſs high they riſe.
Were theſe things heeded, and ſome paſſages
Which name I could, as worthy note as theſe;
A man would hardly think, that theſe had beene
Thoſe *Prieſts*, who but a while before were ſeene
So beggerly, and ſo expos'd to ſcorne;
But, that, they had (at leaſt) beene *Prelates* borne.
None could have thought that theſe mē had bin they
Who lately did ſo bitterly invey
Againſt the pride Epiſcopall; and plained,
To ſee themſelves ſo ſleighted, and diſdained
Of their ſuperiors: no man would have thought
Theſe had bin poore mens children, who had nought
To give them nurture; or, that they, bereft
Of all their friends, were to the pariſh left.
None would beleeve, almoſt, that any ſuch
Should from ſo little, riſe to have ſo much
In ſuch a *Calling*; and ſo worthleſſe be
In their condition: for, it ſeemes to me,
They little conſcience make of that *Profeſſion*,
Whereby they have thoſe glories in poſſeſſion:
Since then (me thinks) ſo far they would not ſwerve
From his pure word, whom they pretend to ſerve.
Oh! pray that God would make thoſe *watchmen* ſee
What blots and errors in their courſes be.
And, that, by good example they may teach,
What they by word, unto the people preach:
For, by their actions, many overthrow
The growth of that, which they themſelves did ſow.
Or by their failing, or their falling from
A Chriſtan zeale; make others cold become.

And, some of these are those, of whom *Christ* sayes,
We should embrace their words, but not their wayes.
But, many a one will neither say nor doe,
What we may follow, or give heed vnto.
Yea, we have now among us many a one,
(That could have spoken well) whose voice is gone,
By growing over fat with double Cures:
And pampring up themselves like *Epicures.*
How many Doctors have we, who before
They were advanced, from conditions poore,
Were glad and willing twice each Sabbath day,
To preach, and all the publike pray'rs to say?
Yea, without any show of being weary,
The Sacraments to give; to wed, to bury,
And, often in the week, those works to do,
Which by their Calling they were bound unto?
Of those how many in these dayes are seene,
That having to promotion raised beene,
Are well nigh silenc'd, now performing neither
Of all those duties, for whole months together?
Of these, how many lately have I knowne,
So proud (or else perhaps so lazy growne)
To cast upon their hirelings all that care,
And al that pains, which they themselves should bear?
Vouchsafing not so much as once a day,
(Though they are present) *publike pray'rs* to say;
Or preach; or, of the duties to be done,
To ease their *Curate*, in performing one?
But (sitting as meere strangers, or as he
Who thought such works, for him too meane to be)
Take ease and state upon them; more I wis,
Then either needfull or beseeming is.
Indeed (when they are any way engaged
By publike studies, weak, or sick, or aged)

Some.

Sometime to eaſe themſelves, deſerves no blame:
But having no excuſe, it is their ſhame.
How unbeſeeming is it, to behold
Our *Doctors*, who nor crazy are, nor old,
Nor any way diſabled, ſave through ſloth, [both)
Or through their pride (or elſe perchance through
To leave that charge to ſome inferior one,
Which is too worthy, to be undergone
By him that's worth'eſt, in reſpect of all
Thoſe dignities, the world afford them ſhall?
Why ſhould the adding of a new *Degree*,
Or larger *meanes* (which no additions be
To their eſſentiall worth) make wiſe men ſeeme
So highly praiſed, in their owne eſteeme,
As to debaſe that worke, for whoſe meere ſake,
Gods mercy them ſo eminent did make?
For, if it were not ſo, why do they more
Neglect thoſe duties now, then heretofore?
Why, in performing them, reſpect they ſo
The *times*, and *perſons*, as we ſee they do?
At ſolemne feaſts, or in thoſe places where
Moſt honorable perſonages are,
Why do they preach more often? why baptize,
And wed, and bury, where their living lies,
The richer ſort, and let the poore alone;
If what they do, for conſcience ſake be done?
Alas! preferment, and the being rich,
Doth choak up vertues, and the mind bewitch.
The daughter ſleights the mother. For, *Devotion*
Brought forth by painfull travell, faire *Promotion*;
And lo, no ſooner is *Preferment* borne,
But, proud ſhe growes, and doth her *Mother* ſcorne.
They who did much for little; now, poſſeſſing
A great abundance, do requite the bleſſing

With doing leſſe, in ſtead of doing more ;
And, marre with pride, what paine did plant before.
The greater favours we from God receive,
The greater thankfulneſſe we ſhould conceive.
Yea, when that he advanceth us moſt high,
We ſhould expreſſe the more humility ;
And think, that ev'n the meaneſt circumſtances
Belonging to his holy *Ordinances*,
Could not with reverence enough be done,
When we have all our worthineſſe put on.
And, doubtleſſe, when to God moſt high we raiſe
Our hands, in offring up his publike praiſe,
The man (in my opinion) fitteth beſt
That work ; who ſeemes more worthy then the reſt.
And, whoſoever ſhould that act eſchew,
(Except juſt cauſe within himſelfe he knew)
I know (how high ſoe're his place hath bin)
His *Calling* is diſhonored therein :
Or, if to be aſſiſtant he doth ſhun,
When any prieſtly work is to be done,
Where he hath *Cure* : for, into others roomes,
To make intruſion, no man it becomes.
God grant thoſe men humility, and care,
Who otherwiſe, in this, affected are ;
And ſhow our *Clergie* what uncomelineſſe
Appeares in this. For, ſome herein tranſgreſſe
By other mens examples ; and indeed,
Some other men, by want of taking heed
Of what they doe ; who having weigh'd the fact,
Will never put the ſame, againe, in act.
Lord waken theſe ; and, humble thoſe, I pray,
Whom pride, or vanity, have led aſtray.
And oh ! ye houſe of *Levi*, warning take ye ;
Leſt God, for times to come, examples make ye,

As

As he that *Clergie*, your example made,
Whose monstrous pride, the age before you, had
So great a fall. Oh! minde it, and be more
Regardfull of your Charge then heretofore:
Lest they that spight the *Churches* dignities,
(And of her *Dowry* seek to make a prize)
For your ambitious pride, occasion take,
On *Gods Inheritance*, their prey to make.
So will our *Clergie*, which is yet respected,
Be scorn'd, become as poore, and as neglected,
As in those *Countries*, where their former pride
Hath made their Calling to be vilifide.
Oh! leave, oh! leave your haughtinesse betimes,
Your avarice, your envy, and those crimes,
That are observ'd among you; lest for them
God shake the wall of our *Ierusalem*.
For, heav'n and earth for me shall testifie,
That this my *Muse* in nothing doth belye
Your manners; but that you are more then stain'd,
With ev'ry fault whereof I have complain'd.
And as it was their *Priests* and *Prophets* sin
That brought the Deluge of those troubles in,
Which overwhelm'd the *Iewish Commonweale*:
So, if with us the Lord severely deale,
Your sinnes and errors will enlarge the rent,
Through which the mortall arrow shall be sent,
That deepest wounds. Oh! God defend us from
Such judgements; or, if thou be pleas'd they come,
Vpon our sinfull bodies strike the blow;
And keepe us from a spirituall overthrow.
Excuse me worthy Prelats; and all you
Whom God with large preferments doth endue,
And raise to honor, out of low degrees,
Because ingrafted in your hearts he sees

Such inward vertues, and such outward graces,
As doe become your high and holy places;
Excuse me if in ought deliver'd here,
Injurious to your worths I may appeare:
For, not a Line of these reproving straines,
To you or any one of you pertaines;
Nor need you care, if any shall apply,
These tart reproofes, to blur your *Callings* by:
Because you know, that none are this way harmed,
Who are by true and reall vertues armed.
Because you also know, that some have shamed
Your places by such crimes as I have named.
I know you will not frowne, though I did say,
That some of *Christs Disciples* would betray
Their *Master* to his foes. Since this no more
Redounds to your disgrace, then heretofore
It did to his *Apostles*, that he said
How he by one of them should be betraid.
None taxe you shall, by meanes of this, but heady
And hairebrain'd fooles, that are your foes already;
Nor would I for the world unloose my tongue,
To do the Vertuous, or your Calling wrong.
Let no man gather hence, my *Muse* envies
The *Clergie*, or the reverend *Dignities*
To them pertaining; or dislike to see
Great *Prelates* raised up from low degree;
For, them I honor most, who from a race
Of meane esteeme, have gain'd an honor'd place,
By true desert. And (might I be as able
As willing) I would make more honorable
Their holy *Callings*; and for ever close
Their greedy mouths, and bind the hands of those
Who speak, or act, what might infringe their due,
Who in those places good examples shew.

I know, among our *Bishops*, there are some,
Who make their outward honors to become
A meanes to keep *Religion*, and their *Calling*,
From being vilified, and from falling
Into contempt: of *Stiles* account they make not,
For their owne glory: to themselves they take not
Their *Lordly Attributes*; but to adorne
Their *Office*, and to keep the same from scorne.
Some such there are: and for the sakes of such
It is, that yet our *Clergie* hath so much
Of that esteeme which our forefathers left them;
And that these greedy times have not bereft them
Of those endowments, which were granted here
When *Kings* the *Churches* nursing Fathers were.
From these reproofes, let such therefore be free;
And fall the blame on those that faulty be.
But, as the *Shepherds* have deserv'd the strokes
Of Gods displeasure; so their wanton *Flocks*
The same have merited; and, blame there lyes
On all conditions, and fraternities.
I would not speake what might offend the Throne
Of *Justice*; or the *King* that sits thereon.
From all taxation let him scape as free
As he is innocent; yea let him be
Vntouched: and, let ev'ry vertuous *Peere*,
Be free from all, that shall be spoken here:
For, I will ayme at none, but whom it shall
Become an honest *Muse* to chide withall.
In this, beleeve me *Readers*. For, I pray
Forgive my bluntnesse. And I dare to say
The *Court* is fraught with bribery, with hate,
With envie, lust, ambition, and debate;
With fawnings, with fantasticke imitation,
With shamefull sloth, and base dissimulation.

True *Vertue*'s almoſt quite exiled thence,
And vice with vice, for chiefe preheminence
Maintaineth wars. The moſt profuſe Exceſſe,
And Avarice, one boſome oft poſſeſſe:
The greater part are of a Muſhroome breed,
Spring up upon a ſudden, without ſeed,
Or plant, or graft, and, often, in one day,
(Yea ſometime in a moment) ſwept away.
With lyes, they ſeeke their *Soveraigne* to delight;
And act their impudences in his ſight.
They flay the people, and their fleſh they teare
Ev'n from the bones; as doth a greedy Beare.
They cannot brook the mention of their error;
They drive out of their mindes the day of terror.
Deep pits, to hide their miſchiefes in, they make;
And think that God no heed of them will take.
They live upon the *Commons*; and yet grow
More fat, then others in encloſures do
And, that which followes their encreaſing pow'r,
Is but to be devoured, or devoure.

Their wealth conſiſts of *Projects*: their eſteeme
Is that which they to one another ſeeme.
Their *Honors* are bare *Titles*; and, that ſtate
Which they themſelves do fancy and create.
Their *Zeale* is wilfulneſſe. Their *Faith* is ſuch
As *Reaſon* breeds; and, moſt times, not ſo much.
Their *Hope* is ſomething, but I know not what:
Their *Charity* is nothing; or elſe that
Which I ſhould call *Self-love*. Their *Strength* is in
Opinion, and in ableneſſe to ſin.
Their *Wiſdome*, and their *Policy*, (if we
May gueſſe at things that undiſcerned be)
Is to reſolve on nothing: ſo, the *Foe*
Shall never compaſſe their deſignes to know.

Their

Their *Courteſie* (if men will be content
To think it may conſiſt in *Complement*)
Is wondrous great. Their *Valour* is in oaths.
Their greateſt *Glory* doth depend on cloaths;
In which they are ſo vaine, that ev'ry morne
(Almoſt) a new attire by ſome is worne,
Of ſev'rall ſtuffes or faſhions: and they dreſſe
Their bodies, with ſuch tedious curiouſneſſe,
And, ſuch a multitude of hands there are
To trim them (and their trappings to prepare)
That halfe ſo many, of good workmen, may
Erect a houſe, e're they themſelves aray.
Of *Honeſty* they ſcarce the name afford:
For, ſhould I terme one, there, an honeſt *Lord*;
It might be thought as clowniſh, ſo to do,
As it were falſe, perhaps, to call him ſo.
Gods holy *Sabbaths*, moſt among them, there,
Obſerve not much; except it be to weare
Their fineſt clothes. The *Buſ'neſſes*, that may,
And ſhould be done upon ſome other *Day*,
Are then debated on, as frequently,
As thoſe affaires which by neceſſity
Are urg'd upon them. And, all ſorts of men
(When they ſhould ſerve their God) are forced then
To wait upon the world; to whom God gave
Sixe dayes; for ev'ry one which he ſhould have.
Nor, thereby, many other mens unreſts
Occaſion they alone; but, ev'n their beaſts
Are then diſquieted; and cannot have
That right, which both Gods *Lawes*, & Natures, gave.
Sometime, they to remove, that *Day*, prepare;
Yea, then begun, ſometimes; *Removalls* are;
And in the *Court*, more *Carters*, we may ſee
Employ'd that day, then through the Kingdome be.

On

On *Sun layes* far more Coaches rumble thither,
Then doe in some three other dayes together:
And, seldome have they leisure for a *Play*,
Or *Maske*, except upon Gods *Holy-day*.
I doe not think we are obliged to
A *Iewish Sabbath*, as great numbers do:
But sure I am, from *Piety* we swarve,
Vnlesse a *Christian-one* we do observe.
And, though to them no fault it may appeare,
Who on such *Evenings* do but only heare
Or (for their honest recreation) view
The action of some *Enterlude*, or *Shew*;
Yet, needs it must be knowne, to some of these,
That to prepare for such *Performances*,
To many persons must occasions be
Of Sabbath-breaking in a high degree.
In whom this fault most lyes, as yet, my *Muse*
Descrieth not: but, sure I may excuse
The *King*: and if but halfe so forward were
Those *Clergy-men* that have his royall eare,
To cause him such enormities to see;
As they are thought in other things to be
Which lesse concerne them; he would soone forbid
Those customes; and as *Nehemiah* did,
More hallow'd make the *Sabbath*. Nay if none
Of them, whose wisdome he dependeth on,
In this have mis-inform'd him; he will prove
Our *Nehemiah*, and this fault remove,
When he hath warm'd his *Throne*: for we have hope
That all our *Breaches* he e're long shall stop.
But leaving him, I'le finish the report
Which fits the greater number in the *Court*.
Religion they have some, but many care not
If there the use or mention of it were not:

Some

Some others have divided it betweene
Our gracious *Sov'raigne*, and his royall *Queene*;
And, till in one *Religion* they agree,
They ſtand reſolv'd, that they will *Neuters* be.
Oh! make betwixt them, Lord, *a bleſſed Vnion*,
And, us partakers of thy bleſt Communion.
Our *Cities* are as wicked as the *Court*;
Of her tranſgreſſions they come nothing ſhort:
But, rather paſſe them; if a man might ſay
That *Infinites* admit exceeding may.
And, *London*, thou thy Sifters all haſt paſſed,
In all the faults, whereby they have tranſgreſſed:
To thee alone, my ſpeech I therefore bend,
And will in thine their follies reprehend.
I know that thou haſt many ſoules in thee,
Who truly zealous of Gods glory be:
Yea, thouſands that by prayers and repenting,
Doe ſeeke thy peace, and labour the preventing
Of thy perdition; and, though they indure
Scoffes, taunts, and injuries, from thy impure
And faithleſſe Children: yea, though ſuch as are
Thy ſhame, and markt Gods heavie wrath to beare,
Contemne and malice thoſe, and uſe their pow'r
Thoſe innocents to ruine and devoure:
Yet, they are thoſe who keep away Gods wrath;
And for whoſe ſakes he ſo long ſpar'd thee hath.
They make that pleaſing *Number*, who reſtraine
Thoſe flames of Sulphure, that conſum'd the plaine
Which now the Lake *Aſphaltis* overflowes.
And when (from out of thee) God calls for thoſe,
Thou feele it ſhalt; and, not unlike become
Thoſe *Aſian Churches*, which departed from
Their ancient love, and are the loathſome den
Of *Satyrs*, *Faries*, and of Beaſts uncleane.

A place for *Zim*, and *Iim*; a neſt for Owles,
Night Ravens, Vultures, and ill-boding Fowles.
And, then, in ev'ry houſe (as heretofore,
When popiſh-darkneſſe ſpred this Kingdome o're)
Men ſhall be frighted with ſtrange dreadfull noiſes;
Deformed viſions, and hobgoblin voices.
I know, *Good-works* in thee are to be found;
And that, above the reſt, thou doſt abound
In publike Charities. I know thou haſt
All *Cities*, in this *Kingdome*, over-paſt
In plentifully preaching of Gods word;
And, that thou bountifully doſt afford
Large voluntary penſions to that end.
(Yea, ſomewhat elſe I might in thee commend.)
But, if thou take a note of thy tranſgreſſions;
If thou at thy *Aſſiſes*, at thy *Seſſions*,
Or, at thy other *Courts*, obſerve, or heare,
How many horrid crimes detected are;
How many filthy and abhorred things,
God there diſcloſes, and to Iudgement brings;
And if thou think, withall, how many moe
Committed are, which few do come to know.
Or heededſt thou how few, and worthleſſe, all
Thoſe works appeare, which thou doſt *Vertues* call:
What would they ſeeme, compared to thy ſin?
Or to thoſe favours, which have heaped bin,
By God, upon thee? Doth he owe thee ought,
Or haſt thou done him ſervices for nought?
Oh! *LONDON*, hath he not advanced thee
The *Miſtris*, and the *Soveraigne* to be
Of all the *Townes*, and *Cities* of this *Ile*?
Hath he not rais'd thee many a goodly pile?
Art not thou plac'd above, and they below?
Continuing bleſſings doth he not beſtow?

And

And many priviledges, yet, deny'd
To all the *Burroughs* of the Land beſide?
Behold, thou haſt the principalleſt *Trade*,
And all their *Merchants* are thy *Chapmen* made:
Thou art the Royall *Chamber* of the King;
Whoſe reſidence doth wealth and honor bring
To magnifie thy greatneſſe. Kept in thee
His *Parliaments*, and *Courts of Iuſtice* be.
Among the famouſt *Cities* under heaven,
God hath to few a ſituation given
For pleaſure, health, and profit, well united,
To thee compar'd. Yea, God did ſeeme delighted
In thee to make his Dwelling (ev'n among
Thy Temples) by maintaining here ſo long
His *Harbengers*, and *Ledgers*, to provide
Fit manſions, for his Graces to reſide.
Thy God, to be thy *Husband*, thou haſt had;
And, wer't by him a fruitfull *Mother* made,
So plentifull in Children; that, they play
Like ſwarmes of Bees, about their hives, in *May*.
No place in *Europe*, hath been ſo ſupply'd
With ſoule and bodies food; or, fortifi'd
By Gariſons, Forts, Bulwarks, and munition,
As thou art hitherto (by Gods tuition)
Without ſuch charge or trouble. And the day
Will come, wherein, if any man ſhall ſay
What peace thou hadſt; and, in what plenty here
Thy Children lived (without want or feare)
It will not be beleeved, that a *Nation*
So bleſt, could ſuffer ſuch an alteration.
For, as (by Seas) from ev'ry other part
Of Earths vaſt circuit, thou encloſed art:
So, from the ſudden comming of invaſions,
And from the many troubles and occaſions

Of Wars and wants, which in the world, we ſee;
Divided, alſo, theſe doe ſeeme to be.
Such is thy bleſt condition; and, although
Thou haſt, about thee, of all things enough,
That may thy pleaſure, or thy need ſuffice;
Yet, all the dainties and the rarities,
The World affords, are yearely hither ſent,
From ev'ry quarter, of Earths *Continent*.
Oyles, wines, and fruits, that good & pleaſant are,
Swimme hither through the Straights of *Gibraltar*.
Cold *Norway*, (or the parts adjoyning) greets
Thy *River* with materialls for thy *Fleets*.
America doth oft renew thy ſtore
With Suger, drugs, with gold and ſilver *Ore*;
With *Ambergrecce*; with woods that ſweetly ſmell;
And other things, that pleaſe thy fancy well.
Ormus, with Pearle thy beauties doth adorne,
The Silkes of *Perſia*, in thy ſtreets are worne.
From divers parts of *Africa*, (and from
Cham's linage there) white *Ivorie* doth come;
And Apes and Feathers. *China*, where they printed,
And uſed Guns, ere we thoſe Arts invented,
(If Fryers be not lyers) doth impart
The fruits of their Inventions, and their Art,
To thy Inhabitants. Rare ſtones of price,
Sweet ſmelling gummes, and odoriferous ſpice,
Are brought unto thee many thouſand miles;
Ev'n from the Eaſterne *Indies*, and their *Iles*.
This ſhewes Gods bounty: and of his compaſſion
Thou lately hadſt, (ev'n by thy preſervation,
In thy great *Plagues* remove; and by his pitty
Vouchſafed otherwaies, unto thy *City*)
Such evidence: that all men may confeſſe
He did reſpect thee, with much tenderneſſe,

What

What should I mention more, since, to recount
Gods benefits, would doubtlesly amount
To many Volumes? and sure none is able
To number that which is innumerable?
This may suffice (for this time) to expresse
His Bounty, and thy great unthankfulnesse.
For, what hast thou returned him, for these,
And all those Blessings, which his Love doth please
To showre upon thee? What hast thou repay'd
For all the Charges which he hath defraid,
(In fencing, planting, and manuring thee)
That worthy, such a *Husbandman*, may be?
Thou hast faire-seeming *Grapes*, I must confesse,
But, they are sowre, and full of rottennesse.
Thou mak'st great shew of charitable works;
But, that hypocrisie within them lurks,
Which marrs their acceptation. Thou hast built
Some *Churches*; yet, art tainted by the guilt
Of *Sacriledge*: and, those thy gifts that cary
The piousst shewes have scarce beene voluntary.
Great numbers, in thy *Hospitalls* are fed,
And lodg'd, and cured: but, the men are dead
Who founded them; and few doe bring supply
To such good works, till they are sick, or dye.
Thou entertaines't *Preachers*, but they must
Speake pleasing things; or else away are thrust.
Thou hast of *Pastors*, some who shewes do make
Of so much Conscience, that they will forsake
Their Livings rather then it shall be said
They'le weare a Surplesse: yet, some are afraid,
That most of these, doe cunningly conceale
Much pride or avarice beneath their zeale,
And that their suff'ring of a *silencing*,
Doth much more liberty or profit bring,

Then

Then two good *Perſ'nages*: and that, thereby,
Good meaning folke are brought to beggery.
Thou haſt redeem'd ſome *Captives*; but, it was
With ſparingneſſe, and hardly brought to paſſe.
Thou planteſt *Colonies*; but, thou doſt draine
The nouriſhment away, that ſhould maintaine
And ſettle them. *God grant ſome be not glad*
To flye (for this) to them, that ſhould have had
More helpe from thee, and in farre Countries periſh,
Becauſe thoſe plants they did no better nouriſh.
Much know thy people; but (alas) they do
As if good life belong'd not thereunto.
Strict *Goſpellers* thou haſt, that can profeſſe
Religion, with much formall holineſſe:
But they, like *Zodoms* apples, prove within
As loathſome, as their outſides faire have bin.
Yea, they (againſt their brethren) oft are found
In hate, and pois'nous malice to abound.
Good *Orders*, *Lawes*, and *Cuſtomes* thou haſt many;
But, very ſeldome exerciſeſt any,
Except for private gaine; or to acquire
Some *Vengeance*, which thou doſt, perhaps deſire.
Thou haſt judiciall *Courts*, wherein I (heeding
Their Lawes) ſaw promiſes of juſt proceeding:
But, marking well their Formes, they ſeemed, rather,
Devices for thine *Officers*, to gather
Rich fortunes by; then to afford redreſſe
For thoſe, whom their oppreſſors doe oppreſſe.
Thou haſt a *Magiſtracy*, to maintaine
The peace of honeſt men; and, to reſtraine
The rage of wickedneſſe: but, loe; ev'n ſome
Of thoſe are *patrons* of *miſ-rule* become;
Diſturbing quiet men, and thriving by
Befriending ſin; elſe I have heard a lye.

Yea,

Yea, ſome are famed, to encreaſe their living,
By cunning rigour, mixed with conniving:
Deceiving honeſt people, by ſtrict ſhewes
Of puniſhing of thoſe whom they excuſe.
For when by doing Iuſtice they compell
A wicked man beyond their bounds to dwell,
(Some think) their griefe, and loſſe, it doth augment,
As much as loſing of a Tenement.
Thou haſt *Correction-houſes*; but, thou mendeſt
Not many, whom to chaſten thou pretendeſt:
For, thither they are oftner ſent to eaſe thee
Of them, or of their pilfrings, which diſeaſe thee;
Then out of Chriſtian purpoſes, to force
Such vagrant people to a better courſe:
And, therefore are thy *Suburbs* peſtred now,
With beggers; yea, for that, ſo large doth grow
The number of thy *vagrant Rogues*, and *Cheaters*,
That they begin to imitate their *betters*,
In *Government*, and *Method*: and, are growne
To have both *Lawes*, and *Language*, of their owne.
Thy *Children* yeeld ſome good conformity
To Rules and Precepts of Morality:
But, moſt obſerve good orders, to enjoy
Their owne ſtate ſafe, and to prevent annoy
That might betide themſelves; much rather, then
In true obedience unto God, or men.
Within thy *Corporation*, I likewiſe
Have notice taken of *Societies*,
Which beare a goodly ſhew of ordering
Thy ſev'rall *Trades*: and I in many a thing
Theire uſe commend: yet, ſome of them, to me,
Groſſe *Monopolies*, doe appeare to be.
Which do in ſecret, with ſome open ſhewes
Of publike good, the publike weale abuſe.

Nor

Nor would it be amiſſe, if ſome things were
More free, which by their meanes reſtrained are:
Or if the *State* would better looke unto
Thoſe injuries, which many of them do.
For, when theſe *Bodies politick* oppreſſe,
Their pow'r doth make the wrong without redreſſe:
Their purſes, and continuance, may o'rebeare
The right full'ſt cauſe (if ſo they pleaſed are)—
The friends, and oft, the very noiſe they'll make,
(Becauſe a multitude) much hold doth take
For their advantages; although the cauſe
Be both againſt good Conſcience, and the Lawes.
Nay, ſhould the *Common-wealth* her ſelfe, oppoſe
Theſe *Corporations*, for ſome wrong that flowes
From their proceedings; it would ſcarce obtaine
That pow'r which could theſe *Petty-weales* reſtraine.
For, having gaine or loſſe, accrewing by
Their *Claime*, which doth concern thé, far more nigh,
Then that, oft ſeemes to touch thoſe men, who ſtand
To take the Kingdomes gen'rall cauſe in hand,
It makes them to purſue it, more then they;
More *Patrons* to procure, more bribes to pay;
And, at the laſt, to conquer, by that courſe,
Which makes the better cauſe to ſeeme the worſe.
This brings to mind ſome wrongs that I have had,
And what account of honeſt ſuits is made,
If once a greedy fooliſh multitude
Vpon the right of any doth intrude.
But, leſt by thinking on it, mixe I may
My private harmes, with what I meant to ſay
For publike ends: here breathe I will a ſpace,
Vntill my preſent thoughts I can diſplace.
Forgive me, Lord, if I have guilty beene
In this my worke, of any private ſpleene.

My

My Musings *hallow thou; confirme thy love:*
Infuse me with thy Spirit from above,
With better things then flesh and blood discernes;
Inspire me with each Vertue *which concernes*
The finishing of what I undertake:
Make profitable all that I shall speake.
And, to thy Name *some honor let it be,*
Although it should both shame and ruine me.

The seventh *Canto.*

First, of Himselfe *he somewhat speakes:*
Then, of the Cities *errors, makes*
A larger Scrowle, *and, therewithall*
Inserts abuses generall.
He shewes (by reason of her sin)
What misery this Land *is in;*
What ill successe, and what dishonor,
Is, for her follies, come upon her,
In forraigne parts, and here at home:
How senselesse, also, she's become:
What sev'rall wayes against this Land,
God hath of late stretcht out his hand.
And, how the blame for what's amisse,
From one to th'other shifted is.
By many Symptomes, *he declares*
How sicke this Commonweale *appeares;*
Disputes the late distemper bred,
Betwixt the Body *and the* Head:
And layes the blame, where lye it should;

Yet,

Yet, therein, proves not over-bold.
Then aymes he at some imperfections
In Burgesses, *and their* Elections;
And, briefly pointeth at the way
By which our Cure *effect we may.*

WHen I (whose lawfully emboldned *Muse*
The faults and errors of her time pursues)
Have by some slips, or frailties of mine owne,
Alaid that flame, wch Gods good *Sp'rit* hath blown;
Or when such heat within me, waxeth lesse
By fainting, through a nat'rall wearinesse;
Or, by that willing, or constrained pause,
Whereof my friends, or bus'nesses, are cause:
At such a time, when I perusall make
Of these beginnings; and, strict notice take
What here is dared; I oft find, as then,
Such feares in me, as move in other men.
And, being flesh and blood, as fraile as they,
I stagger in my best approved way.
E're I thus farre proceeded, I was tyr'd,
Ev'n in this present *worke* (although inspir'd
With all that zeale thereto, which you may see
In some fore-going *Leaves*, exprest by me)
My heart was oft assail'd; and I, almost,
My best confirmed *Resolutions* lost.
Yea, twice, at least, since I this *Taske* assaid,
It hath by false suggestions beene delaid:
And, many painfull strivings are within me,
When from this *Worke*, Temptation fights to win me.
Lord! (thinks my heart) sometimes, what means my *Soule*
To make me in this desp'rate wise controule
Those careless *Times?* have I done well or no,
With nests of angry Waspes to meddle so?

Hath

Hath he, or wit, or common ſenſe, that ſtirs,
A froward Beare? or playes with teſty Curs?
Will any think me capable of *Reaſon*,
Thus bold to be at ſuch a dangerous ſeaſon?
Nay, will not all account me mad to vent
Such *Lines* as theſe? adventuring to be ſhent,
And be undone, perhaps, to no more end,
Then that whereto my Labor ſeemes to tend?
Doe I conceive the *Times*, or *Manners*, be
Amended ought, by what is ſaid by me?
Am I, that have, my ſelfe, unwiſely done,
A fitting man, to hurle this heavy ſtone
At other ſinners? what may many ſay,
But that in this I raile, or elſe doe play
The witleſſe *Furie*? It hath brought me loſſe,
(Thinke I) already; and will ſurely croſſe
The ſetling thoſe affaires of mine, which are
Nigh rip'ned, with much paine, expence, and care.
And then the world, and my neceſſities,
Begin to tempt me, by ſuch fallacies,
That I halfe yeeld. How wilt thou live, or pay
Where thou engaged art? they ſeeme to ſay.
By what, or whence, thy wants wilt thou ſupply,
If thou for this impriſoned ſhouldſt lye,
Divided from thy friends? or, on the bed
Of ſickneſſe, ſhouldſt by God be viſited?
Nay, though thou nothing wanteſt; yet thou haſt
So univerſally thy cenſure paſt,
On all offenders, (and it will ſo vexe
In private, and ſo openly perplex
Great multitudes, ſo many ſev'rall wayes)
That, it will make thee hated, all thy dayes.
Where doſt thou live, or whither canſt thou goe,
But there thou art aſſured of a foe?

The

The *City*, and the *Court*, thou haſt controld,
With *Commons*, and with *Nobles* thou art bold;
Vnconſcionable *Lawyers* here are checkt.
Thou doſt ſome faults of *Clergy-men* detect,
With ſo much evidence, that be thou ſure
Of all the miſchiefe which they can procure;
And that, not one of them thy friend will be
Who from thoſe imputations is not free.
All they that are notoriouſly, Tranſgreſſors,
All *Schiſmaticks*, and all our falſe Profeſſors
Will bitterly oppoſe thee. And no ſpight
Is like the malice of an *Hypocrite*.
In briefe (excepting thoſe that are ſincere
In life and Doctrine) no man will appeare
As thy partakers: And, what are thoſe few,
To that great Army, which will thee purſue?
If this deject me not, another thought
Is by another way upon me brought:
It whiſpers to me, that theſe *Lines* will wake
Detraction; and that ſhe revenge will take,
For interrupting and reprouing *Sinne*,
That in ſecurity would faine have bin.
Nor, is that now unpractiz'd: For, there be
A world of dogges already baiting me.
Hypocriſie, and Envy doe combine,
With guilty Malice, how to undermine
My good *Repute*, (that by a diſ-reſpect
Of me, my words may take the leſſe effect)
They compaſſe me about, they watch my wayes,
And marke my ſpeeches (as good *David* ſayes)
That if but ſparkes of error, they can ſee,
They blow them may, till flames they ſeeme to be.
Let but a fooliſh word, ſlip out among
My common talkings, (for alas! whoſe tongue

Doth

Doth never erre?) they ſtraight to cenſure take it,
And, ſuch a piece of wickedneſſe they make it;
That, ſhould on them a judgement ſo ſevere
From God be paſt (or by the world) I feare
It would ſo heavy on their perſons come;
That they would think the ſame a cruell doome.
If they but ſee me doe what they ſuppoſe
May tend to folly, (though my *Maker* knowes
The deed ſuſpected, is as far from ſin,
As that which I am beſt employed in)
They inſtantly a raſh concluſion draw;
And ſpeake their dreame, as well as what they ſaw.
They fancy in their owne corrupted thoughe,
What may at ſuch a time, or place, be wrought,
By evill minded folks: and, thereupon,
Conclude the very ſame by me was done.
Then they relate it: and though nought were ſeene
Which might indeed a likelihood have beene
Of ſuch an act; they, by themſelves deviſe
To faſhion out faire probabilities
Of what they ſpeake: and, by the Devils aid,
Acts innocent, ſometimes are ſo betray'd;
So miſ reported by the ſpight of thoſe
Whoſe wickedneſſe, perhaps, I did oppoſe:
Yea, blameleſſe circumſtances, otherwhile,
Are ſo miſtaken; and do ſo beguile
With ſhewes of proving and confirming, that
Which was conceived by prejudicate
And falſe opinion; that, it makes them bold,
To think their fained ſlander may be told,
With good beleefe: then to divulge about
Their lyes (of me) they ſearch companions out.
And as they are of ſundry minds who raiſe
Such *Scandals*; ſo, they vent them divers wayes.

If of the ſort they be, whoſe open ſin,
Hath in my *Poems* reprehended bin;
Or ſuch as they, who daily guilty be
Of doing that, wherewith they ſlander me:
Then, in deſpight, or to extenuate
Their owne offences; thus of me they prate.
This man (ſay they) that ſtrips & whips the times
And, doth ſo thunder in his rayling rymes,
(Againſt the faults of others) is no leſſe
Ingulfed in the ſinck of wickedneſſe
Then he that's worſt. His *Delilah* hath he,
And his beloved ſinnes, as well as we.
He ſuch a place frequenteth; he hath beene
Met there, and there: him, we have daily ſeene
With ſuch or ſuch a one, at ſuch a ſeaſon:
Doe ſo, and ſo; for which we know no reaſon:
Thus he is thought to be, and thus to doe:
Yea, ſome of them will impudently to,
Affirme they ſaw, what they but miſconceived;
If they doe find their ſlanders vnbeleeved.
And when they ſpeake ſuch things, they neither care
To whom, nor when, nor yet how falſe they are.
If they be ſuch who meerely out of ſpight,
Or envy, to diſparage me, delight;
(As doe ſome *Poetaſters*) they forbeare
To ſpeake downeright (becauſe they doe not dare)
And utter *Parables*. They, knaviſhly,
Their falſhoods to ſome Truths, doe cloſely ty,
To get beleefe. Things proper unto me,
They mixe with attributes that cannot be
To me apply'd, that ſo they may evade,
When queſtion of their purpoſes is made.
They ſpeake but halfe their matter out; and leave
The reſt, for thoſe that heare them to conceive

What

What they ſhall pleaſe: but, firſt diſcloſe they will
Enough to make their beſt coniectures ill.
With words ironicall, they doe revile me:
The *Valiant Poet*, they in ſcorne doe ſtile me.
The *Chronomaſtix*; and when taxt they are
That me they meant, their meanings they forſweare.
When theſe applauded *Wits*, have at the Pot
Some *Novice*, or ſome new admirer got
Of their *Strong-lines* (which warmed by the heat,
Of Sack, or Claret, they, perhaps repeat)
Twere worth your ſight, to ſee how ſoone the fire
Of *Bacchus*, their large braine pans doth inſpire,
With mimmick ſtraines: And how they ſhuffle in
Selfe-praiſes; and how groſſely they begin
Occaſions, that they may enthrall your eare
With ſome *new-peece* of theirs, which you ſhall heare
Perforce; yet heare it with ſo much adoe,
That you muſt thinke you have a fauour to.
For with as many tedious circumſtances
As doth ſome capring foole before he dances,
(Or *Singer*, which muſt tyred be with wooing,
To doe what willingly, he would be doing)
They doe begin to read, or to rehearſe
Some fragments of their new created *Verſe*,
With ſuch a *Geſture*, and in ſuch a *Tone*,
As if Great *Tamberlaine* upon his Throne,
Were utt'ring a majeſticall Oration,
To ſtrike his hearers dead with admiration.
Which oft ſo works upon their Auditory,
That, to the great aduancement of their glory,
They lade them with applauſes, and with drinke
Till they themſelves, the *Kings of Poets* thinke.
To which opinion, when once rais'd they be,
Then ſhall the *Drawer*, or the *Tapſter* ſee

Their nat'rall humor, which (if true ſome ſay)
Is better worthy ſeeing, then a *Play*.
Among the reſt, 'tis odds, but e're they goe,
The *Poets* muſt be ſummon'd in a row
To bide their drunken cenſure; which doth ſhame
Thoſe few they praiſe, much more then thoſe they blame.
Among the reſt, it chanceth, ſome *By-ſtander*
By naming me their *Catalogue* doth ſlander.
If then a man of faſhion he appeare,
Who undertakes my name to mention there,
The man (ſay theſe) *may paſſe; but, ſuch as he*
(By us) no Poets *are eſteem'd to be.*
A haz the way of making pretty Rimes,
To fit the apprehenſion of the times;
And, him for that, the multitude doth favour:
But, in his lines, there is but little ſavour
Of Reading, or Antiquity. Thus far
They go, if they perceive their hearers are
Indifferently affected. And if they
Do find them jealous of my fame, they'll ſay,
Moſt fawningly, ſometime thoſe words of me
(In way of praiſe) that I ſhould bluſh to be
Within their hearing. Yet, they'll interpoſe
Some jeſtings, now and then; or, in the *cloſe*,
Induce, by way of merriment, ſome cauſe
To bring their good opinions to a pauſe.
Affirming, that though *Drunkard* I am none,
Yet, I reputed am a *wanton-one*:
By ſome ſuch way their ſpleen they'll ſatisfie.
But, if no friend of mine appeareth by,
So freely, then, they vomit all their gall,
That they ſcarce make me any thing at all.
And ſome, who neither knew them well, nor me,
Have thought me baſer then the baſeſt be.

Some

Some others, by their malice, thought I had
Some worth in me, which them ſo envious made;
And came to know me; and when me they knew,
They told me this, which I have told to you.
Some other, ſhew at large, they wiſh my ſhame,
But to their *Libels* will not ſet their *Name*,
For feare of danger. And though ſuch can gaine
No prudent man (at firſt) to entertaine
Their fatherleſſe reports: yet, ſure they are,
The world hath Knaves and Fooles enow, to heare
The falſeſt tales; and that, when far they go,
The beſt ſuſpect, and oft beleeve them too.
There be ſome other, who (out of a light
Vaine humour) love to heare, and to recite
Mens perſonall defects (without intent
Of doing right or wrong in what they vent)
They ſpeak at randome, whatſoe're is new,
Not much regarding whether falſe or true;
And, do but ſerve to beare the tale about,
And blow the fire, which elſe would ſmother out.
There is another brood of theſe *Detractors*,
Who in traducing me, are common actors:
And, they are ſuch who cunningly conceale
Their hate and envy with a holy zeale:
They, whoſe Religion, and whoſe honeſties
Conſiſt in judging thoſe infirmities
That are in others. If theſe men eſpy
Some little *Atomes* in their brothers eye,
They ſtraight as buſily do heave at them,
As if the ſmalleſt were a mighty *Beame*.
Their lying ſuppoſitions muſt be took
For verities; or elſe they will not brook
A word you ſpeak: nay (if you do miſdoubt
Their cenſures) from the *Church* they thruſt you out.

They Charity pretend; and, though they are
Well pleas'd when they have ſomething to declare
VVhich may diſgrace another, they will ſeeme,
To have his reputation in eſteeme.
As loth to ſpeake; they'le bring it round about;
And thus (or ſome ſuch way) divulge it out.
Now verily it grieves our very hearts,
The man whom God hath bleſſed with ſuch parts,
Should walke in ſuch unſanctified wayes.
And then, they white me over with ſome prayſe
To make the ſpots the blacker which they meane
To ſpirt upon me, from their mouths uncleane.
And though thoſe Tales they build their Cenſures on
VVere firſt receiv'd from ſome ſuch wicked one
VVhom they in other matters doe diſtruſt,
Yet is their criticiſme ſo unjuſt,
That in diſgracing me, their words theyle take,
And, alſo, of themſelves, conjectures make
To juſtifie their ſcandals; that they may
The ſurer be, their ſtaines on me to lay.
Thus by the ſeeming ſanctity of thoſe,
My good intention (in theſe *Poems*) growes
More fruſtrate, then by all the rage of them,
VVho, with an open impudence, contemne
My beſt Deſignes. Theſe, ſtrike me deeper than
The wounds of twenty thouſand others can:
Yea, by their meanes the worke that I have wrought
(VVith ſuch a minde, as that it might have brought
More good repute, then many others get)
Serves but to make me ſeeme a *counterfeit*:
Yea, all my doings which are moſt upright
They judge as actions of an *Hypocrite*,
VVhich is the worſt of *Sinners*. And in this,
If they have plac't their bitter doomes amiſſe,

VVhat

VVhat finne is theirs? Or, when can greater wrong,
Be done to any, live he nev'r ſo long? (know)
Thou knowſt oh! God (for thou all hearts doſt
That though through frailty, oft aſtray I goe;
And, otherwhile may tread that doubtfull path
Of which the world a wrong opinion hath;
That neither I allow of any ſinne
VVithin my ſelfe; nor would continue in
The ſmalleſt error, if I knew the ſame.
Thou knowſt that what hath caus'd my greateſt
Among ſome Cenſurers; is that by which (blame
I am indeed, become moſt truly rich:
And that it alſo maketh me reforme
My wayes the better; and thoſe workes performe
To which thou calleſt, with farre greater eaſe.
And I am likewiſe hopefull, thou wilt pleaſe
To bleſſe my courſes. For, thou Lord haſt knowne,
(In that rough track, through which my feet have
How griev'd I am, when I miſled have been, (gone:)
Or in my actions, if ought hath beene ſeene
Offenſive unto others. Thou doſt view
My path, and with what mind I doe purſue
The way I goe. Thou knoweſt Lord, that I
Have oft reſtrain'd the Chriſtian liberty
I might have tooke; leſt many, that are weake
Might of my lawfull freedome, evill ſpeake.
Thou knoweſt this; and I am certaine to
That pleaſes thee which in thy feare, I doe.
By theſe, and ſuch like miſchiefes which I ſee
This wicked world hath power to bring on me,
I oft wax doubtfull; and ſometime I ſhrinke
Ev'n from thoſe juſt imployments, which I thinke
God calls me to. And then I halfe deſire
I might into obſcurity retire

From whence I came; and be discharged quite
From this great warfare, wherein, yet, I fight.
For, many heavy waights on me are thrown
By these engagements (to the world unknown)
Yea private combats there are fought in me,
So many, and so dangerous they be,
That oft my Hopes are almost driven from me,
And, dull *Despaire* would surely overcome me,
Were God not alwayes ready to defend me,
And, as mine faileth, his own pow'r to lend me.
But, when my selfe o'recharged I do find;
When *flesh* and *blood* begin to shrink behind;
And when I see my Foes have mustred all
Their force against me: I start up, and call
A better ayd then mine own Vertue gives me;
And, by his holy Spirit, God relieves me:
He makes me strong, in each good undertaking;
And answers all the doubts my heart is making,
In this, and all good purposes, whereby
I have been hopefull him to glorifie.
He warrants me I have no cause to feare
These *Lines* the fruits of thoughts distempred are,
Though some shall judge them such; since he whose mouth
Doth speak the words of sobernes and truth,
May seem to those, who thought judicious are,
As mad, as *Paul*, to *Festus*, did appeare.
He hath assured me, I cannot run
This honest *way*, a course to be undone.
He doth perswade me, that if I grow poore
By doing well; my wealth shall be the more.
He sayes, that if his glory I have sought,
(And for no wicked purpose closely wrought)
I shall no mischiefe, nor displeasure have;
Nor any losse, by which I shall not save.

He

He makes me certaine that my former paine,
And this endeavor, ſome effect ſhall gaine;
Although it compaſſe not that reformation,
Which I deſire to ſee in this our *Nation.*
For though their preſent evills be not ſtaid
From growing worſe, by that which I have ſaid;
It ſhall to other times a warning give,
And aggravate their faults who now do live;
If, having ſuch a plaine *Remembrancer*,
Their (called for) Repentance they defer.
He bids me know, that though I am not *Sainted*,
So much, as of all ſin to live untainted,
Yet, to oppoſe each *Vice*, as I am able,
(In word and deed) it will be warrantable;
And, that, to ſtrike at *Sin*, t'will all become,
Though *Perſons* may be touched but of ſome.
He tells me, that (although the world ſhall pleaſe
To terme it railing, when ſuch *Meſſages*
Are utt'red forth) it cannot bring me ſhame,
To call groſſe *Sinners* by their proper name;
And, that Gods bleſſed *Saints* have done as much,
Who did the fol'ies of their ages touch.
He wills me that on him I ſhould depend;
And, not diſtruſt that while he me doth ſend
About his buſ'neſſe, he will ſuffer mine
To be unproſperous, or my ſoule to pine.
Since unto him that for his glory ſtrives,
The promiſe of all needfull things he gives.
He ſtrengthens me, and gives me ſatisfaction
Againſt all envie, malice, or detraction:
Sayes, that a guiltleſſe conſcience needs not care
How bitter or foule-mouthed others are:
Perſwades me, that if my repute be needfull
To honor him; he will, himſelfe, be heedfull

To keepe it faire: Elſe, glorifie his *Name*
The more, perhaps, by bringing me to ſhame.
And, ſo the Name of God I glorifie,
I pleaſed am, though I have infamy.
By theſe, and many other ſuch like things
Which God (I truſt) to my remembrance brings,
My fainting ſoule is cheered, when ſhe droupes,
Theſe, raiſe againe my courage when it ſtoupes:
And though illuſions theſe appeare, to ſome,
Yet, to approve of them a time will come;
And I, when that Day of tryall, on ſhall draw,
(Which I attend for, both with joy and awe)
It ſhall be knowne, whoſe heart was moſt upright,
Or mine, or theirs, that in my harme delight:
For, then their *Iuſtice* which a vaile yet weares,
Will ſhine like *Phœbus* when no Cloud appeares.
Thereof (juſt now) I have an earneſt given:
Theſe *Muſings* drew it (for me) downe frō heaven:
I feele them warme my heart, and fetch againe
My chilled blood, to run in ev'ry veine.
They rouze my ſpirits, and my drouping ſoule
They ſo revive, that now I could controll
An hoaſt of *Kings*. For, now (juſt now) the glowing,
Of their kind heat, I find more ſtrongly growing:
Juſt now I feele in me their operation,
To urge me forward to the conſummation
Of what my former *Canto's* have begun:
And, God aſſiſting, that ſhall now be done.
To thee oh *London*, I directed laſt
My juſt reproofe; And I will backward caſt
An eye on thee againe: For, off I brake
My ſpeech before my mind I fully ſpake.
I have not vented yet, what I could ſay
Of many ſinnes abounding at this day;

As

As, thy intemp'rancy, and thy exceſſe
In food and rayment, thy looſe drunkenneſſe;
Thy multitudes of beggers, which encreaſe
For want of orders, in thy Times of peace.
Thy Sloth, Luſt, Avarice, and all that rabble
Of vices, and of things abominable
Which in each corner of thy ſtreets appeare,
As if they juſtly tollerated were.
I toucht not thy corrupted *Officers*,
I have not mentioned thy *Senators*,
Nor have I ſhowne as yet what ſcandall growes
To thee, and unto thine, by ſome of thoſe;
How partiall, nor how ignorant they be,
How prejudiciall many times to thee,
And to thy publike weale, for private gaine;
How cowardly thy *Cuſtomes* they maintaine,
How readily thy Freedomes they betray
(If their promotions, it ought further may,
Or ſpare their purſes) This, I have not ſhowne,
For, what belongs thereto, is better knowne
To others then to me. Yet, much hath beene
Of them reported; and I much have ſeene
Of their condition, which deſerveth blame.
Nor doe I greatly wonder at the ſame;
But I, much rather marvell that in thee
So many prudent *Senators* there be;
Since, very few of all thy double dozen
For Courage, wit or honeſty are choſen.
Wealth makes an *Alderman* (however got)
If he be pleaſed to accept the Lot.
In hope to gaine his *Fine*, thou wilt adventer
To let the moſt ignoble fellow enter
That is but rich; and worthy men forgoe,
Who to thy Governments, might honor doe.

Then

Thou ſeldome careſt how he did become
So rich, if he but harrow up the ſum
That makes him capable of ſuch a place;
Nor heedeſt thou, a jot, how baſe he was.
No honeſt *Occupations* I contemne,
Nor their profeſſors; but I honor them,
Though of the loweſt order; if I find
They have not loſt the vertues of the mind,
In thoſe meane Callings; and, have ſought as much
In knowledge, as in mony, to be rich:
Yea, thoſe (when from poore fortunes they aſcend,
To wealth) to honor alſo I commend.
But, is it poſſible, that man whoſe minde
To ſerve his *Mammon* only, was enclin'd;
Or is it poſſible, the man that had
By birth and breeding, nothing but a trade
To get experience by; (and, that perchance
Some handicraft, which furthers ignorance
In uſefull knowledge) or, that they who ſcrape
And ſcratch together an unweildy heape
Of needleſſe riches, by penurious fare;
By ſparingneſſe, in what they ſhould not ſpare:
Or, which is worſe, by cruelleſt extortion;
By robbing others of their lawfull portion,
By rapine, guile, and ſuch impieties;
Is't poſſible (I ſay) when theſe men riſe
To weare thy skarlet-Robe; that they will be
Or honor, or advantage unto thee?
If thoſe black *Æthiops*, if thoſe *Leopards*, change
Their ſpots, or colour, I ſhall think it ſtrange:
If ever they regard what weights be throwne
Vpon thy back, ſo they may eaſe their owne:
Or for thine honor ſtand (who have no ſenſe
Of any thing, but *ſaving*, and *expence*)

I shall beleve that Wolves will tend our Sheep,
And greedy Kites, young Chickens harmlesse keep.
I might have mention made of that report
Which is divulged of thy *Orphanes court*:
Of those perpetuall *Iurors*, which for pay
Attend judiciall trials day by day:
Of those *Ingrossers* who thy trades abuse;
Of those who make thy *Freedomes* and thy *Dues*
A dammage to thee: and of other some,
Who other wayes injurious are become,
I might have spoke; and would; but that I heare
They do already sound in ev'ry eare.
Truth is, the spreading leprosie of sin,
Into thy very wals have eaten in,
And will not thence be scraped out (I feare)
As long as there be stones, or morter there.
Thy *Vineyard* brings not forth wilde grapes alone,
In lieu of all thy God bestow'd thereon;
But, also, of it selfe prevents his curse,
And hath produced what is ten times worse:
Thornes, bryers, nettles, hemlock, and such weeds
As choke all pleasant plants, and fruitfull seeds.
No place, no person, calling, nor degree,
Nor sex, nor age, is from corruption free.
Within thy Chambers lodgeth *Wantonnesse*;
Vpon thy *Boards* is heaped all excesse:
With vomitings, they oft o'reflowed are;
And, from uncleannesses no *Roome* is cleare.
Thy *Hals* are daily filled with a rable
That stand and sweare about a Shove-groat table.
Within thy *Parlours*, I can little see,
But visiting of *Mistris-idle-be*.
Within thy *Wardrobes*, *Pride* layes up her store;
Vpon thy *Couches*, *Sloth* doth lye and snore.

Within

Within thy *Pleading-Courts*, are ſhameles railings,
And, of upright proceeding, many failings.
Thy *Churches* (be it ſpoke without offence)
Are full of rudeneſſe, and irreverence.
Thou uſeſt in thy *Shops* falſe weights and lying;
Vnpitied at thy *Dores*, the poore are crying.
Within thy *Cloſets*, miſchiefes are invented;
Thy *Theaters* are uſually frequented
With perſons diſſolute: diſparag'd are
Sometimes, the moſt deſerving actions, there.
There, ſee you may, uncomely preſentations,
And often heare unchriſtian prophanations.
Yea, ev'ry corner, ev'ry ſtreet, and path
An overflow of ſinne, and folly hath.
Among thy *Feaſts*, are ſurfettings uncleane;
Vaine curioſities, and ſongs obſceane.
Thy *Merry-meetings* the procurers be
Of moſt diſorders that are found in thee:
There, lawleſſe games are uſed; there, are broched
Vile ſlanders; and, good men are there reproched.
There, they that are not good, are oft made worſe
By lewd examples, or prophane diſcourſe.
And, few contentions have occaſion'd bin,
But, at ſuch meetings, they did firſt begin.
Thy *Aged-folke* are froward, avaritious,
Selfe willed, and imprudently ambitious.
The *yonger ſort*, are headſtrong, raſh, and haughty,
Thy *Children* are forgetfull of their duty.
The men imperiouſly their power abuſe,
And counſell from their helpers doe refuſe.
Thy *women*, too much dote on vaine attires,
And are inconſtant in their owne deſires.
The *Magiſtrates* doe bad examples give,
And, as men borne but for themſelves they live.

Of

Of persons, they retaine too much respect:
Their places, for their credits, they affect
(Or for their gaine) but not for conscience sake:
Inferior *Officers*, doe also take
The selfe-same courses: and (in what they doe)
Are partiall, cruell, and unfaithfull to.
Few single-persons live in chastity;
In *Mariage*, there is much disloyalty.
Perpetuall suites, and quarrels I doe see
Among those Neighbours, that should loving be:
No malice is like that which I have knowne,
Twixt Brothers, when dissention hath beene sowne.
Their practices, who friendship doe professe
(In my opinion) promise nothing lesse:
For, all their formall kindnesse, oft is spent
In visitings, and fruitlesse complement.
And, all they seeke (for ought that I perceive)
Is, how they one another may deceive
In friendly Termes; Or, how to doe as they
Who act the parts of friendship in a *Play*.
Thy Richmen, doe Idolatry commit
With *Mammon*, and Gods benefits forget.
Among the poore are many wicked things;
Impaciency, ungodly murmurings,
Theft, scolding, fightings, cursings, taleing, lies;
And, though they live by others charities,
No people will pursue each other so
With malice and despight as they will doe.
At Doores and windowes, *Strumpets* impudent
Doe sit; and wanton gestures there invent
To woo, by their alluring provocations,
Vaine men to drinke their Cup of Fornications.
Thy *Suburbs*, are the Coverts, and the den
Wherein are thicked many beasts uncleane.

Thy

Thy *Tavernes*, are the places where moſt ſoule
And hainous things are done, without controule:
There, drink they *healths*, till *health* is drunk away;
And, nought aſhamed are to let the day
Be witneſſe of their drunken vomitings,
Brawles, reelings, ravings, and ſuch brutiſh things:
Nay, to conſume the day in drunkenneſſe,
And all the night, is nothing now, unleſſe
The Hoboyes, Cornets, Drum and Trumpet ſound,
To tell the neighbours how the healths go round.
And when, according to their heathniſh faſhions,
They offer up their devilliſh *Drink-oblations*,
What do they better then Idolatries,
And Feſtivals, to *Bacchus* ſolemnize?
In thee (beſide thy proper faults) are found
Thoſe alſo which are common, and abound
Throughout thy *Kingdomes*. And ev'n thou, and they
Have beene companions in one evill way.
We all, as in one Teeme, have drawne on ſin;
Gods promiſes and threatnings mockt have bin;
The iuſt-mans righteouſneſſe we have bely'd;
And, ſinners, in their ſins, have juſtifi'd.
Of *Good* and *Evill*, we exchange the name;
And, that, which to remember, is our ſhame,
Or ſhould with griefe repented be; ev'n that
We tell with laughter; and make jeſts thereat.
Gods Iudgements work not on us; we are ſcourged,
And yet, unto amendment are not urged.
We break the *Sabbath-dayes*, and we deſpiſe
The *Churches* pow'r, and her *Solemnities*.
Her *Holy-times* to us are wearieſome;
And in our hearts, we wiſh the morrow come,
That we might freely buy and ſell againe.
Thoſe Meſſengers we ſooneſt entertaine,

That

That of ſtrong drink, and wine, do propheſie;
And, *Truth* is not ſo welcome as a *Lye*.
We ſooth our neighbours in their ſinfulneſſe:
And (that their ſecrets, and their nakedneſſe
We may diſcover) we the wine beſtow;
Then, work upon then to their overthrow.
Vpon our luſts, the preciouſt things we ſpend;
And unto God the *Lame* and *Blind* we ſend.
We rob him of his Tythes, and his Oblations,
Our publike *Faſts*, are publike prophanations:
For, ev'n our pray'rs, our faſts, our almes, and all,
Are oft for ſhow, and hypocriticall:
And uſed more, our ſafeties to provide,
Then that our *Maker* may be glorifi'd.
Our hearts againſt Gods Prophets hardned are;
And what they preach or threat, we little care.
The Land, throughout, becauſe of *Othes* doth mourn;
We ſtagger in our paths; and to returne
To *Ægypt* ready ſeeme; unleſſe God grant
(at our firſt longing) ev'ry toy we want.
The blood of Innocents hath ſpilled been
Vpon our skirts; moſt filthy things are ſeen
Within our veſſels; and, yet, ſome of us
Preſume to ſay (ev'n to our brethren) thus;
Stand off, for we more holy are then ye.
And, theſe like ſmoak within Gods noſtrils be:
We ſtumble at noone day: and as the blind,
We groap, uncertainly, the wall to find,
With *Death*, and *Hell*, a bargaine we have made;
And, nothing for our hopes, but lies have had.
If any Morall Vertues do appeare;
With ſome unſavorineſſe they leaven'd are.
If any do a kindneſſe to his brother,
It is in policy to get another:

Or elſe, with ſome upbraiding, or vaine boaſt,
Whereby the comfort of the deed is loſt.
If ought be ſpoken to anothers praiſe,
It is ſome profit to our ſelves to raiſe.
If comfort to the grieued be pretended,
The grieved party is as ill befriended
As *Iob*: For, what we doe is but for faſhion;
Without good meaning, wiſdome, or compaſſion.
If we inſtruct, we doe it but to ſhow
That we much more then other men doe know:
If we our brethrens errors doe reprove,
It is not as it ought to be, in love:
But, with ſuch bitterneſſe as plaine doth ſhew,
We more the perſon, then the vice purſue.
We cannot give an Almes, but we muſt ſound
A trumpet: neither wall a rod of ground
For publike uſe; nor ſet a pane of glaſſe
In ſome Church-window, where it needleſſe was;
Nor trimme a pulpit, nor erect a ſtile;
Nor mend a foot path, though but halfe a mile;
Nor, by the highway ſide, ſet up a ſtone
To get a horſebacke; but we fixe thereon
Our *Names*, or ſomewhere leave upon record,
What benefactors we have beene (*good Lord*)
For ſuch hypocriſies, and ſinnes as theſe
On other places, doth Gods judgements ſeize:
For theſe, thy *Paſtors* oft have warned thee;
For theſe, they ſaid thou ſhouldſt afflicted be:
And, at this preſent, vengance is begun;
Though ignorant thou ſeeme of what is done.
For theſe offences, God did now of late
Make all thy faireſt lodgings deſolate.
For them, the *Peſtilence* continues yet,
And we with ſcabs, and ſores, and blaines are ſmit.

For them, thou of thy braveries uncloth'd,
Wert in thy greateſt ſorrow, left and loth'd.
For them, a Famine lately did begin.
For them, have goodly habitations bin
Conſum'd by fire. For this, the goods of ſome
A prey to Seas, and Pyrats are become.
For them, thy tradings faile, that were enlarged;
And thou for ſingle gaine, art double charged.
For them, the *Sword* (that ſuch a while hath hung
Sheath'd up) is newly drawne, and will ere long
Devoure thy ſons and daughters; if there be
No more Repentance then yet ſeemes in thee:
Yea throughout all this *Iland*, it will rage
And lay it waſt before another age.
For, not our *Cities* onely tainted are
With ſinnes contagion; but ev'n ev'ry where
This *Land* is ſo diſeaſ'd, that many doubt
(Before it mend) ſome blood muſt iſſue out.
There is not any Townſhip, Village, Borrough,
Or petty Hamlet, all this Kingdome thorough,
But merits (in proportion) as much blame,
As any City of the greateſt fame.
The ſimple ſeeming *Peaſants* of the Land,
(Who for their *Names* do make their *ſheepmark*: ſtand
And have not ſo much Clerkſhip, as to ſpell)
Can play the ſubtile cheating knaves, as well
As many cunning *Sophiſters*, and cogge,
And lie, and prate of Law, and pettifogge
As craftily (ſometimes) as many a one
Who, divers yeares hath ſtudied *Littleton*.
Yea, they who never had the wit to learne
Thoſe knowledges which *honeſty* concerne;
Have witty craft enough to entertaine
Or plot a bargaine for unlawfull gaine.

They

They perſecute each other; they envy
Their neighbours welfare, and proſperity;
They drive each other from their tenements;
And are the cauſes of inhauncing rents,
By over-bidding (for their neighbours Land)
Thoſe Fines the *Land-lords* purpos'd to demand;
Yet ſtand their Farmes already rackt ſo high,
That they have begger'd halfe their Tenantry.
In divers townes they have decayed tillage;
Depopulated many a goodly village;
Yea, joyned field to field, till for the poore
No *place* is yeelded, nor *employment* more:
And, where were houſholds, lately, many a one,
A Shepheard and his Dog, now dwell alone.
To make of griping Vſury their trade,
Among the Rich, no ſcruple now is made
In any place: for, ev'ry Country Village,
Hath now ſome *Vſury*, as well as *Tillage*.
Yea, they that *lending* moſt of all deteſt,
Though but for tollerated Intereſt,
Do natheleſſe take thoſe *Annuities*,
Which often prove the biting'ſt *Vſuries*.
By nature, *Mony* no encreaſe doth bring:
Moſt, therefore, think it a prodigeous thing
That Mony put to lone, ſhould bring in gaine.
Yet ſome of theſe, by practice do maintaine
As monſtrous uſuries, and nought at all
Are touched in their conſcience therewithall.
In uſury of Cattell, or of Leaſes,
We may diſburſe our mony for encreaſes
More biting far, then thoſe he dares to take,
Who by meere lending, doth advantage make.
As Mony nat'rally produceth nought,
So, by the Earth ſmall profit forth is brought

Vntill

Vntill both coſt and labour we beſtow,
For little, elſe, but thornes and weeds will grow.
The *Landlord*, therefore, here I dare aver,
To be no leſſe a griping Vſurer
Then is the *Mony-maſter*, if he break
The Rule of Chriſtian Charity, and take
More profit then his tenant can afford;
And ſuch as theſe are hated of the *Lord*.
Of *Vſurers*, there are ſome other ſorts,
Who keep no certaine place: but, both in Courts,
In Cities, and in Country townes they dwell,
And in the trick of griping they excell.
There be of theſe, that *Vſe* for *Silence* take.
Some others, an uſurious profit make
Of their *Authorities*; and do advance
Their wealth, by giving others countenance.
Their cariages, their neighbours fetch, and bring;
They have their ſeed-time and their harveſting,
Diſpatcht almoſt for nothing: ſuch as theſe,
Are many of our Country *Juſtices*.
Some, by another engine profit catch:
They muſt be pray'd and payed for diſpatch.
Yea, *Clarkes*, and many other *Officers*,
Are greater, and more hatefull Vſurers,
Then they that moſt are hated for that crime,
Since theſe do often for a little time
(Which they delay unjuſtly) take what may
Of no meane ſum, the annuall Intereſt pay.
Theſe men are cruell. And, yet worſe by far,
Moſt *Treaſurers*, and their pay-maſters are.
For, that which due unto us doth remaine,
They do not only overlong detaine.
But, oft, of ev'ry hundred, twenty take,
E're payment of our owne, to us, they make.

They

They muſt have Bribes; their wives muſt have Ca-
Or horſe, or jewells; after which encroches (roches
Their ſervant alſo, for ſome other dues
(As they prerend) which if we doe refuſe
To pay unto them, twiſe as much we leeſe.
This tricke inricheth alſo *Referres*
In *Chancery*, and in ſome other Courts
And this or makes, or marreth moſt *Reports*,
This, is that common Cheat, and meanes by
Meane Officers, ſo ſpeedily grow rich, (which
Although they give large *Incomes*. By this way
Their wives doe on a ſudden grow ſo gay,
That were but Kitchin-maids few yeares before.
Yea, many in the blood of Orphanes poore,
Have dide their gownes in ſcarlet by ſuch courſes,
And cloth'd, & fed themſelves, with widdowes curſes.
But, theſe *Deſtroyers*, make not ſpoyle of all,
For, full as many into ruine fall
By complement, and fooliſh emulating
Their neighbours; otherwhile, by imitating
The *City* Faſhions. Yea, by theſe, and ſome
Such other wayes, are many men become
So weake in their eſtates; that moſt of theſe
Who live in faſhion, and make handſome ſhowes
Of being rich, would prove (I am afraid)
Far worſe then nothing, if their debts were paid.
This floweth from our pride, or from exceſſe;
And this is cauſe of other wickedneſſe.
But, in our Iland, one thing I have ſeene,
Which (though it hath not much obſerved beene
To be a fault) will make a large addition
To fill the meaſure of this *Lands* tranſgreſſion.
And much I am afraid, that all in vaine
I ſhall of this impiety complaine.

For,

For, *Avarice*, who nought will give away,
Whereon her griple fingers she can lay,
Pleads for it: yea, and *Custome* hath so long
Confirm'd it, that, it is a lawfull wrong.
I doe not meane the *Laities* retaining
Of *Tithes*, or *Lands* unto the *Church* pertaining.
For, though I would not build my house with ought,
Which from the *Sanctuary* had beene caught,
To gaine the world, yet, I may doe amisse
To judge of others Consciences in this.
It is the barbarous usage, wherewith we
Doe entertaine those men that shipwrackt be,
Which here I meane: For, many people have
Lesse mercy then the Tempest, and the wave.
That *Vessell*, which the Rocks had pitty on,
The cruelty of man doth seize upon;
And him that is oppressed, quite bereaves
Of what the quicksand undevoured leaves.
When some poore ship upon the billowes tost,
Is driven by a storme upon the Coast,
With rudder lost, with tacklings rent and torne,
With meane-mast split, and fore-mast overborne;
And reeles and rowles, and takes in water so
That all the Mariners through feare forgoe
Their crazie *Charge*, some swimming to the shoares
On peeces of the decke, or broken oares.
Some on an empty Chest; some holding fast
On splinters of a Yard, or of a Mast;
Now riding on the waves; straight sinking downe;
Now hoping life, anon afraid to drowne;
Put off, and on; yet lab'ring to attaine
The Land, in hope more pitty there to gaine:
In this poore plight, when they (with much adoe)
A dryer Element have reacht unto,

And,

And, wet and tyred (both on feet and hands)
Come creeping, or elſe ſtaggering on the ſands:
The neighb'ring people (who in this are far
More ſalvage, then moſt barbarous Nations are)
In ſtead of bringing comfort and reliefe,
Add new afflictions to their former griefe,
By taking that ſmall meanes which is reſerved
To keep them living, when their life's preſerved.
For, thoſe remaining fragments of their ſtore,
Which God, ſometimes, in pity ſends aſhore
To help new cloath and feed them, till there come
Some friends to aid them; or ſupplies from home;
Ev'n ſpoile of thoſe they make: and of the prey
So greedy are; that often when theſe may
Mens lives preſerve, they leave them to their chance,
In hope their death, their profit will advance.
And, if that bruiſed *Bark* which they forſook
(To ſave their lives) upon ſome Ouze hath ſtrook,
Or on ſome ſhelve; from whence, by timely aid,
The goods to land may ſafely be conveid.
Or if (as chance it may) the *Hull* be ſaved,
Yet, thereof, is the *Owner* quite bereaved.
For, by a brutiſh *Cuſtome* (which, I know,
Nor *Conſcience*, nor good *Reaſon* doth allow)
Some *Officer* who farmes the Royalties
Within that place, doth make thereof a prize.
Elſe, he that owns the Land whereon it fals,
Doth ſeize it: and, his right, the ſame he calls.
Paul did a people, ev'n at *Malta*, find,
(Although a barb'rous Iland) far more kiind.
Men wrackt, they comforted; but we bereave them
Of thoſe remainders which the Sea doth leave them;
Except ſome living thing abiding be
Aboard the Ship. For, then the ſame is free

From

From being prev'd a wrack (we say) though that
Which there surviveth, be some Dog, or Cat:
A goodly matter, surely, whereupon
Poore men should be relieved, or undone.
Some dwellers, also, on those Borders, where
Such wofull sights, too often viewed are,
Rejoyce to see them; yea, some people say,
That, for such mischiefes, they both watch and pray;
With curses, banning them, who set up *Lights*,
To guide the *Seaman* in dark stormy nights.
And (though they seek it with a devilish mind)
Gods-good, they call, what on the shore they find.
Gods-gift, indeed it is, which unto them
Doth from the Seas, without an owner swim:
Yet, when the master of it shall be knowne,
Gods gift it is not; but a bait, that's throwne
To catch the soules of those, who seek to raise
Their fortunes on distressed mens decayes.
No marvell, while such cruelties are found
(Vpon the Coast) the Sea o'reflowes her bound.
No marvell, she so often, here and there,
Doth from their fields so many furlongs teare.
No marvell she, sometime, their cattle drownes,
And, sweeps away the riches of their townes:
Or, of those people, otherwhile, devoures
So many households, in a few short houres:
For, since they grieved others, in distresse,
The Sea, to them, is justly mercilesse.
Of many other things, complaine I could,
Which through this Kingdome, I amisse, behold:
But, should I now an Inventory make
Of each abuse, whereof I notice take
In all professions; sure, it would goe neare,
To finde my *Readers*, reading for a yeare.

I feare, our gen'rall Body fareth ſo,
As, in their ſickneſſes, they often do
Who feele not their diſeaſe, when they are nigh
(Without good help) upon the point to dye.
They would not be diſturb'd; but, vex and fret,
At thoſe who do prepare them wholſome meat,
Or needfull Phyſick: and, perhaps, with me
My *Country*, alſo, will diſpleaſed be.
But, for unjuſt diſpleaſure, 'tis no matter;
As faithfull friends (to ſick men) will not flatter,
Nor humor them in any ſuch *diſeaſe*;
No more will I be fearfull to diſpleaſe
A ſickly people, when I truly know,
I do that work my Conſcience calls me to.
I tell thee therefore, *Britaine*, thou art ſick;
Thy ſins have made thee ſo; and thou art like
To periſh in them, if thou phyſick take not,
And, for thy ſafety, good proviſion make not.
If thou nor feeleſt, nor wilt credit give
To what is ſpoken: Mark thou, and beleeve
The *Symptomes* of it. For, they will declare
So truly, how (at this time) thou doſt fare,
That they who are not reaſonleſſe, ſhall ſee
And ſay (in times to come) I loved thee.
Behold, ev'n at this day, throughout the *Land*,
Moſt *Manu-factories* are at a ſtand;
And, of thoſe *Engines*, ſome main wheeles are broke,
Though where they faulty be, ſmall heed be took.
Thy *Merchants*, by whoſe trade great profit comes
(And, to the Kings *Exchequer*, royall ſums)
Thoſe *Mercuries*, by whoſe induſtrious paine,
Thou diſt become the *Miſtreſſe* of the *Maine*,
And art maintain'd with ſhips, which are the walls,
By which thy temp'rall greatneſſe, ſtands, or falls.

Ev'n

Ev'n they, begin to ſinke, for want of trade,
And through thoſe boories which of them are made.
Their Ships without advantage are employ'd;
And if the Wars, or Time, had them deſtroy'd
Which are in being; they have (to augment
Or fill the number) no encouragement.
The preſent muſter of thy ſhipping, failes
Of what it was, in many ſcores of ſailes,
Not long time ſince: and, thy next neigh'bring nation
Growes rich in thy decaying Navigation.
Yea, ſome ſuſpect, that of our publike Trade
(For private profit) ſale to them is made.
Indeed, moſt *Officers*, if ſo they may
Enlarge their profits, for the preſent day;
Or gaine, or ſave the King, but for a yeare,
Some thouſands, do ſuppoſe they much endeare
Their ſervice to the *State*: when ('tis well knowne
To us abroad) the gaine is moſt their owne:
And that, before two ages more be ſpent,
The waies by which their incomes they augment,
Will coſt this Kingdome, for each ounce of gold
So got, a hundred, if their courſes hold.
It is by them, the Prince becommeth poore.
And (though they would be thought (forſooth) much
Then all his other ſubjects, to maintaine (more
The dues belonging to a *Soveraigne*)
They rob him more, then all men elſe beſide:
They loſe him ten times more then they provide.
They make him needy firſt; and then they grieve,
And begger them, that ſhould his wants relieve.
The vulgar *Citizens* do much complaine
For want of trade ſufficient to maintaine
Their families; and many, lately broken,
Are of that poverty a certaine token.

That famous, and that wealthy Merchandize,
Which from our clothings, and our woolls arise,
Is much decay'd. For work, the poore man prayes:
The *Clothier* hath not mony; and he layes
The blame upon the *Merchant*; who doth sweare,
His ships and goods, so often stayed are,
And times so giddy, and so little got
(With so much perill) that he dareth not
To make adventures, as he erst hath done,
And, so, to ruine all is like to run.
For, from their voyages so oft have some
Beene hindred (or have beene so long from home
In fruitfulesse services) that it hath brought
Rich *Owners*, and their *Vessels*, unto nought.
Some others, also, find it, to maintaine
Their ships so costly, (without hope of gaine)
That to repaire them they do stand in feare
It may undoe them, e're things better'd are;
That (might their men be safe) they do protest,
They know not, if to sink, or swim were best.
The winds and seas, that heretofore have borne us
Good will; have prey'd our foes, and rent & torne us.
Our *Mariners* are like to run away
To serve our foes, for want of work, and pay.
Those places, and those portions, which belong
To mens deserts; and should to make them strong,
And to encourage them, conferred be;
Are otherwise disposd of: and we see
The most deserving men are in disgraces;
Or else neglected; or else, in their places
Impoverished (or else disheartened so)
That some men will not; and some cannot do
Their Country that good service which they might:
And, if this hold, we lose our honor quite.

By

By thoſe adventures, which are juſt and free
To ev'ry Nation, where good *Patriots* be,
Thy ſons, to fetch thee wealth, and honour home,
Would prodigall of goods and lives become;
By private coſt, augment the publike ſtore,
And by encreaſe of ſhipping guard thy ſhore;
If they might freely ſeek, and keep that lot,
Which by their coſt and valour might be got.
But, men that are of courage, and of worth,
Diſdaine their goods and lives to hazard forth,
On ſervile termes; or, to be prey'd upon
When they returne, by ſome ignoble *Droue*:
And, by this meanes, ô thou unhappy *Ile*,
Thy foes grow ſtrong, & thou grow'ſt weak the while.
I do proteſt, I ſee not that condition
Of man, that hath a fortune in fruition,
That is not perilſome; but, he that's borne
The miſchiefes of this preſent life to ſcorne.
Nor from the higheſt to the low'ſt degree,
Doth any man well pleaſed ſeeme to be.
The King complaines of want: his Servants ſay,
They ſtand ingag'd in more then they can pay:
And they who in their perſon ſervice do him,
Want much of that which ſhould oblige them to him.
The charge of *War*, ſtill more and more doth grow;
The *Cuſtomes* faile as trading falleth low:
There's new occaſion ev'ry day of ſpending, (ding.
And much more borr'wing, then good meanes of len-
'Tis ſaid, ſome royall Rents to ſale were profer'd;
That *Iewels* of the *Crowne* to pawne were offer'd:
That *Church* Revennues, for the preſent need,
Sequeſtred are (to ſtand a while in ſtead
Of temp'ralties) And, ſome themſelves perſwade,
That, they ſhall now be lay poſſeſſions made.

But, God forbid: for he that ſhall bereave
The *Church* of her inheritance, doth leave
A curſe upon his children; which will ſtay
Vntill his whole deſcent be worne away.
To help thy wants, (ſo great it ſeemes they prove)
There be of thoſe who did not bluſh to move
Religion might be ſet to ſale; and that
We might promiſcuous worſhips tollerate.
The common people murmur of oppreſſions;
Of being robbed of their due poſſeſſions;
Of impudent abuſes, done by thoſe
Who ſhould redreſſe them: ev'ry winde that blowes,
Brings tidings of ill luck; yet, ſtill men feare
There's worſe untold, then that which they do heare.
For, we have lying Newes authoriſed
So long; and falſhoods, have ſo many ſpread;
That, when of that a true report is told
Whereof a firme beleefe receive we ſhould,
We cannot credit it: and, this, perchance,
May to our ſafety be ſome hinderance.
If in our ſelves, we feele not what's amiſſe,
Obſerve we, by reflection, what it is.
The *Germane* Emp'rour, and two *Kings*, that be
As rich and pow'rfull, ev'ry way as he,
Are Foes profeſſed; and they bend their pow'r,
Our Countries, and our Nation to devoure:
And, while to fight Gods battels men do faine,
The Kingdome of the Devill they maintaine.
Our *Friends*, and our *Confederates*, for us,
Engag'd in undertakings dangerous,
Have ſuffred loſſe; and yet, in hazard are
By an unequall and injurious warre.
Some, who poſſeſſe an Vnion with our Land,
Do work their owne advantage underhand;

To our disgrace and losses. Other some,
Are neuters yet, who will our foes become,
And with our enemies the spoile divide,
If any ill *Adventure* shall betide.
That princely *Branch* of our most royall *Stem*,
Made poore by the *Bohemian* Diadem,
(But, rich in her owne vertues, and that treasure
Of heav'nly graces, which in plenteous measure
Gods bounty gave her) that illustrious *Dame*,
(To whom I owe, ev'n more then all I am)
Lives banisht, (oh! the mischieves of this age)
And quite excluded from her heritage.
Her *LORD*, and all those deare and hopefull *Peeces*,
Drawne off by them; the *Nephewes*, and the *Neeces*
Of our dread *Sov'raigne*, are as pilgrims, faine
Within a forraine Country to remaine.
Our costly *Treaties*, do but crossely speed.
Our new *Alliance*, proves a broken Reed.
Our forraine enterprizes, full of charge,
Do serve but others glories to enlarge.
Our mighty *Navies* strongly furnisht out,
Have lost their pains, in what they went about.
One little *Towne* keeps all our Ports in feare;
Vpon the Seas, our *Coasters* scared are;
And, we that bore the *Trident* of the Seas;
We, who of late, with smaller Fleets, then these
Which now we set aflote, did once constraine
The *Carraks*, and the *Argosies* of *Spaine*
To strike their sailes: we, that have aw'd the *Deeps*,
And ev'ry *Foreland*, through the world, that peeps
Above the *Seas*: yea, we that from each shore,
Whereon the brinish waves of *Neptune* rore,
Have brought rich Trophees of our valours home,
Now, back with neither spoiles, nor honors, come.

God, with our *Fleets*, and *Armies*, doth not ſo
Go forth of late, as he did uſe to doe.
But, divers yeares together, as offended,
His arme againſt our forces hath extended.
That hopefull *Voyage*, which brave *Rawleigh* made,
To proſecute thoſe golden hopes he had,
Was overthrowne; and, (to enlarge the coſt)
In him, we more in wit, then mony loſt.
For, to reſiſt us, God himſelfe did ſtand:
And, ſtill againſt us, he extends his hand.

Vpon *Argeir* we had a faire deſigne,
That much extracted from our ſilver Mine,
But, nothing proſper'd, which was then projected,
Nor was there ought, but loſſe and ſhame effected;
For, God preſerv'd our enemies from harme:
And, ſtill, againſt us, ſtretcheth he his arme.

When in *Virginia* we had nurſed long
Our *Colonies*, and hoped they were ſtrong,
And, almoſt able to ſubſiſt alone:
By naked people they were ſet upon,
And, ſore endanger'd: *For, on us for ill,*
God laid his hand; and layes it on us ſtill.

Auxiliary forces, forth we ſent;
(Or, voluntarily from us they went)
To ſettle on *Bohemiahs* fatall throne,
Him, whom that *Land* had caſt her choice upon.
But, there our men were waſted: and in ſteed
Of *Iacobs ſtaffe*, we proved *Egypts-reed*:
For, God againſt our pow'rs his pow'r did ſet;
And, he his hand doth raiſe againſt us, yet.

We made new *Leavies*, and marcht up the *Rhine*,
To guard the Country of the *Palatine*;
But, all in vaine. For, nothing did we there,
Except prolong the miſeries of *War*.

God,

God, would not that deliver'd they should be
By people that so wicked are as we.
But, scourged them and us, in bitter wise;
And, still, his heavy hand upon us lies.
Then, inuſtred we *Ambaſſadors* together;
We ſent them oft, and almoſt ev'ry whither;
But, by our Treaties we acquired nought:
Nay, many diſadvantages they brought;
For, then, our foes for battle did prepare,
When we of peace together treating were.
Yea, God hath cauſ'd the harme that they have done us;
And, ſtill, his hand lies heavily upon us.
The fortune of the *War* we tride againe
By *Mansfield*; which did likewiſe prove in vaine.
To *Denmark* alſo we did ſend ſupplies,
And there, moreover, ſick and bleeding lies
Our honor. *And, yet ſtill, againſt our Land*
The Lord of Hoſts *hath ſtretched out his hand.*
Throughout the *Eaſterne Indies* where we had
A wealthy and an honorable Trade,
A petty Nation, doth now baffle, dare us,
And, out of trading, hope e're long to weare us.
Our glorious Fleet, that lately braved *Cales*,
Of her exploits affords not many tales.
Another, and another too, ſince then,
Was put to ſea, and driven home agen
All ſhaken and betatter'd. Some, the wind
Sent back, and fruſtrate made what was deſign'd.
Some others, were by other lets delay'd,
And, made to faile, in that which they aſſail'd:
For, God with this our Nation was offended;
And, yet, his hand againſt us is extended.
Another *Navie*, worthy greater note,
Then all of theſe forenamed, now doth ſtote

Vpon the seas: and such a fame it beares,
That all the neighb'ring kingdomes it deters.
For, *Land* and *Sea* it threatens: and we heare
Before the *Ile* of *Ree*, at rode they are,
Where they of braye atchievements hopefull grow:
I wish, and I do pray it may be so
As they desire, if God be pleas'd therein.
But, much I feare, that we have guilty bin
Of somewhat unrepented yet, that will
Make all our undertakings prosper ill,
Till we are humbled more. For, God hath laine
His heavy hand upon us, long in vaine:
And, though our hearts with foolish hopes we fill,
His Arme, against us, forth be stretcheth still.
Or else it could not be our forces great,
So many times should suffer a defeat.
For when a lesser Fleet was sent to do
A *Mischiefe*, it had pow'r enough thereto.
But let us take a little further heed;
How ill our hopes in forraine parts succeed.
The *French* and *Germane* Churches, in whose care,
And in whose persecutions we do share;
Have beene afflicted in a grievous wise,
And still a heavy burthen on them lyes.
Gods foes, and theirs, and ours, have craftily
Combined in a strong confederacy.
The tents of *Edom*, and the *Ishmalites*,
The seed of *Agar*, and the *Moabites*,
With *Asshur*, and the sons of *Lot* conspire;
With *Gebal*, *Ammon*, *Amalek*, and *Tyre*.
Yea, *Gog* and *Magog*; close and open foes,
E'n all those Armies which Gods truth oppose,
(And by the *Names*, here mention'd, figur'd were)
Confederated, and resolved are,

To

To prey upon us. *Come, now come*, say they,
Let's root their Nation, and their Name away.
And, if our God be silent over-long,
Their strength encreasing, will encrease the wrong
His *Church* endures: our cause will be o'rethrowne,
And, they will take Gods houses for their owne.
If yet, thou dost not feele thy sickly case,
Nor in these forraine glasses view thy face,
Look home agen; and I will shew thee there
Moe things, that worthy notice will appeare.
There, thou shalt find distraction in the *State*;
The *Commons*, and some *Nobles*, at debate;
The *Court* it selfe disturbed with disunions;
Some following others; some their owne opinions;
Some striving, from their seats, their mates to thrust;
Few knowing in whose friendship they may trust.
There see thou shalt most seeking the disgraces
Of others; and in all their fellowes places
Men so experienc'd, that they leave to do
Those duties, they themselves are call'd unto.
There, thou shalt see such foolish imitations;
Such complements; such grosse dissimulations;
Such practices; such projects, and devices;
Contriving of such foolish paradises;
Such doing and undoing, what is done;
That, 'twill be matter worthy musing on.
Those *Offices*, and those high seats of *State*,
(Esteem'd most honorable) are of late
Become so skittish; or the men that get them,
Such artlesse riders, that they cannot sit them.
When liv'd, at once, so many, who did carry,
(And left disgrac'd) the stiles of *Secretary*,
Of *Chamberlaine*, *Chiefe-Iustice*, *Treasurer*,
Of Lord *high Keeper*, and Lord *Chancellor*?

Or

Of theſe, and other titles, when was ſeene
Such chopping and ſuch changing, as hath beene
In later yeares? ſure, ſomething is amiſſe,
That ſuch uncertainty among us is.
Thoſe perſ'nages, whoſe words were heretofore
As *Oracles*; are credited no more
Then Cheaters are. Their hand & ſeale doth ſtand
For nothing, if no other come in band.
So void are ſome advanced to high place,
Of common underſtanding, and of grace,
That neither ſhame, nor loſſe, which doth befall
To other men, can move them ought at all.
But, as men markt for Vengeance, or elſe ſent
For thy diſhonor, and thy puniſhment,
They dare proceed to practiſe ev'ry ſin
For which their predeceſſors ſhent have bin.
Nay, ſome who for corruption were remov'd
To give thoſe place, might well have beene approv'd
Reſpecting them; if all the peoples cries,
From juſt occaſion may be thought to riſe.
Yea, they have juſt fi'd, and honor done them,
Who went before, in having overgone them
In doing wrongs. And, in thoſe wrongs they do,
They are ſo practiſed, and hardned to,
That no examples, or faire warning ſhall
Take place ('tis thought) till they have ruin'd all.
Some *Offices* are growne ſo over large
For thoſe who undertake them, to diſcharge,
Elſe, they that have them, ſo unable are,
Or of their duties have ſo little care,
That ſuiters poore have many times attended
Whole months together, e're they were befriended,
So much, to have their humble ſuits peruſed:
Yet, theſe, as if they had not elſe abuſed

The *Common-wealth* enough, do often add
To those employments which before they had,
New *Offices*; and take so much upon
Their feeble shoulders, that no good is done.
If thou observest mens communication,
Thou heare it shalt so full of desperation,
As if they feared God had us forsaken,
And, to some other place himselfe betaken.
But, thou, indeed, his *Covenant* hast broke;
His Word distrusted; his Commands forsook;
And, aid from *Egypt*, and from *Asshur* sought,
Whose trustlesse friendship will availe thee nought.
Nay, some there be, that in these dayes of evill,
Advise to make atonements with the Devill.
For, they doe little better who would call
The *Turke*, to helpe maintaine the *Churches* wall.
Yea, they who make that Foe our ayd become,
Do save a house, by firing *Christendome*.
The *Land* appeares, as if it ripening were
For *Desolation*: and ev'n ev'rywhere
Most men are growne so prodigally vaine;
So greedily pursue they present gaine;
And, from this pleasant *Kingdome* have so rent
Her woods, her groves, and ev'ry ornament,
(Without all care of planting, or renewing
For their *Posterities*, in times ensuing)
As if they either thought, or did foresee,
That when they dy'd, the world would ended be;
Or that, before the following generations,
This Land should be possest by other *Nations*.
We have not pow'r their counsell to receive,
Who for our safeties best advisement give:
For, in themselves, such baseneſſe most retaine,
That, all are thought to ayme at private gaine.

And

And doubtleſſe we have many *Mountebanks*,
Who arrogate the profit and the thanks
Of others labours; or elſe ſeek to croſſe
Their good deſignes, to their diſgrace and loſſe.
Yea, ſuch extreame corruptions ev'ry where
In men of ev'ry quality appeare,
That whatſoever reaſons may be rendred,
To prove that by ſome courſes which are tendred,
(To be proceeded in) the common peace
Or profit might in future times encreaſe,
And be advanc'd, a million by the yeare:
Yet, if but any p ivate perſons feare
It may ſome incomes from their cheſts withdraw,
For which they neither Conſcience have nor Law:
Theſe men (if they attempt it, and be able
To give a bribe that may be valuable
In any meaſure) quite ſhall overthrow
That good deſignment: and not onely ſo,
But theſe and they that were their inſtruments
Shall purchaſe him who that *deſigne* invents,
(For his reward) both infamy and hate:
And make themſelves appeare unto the State
Good *Patriots*; who (being ſifted well)
Are ſcarce ſo honeſt men as go to hell.
Rapt by a ſpirituall *Viſion*, I have ſeene
The thin and craſie wall, that ſtands betweene
Our ſight, and their concealed practices,
Who have the place of *Elders* in theſe dayes:
And ſpying there a hole, I digg'd into
Their ſecreſies; to ſee what works they doe.
Where (not without Gods warrant, and his ayd)
Moſt foule abominations I ſurvaid.
I ſaw their *Chambers of Imagery*,
And all thoſe *Objects* of Idolatry

To

To which they bow, upon the wals depainted:
I saw those toyes adored and besainted:
I saw what strange devotions there they use;
How they in private do the world abuse,
And from their *Censers* seemed to arise
A cloud which dimm'd the *Sacrificers* eyes.
There (oh! good God) how many did I see,
Who zealous *Prelats* do appeare to be?
How many *Statesmen*, and how many a one
That our high seats of Iudgement sits upon?
How many who right honest men appeare?
In outward shows? how many drawing neere
Vnto their graves? how many learned men?
How many, that will stoutly now and then
Maintaine an honest cause, to some good end,
(For ought we know) when they no good intend?
How many ill-disposed men (oh! God)
Who otherwise affected seeme abroad,
Beheld I there in secret prostituting
Themselves to breathlesse *Idols*, and imputing
Great pow'r unto them? and how base are those
Sometime in private, who make goodly shows
Of noblest thoughts? Some, to the *rising-Sun*
Directly kneele; some, fix their eyes upon
The *Moone*, which from his beams receives her light:
Some, stand devoted to the works of *Night*:
Some deifie their *Pride*, and some their *Lust*:
In carnall *Policy*, some put their trust:
Some (as a *Goddesse*) *Vengeance* do emplore:
Vnrighteous *Mammon*, othersome adore:
With worldly *Honor*, some idolatrize;
Some other, to their *Nets* do sacrifise:
To *Pleasure*, many offer their estates;
Himselfe to *Envy*, one man dedicates:

Another makes *Vaineglories* altars fume,
Till all his patrimony he conſume:
A third, to *Sloth* and *Idleneſſe* doth bow:
Before *Exceſſe*, a fourth doth fall as low:
Yea, *Horſes*, *Dogs*, and *Hawks*; ev'n Beaſts and Fowles,
Are Idols of their love. Nor hath their Soules
Idolatriz'd with bruiſh things alone,
But, ev'n with Gold, and Silver, Wood, and Stone.
Nor have they only of ſuch things as theſe,
(That reall be) ſet up vaine images
Within their hearts; but, they goe further, far,
And worſhip *Fictions*, which the likeneſſe are
Of nought in heav'n, earth, ſea, or in the waters
Below the earth; but, meere *fantaſticke matters*.
And, that by ſuch like *Gods*, as are their *Treaſure*,
Their *Honor*, their *Preferment*, and their *Pleaſure*,
They may be happy made; what things, I pray,
To ſhew their zeale (ſuppoſe you) offer they?
Ev'n thoſe, reſpecting which, theſe gods are vile.
For, they do give unto them, otherwhile,
Their naturall reſt and ſleep; ſometime their health:
Sometime what's due to God they take by ſtealth,
To waſte upon their *Mawmets*; and of theſe,
One offred is, another to appeaſe.
Their beautious daughters ſome of them have given
To *Moloch*: other ſome their wives have driven
To paſſe the fire: great numbers make oblations
Of all their friends, to thoſe *Abominations*.
To ſerve them, ſome, their *Country* ſet to ſale;
Her love, her wealth, her honor, peace, and all.
Yea ſome, ev'n their owne lives to loſſe expoſe,
(Their conſciences, and ſoules) for love of thoſe;
And (left unto a reprobated ſenſe)
With Gods and Natures Lawes they can diſpence.

Of

Of theſe, a *Viſion* did appeare to me:
Iudge *Readers*, whether true or falſe it be.
If no ſuch doings be, my words contemne,
And let this *Viſion* paſſe but for a *Dreame*.
If really thou find it to be ſo,
Then think oh! *Britaine*, what thou haſt to do.
But, thinke it ſeriouſly: for, things that are
In fouleſt plight, will often faire appeare.
Beleeve not all that ſhall reported be;
But, prove and ſearch; and truſt what thou doſt ſee.
The *Land* is over-ſpred with wickedneſſe;
Yet, no man will himſelfe in fault confeſſe.
Men daily talke how bad the times are growne,
Yet, few men ſee an error of their owne.
The *Country* is diſtreſſed many wayes,
And on the *Cities* pride, the blame it layes.
The City finds her trading falleth ſhort,
And thinks the cauſe thereof is in the *Court*,
The *Court* complaines, and railes as much agen,
Againſt the *Farmer*, and the *Citizen*.
Our *Parliaments* impured have of late,
Our troubles to ſome errors in the *State*.
The *State* offended is, and diſcontent
With ſome proceedings in the *Parliament*.
Our *Court Divines*, proteſt the *Lawyers* ſtand
So much upon the *Cuſtomes* of the Land,
(The *Lawes* and ancient *Freedomes*, which belong
Vnto the *Commons*) that, the *King* they wrong.
The *People* vow, the *Prelats* flatter ſo
To get preferment, that they will undo
Both *Church* and *Common-wealth*; & ſome conceive,
If we their *State-Divinity* beleeve,
It will of ev'ry priviledge bereave us,
And no more *Law*, but *Will and Pleaſure* leave us.

And,

And, as the *Iewes*, to ſave their *Place*, and *Name*,
Did that, which loſſe of both of them became:
So, thought it is, that if our *Prelats* fall,
The way, they ſeek to ſtand, effect it ſhall.
The followers of *Arminius* ſome revile,
As troublers of the Churches of this *Ile*.
Some think the doubts & queſtions they have moved
Shal make the *Truth* more known, & more approved.
The *Papiſt* ſayes, that we afflicted are,
Becauſe their ſuperſtitions baniſht were.
Some *Proteſtants* beleeve we fare the worſe
For fav'ring them; and that they bring a curſe
Vpon the Land. Some others, do accuſe
The *Separatiſts*, and thoſe men who refuſe
Vnto this *Churches* orders to conforme.
They, on the other ſide, as much do ſtorme
Againſt our *Diſcipline* and *Hierarchy*,
As parts of Antichriſtian-hereſie.
And though we all are nought; yet, we do all
Each other cenſure, perſecute, miſcall,
And ſo condemne; as if we had no ſuch
Infirmities, as we in others touch.
But, as her vertue may be ne're the more,
Who firſt, in ſcoulding, calls her neighbour whore,
So, he that ſooneſt check *abuſes* can,
(At all times) proveth not the holieſt man.
Ev'n I, that in whole Volumes, do complaine
Againſt thoſe faults, which in my times do raigne;
May be a *Villane*, when all that is done,
If other ſignes of goodneſſe I have none.
But, why ſpeak I of *Symptomes*, when all ſee
Thy *Sickneſſe*, to be evident on thee?
Thou haſt a fearfull trembling at thy heart,
And, a quotidian *Fever* ſhakes each part.

Thine

Thine eyes do ſee thy fleſh doth fall away;
The lovely colour of thy cheeks decay.
Thy veines grow empty, which did lately ſwell;
Thoſe parts are naked, that were clothed well:
Thoſe limbs are weakned, that e'rewhile were ſtrong;
And into gronings thou haſt chang'd thy *Song*.
Yea, thou maiſt feele (unleſſe that ſenſe be dead)
A paine betweene thy *Body*, and thy *Head*.
The *Staves of God*, of which we read it ſpoken
By *Zachary*; are bruized, if not broken.
The Staffe of *Bands* (or *Vnion*) hath ſome cracks:
And, that of *Beautie* now ſo little lacks
Of being ſhiver'd; that, thou art almoſt
The ſcorne of *Chriſtendome*: and haſt nigh loſt
Thy former glory. Neither art thou ſoly
Deſpiſed and diſhonor'd, by thy folly;
But in thoſe miſchiefes which thy ſins procure,
Thy *Prince* a diſadvantage doth endure.
His vertues are repulſed from that height
Of honour, whereunto aſcend they might,
Were thou leſſe wicked. He, whom as our eyes
We ſeemed (as but yeſterday) to prize;
He, for whoſe abſence we ſo much complained,
And wept, and pray'd, and vow'd, whilſt he remained
Divided from us: and at whoſe returne
We did ſo many *piles* to aſhes burne:
Ev'n he, hath not received that content
From us, which he expected, and we meant.
Some ſpirit of *Diſſention* looſ'd hath bin;
Some ſparks of *Diſcord* have beene hurled in,
And blowne among us; ſo that he and wee
Not ſo well pleaſed in each other be
As both deſire. And ſhould this flame encreaſe,
God knowes how much it would offend our peace.

Thy

Thy *Body*, *England*, repreſentative,
Vnable was prevention to contrive
For ſuch a miſchiefe; neither dare men ſay
(Although they could) on whom the blame to lay.
Some, doe accuſe the *Parliament*; ſome blame
Another Faction, and, I doubtfull am,
Some raſhly taxe the *King*: but, to provide
A *Iudge*, by whom ſuch parties may be tride,
Who knowes (I pray?) or what is he that can
Such points as theſe, without reproving, ſcan?
Nay, where is he, from faction or from feare
So free, that (though he knew it needfull were)
He dares preſume in any publike wiſe,
So much as mention ſuch *State-myſteries*?
Yet, ſure, they muſt be mention'd; and they may,
By thoſe who know good *Reaſon*, and the *Way*
Of ſo unfolding them, that no offence
Be given; whatſoe're be taken thence.
And therefore, though ſuch men who cannot ſee
What calling at this preſent warrants me,
Or, by what *ſpirit* I am urged to
Thoſe actions which I undertake to do;
Though ſuch conjecture may, that I preſume
Too far, and on my ſelfe too much aſſume,
(Beyond my place) yet, in my ſelfe ſecure,
I'le put my ſelfe their cenſure to endure;
And all that peril, which the'e coward times
Suppoſe may follow my truth-ſpeaking *Rimes*.
Direct thou ſo, oh God! my hand by thine,
That I in this may draw an eaven Line.
For, no advice from carnall wits I crave:
Nor any Counſellor, but thee, to have.
My *Prince* and *Country*, though perhaps I be
Not much to them; are both moſt deare to me.

And

And may I perish, if to save my life
I would betwixt that couple nourish strife.
Or if for one of them I that would say,
Which might from tothers due take ought away.
If God direct me not, I may do ill
In this performance; but, I know, to will
And to desire their welfare, is from heaven
(Ev'n by his grace) to me already given.
I may perchance in what I best intend,
Have neither *King* nor *People* to my friend;
Yet will I speake my mind to profit them,
Though both should, for my labour, me condemne.
For, from all other ends and hopes I'me free,
Save those, which in an honest man should be.
If that which profits either I propose,
They both shall gaine, and neither party lose.
But, if that harme shall by my words be done,
I'le weigh them so, it shall be mine alone.
My censure I will give in things, which none
Have dar'd to passe a publike iudgement on.
Come, marke me, you who thinke I now begin
To tread a path which I shall stumble in:
And, if you see, what justly you may check,
Trip up my heeles, and make me breake my neck.
Although we heed not, or else will not see,
Those *Maladies* which daily growing be;
I find (and I doe much compassionate
What I behold) a rupture in the *State*,
Of this great *Body*. Lamed are the *Feet*;
The *Legs*, that should support her, scarcely meet,
For that great structure which upon them stands.
The *Sinewes* are enfeebled; and, the *Hands*
Vnfit for action; deafned are her *Eares*,
And what concernes her most, she hardly heares.

Her

Her *Eyes* (which are her warchmen) are become
Halfe blind.; her *Tongue* is almoſt waxen dumb:
It cannot ſpeak the truth for her owne wealth:
Her *Noſe*, that ſhould diſtinguiſh, for her health,
Twixt things that wholſome, and unwholſome were,
Hath loſt that facuity: her *Pulſes* are
Vncertaine: her *Digeſtion* is not good;
And, that hath filled her with tainted *Blood*:
Her *Iudgement*, and her *Common-ſenſe* ſo failes,
That ſhe her ſelfe perceives not what ſhe ayles:
Her *Spleene* is ſtopt; and, thoſe obſtructions make
Bad fumings, which have cauſ'd her *Head* to ake.
And He (alas) is bound about the *Crowne*
With cares, that make him bow his forehead downe.
Thou art this *Body, England*; and thy *Head*
Is our dread *Sou'raigne*. The diſtemper bred
Betwixt you two, from one of you doth flow;
And which it is, I purpoſe here to ſhow.
Be bold to heare me *Readers*; for, in ſeaſon
I ſpeake; and here's nor *felony*, nor *treaſon*.
In this that followes; to have pow'r or aime
To touch the *Lords Anointed*, I diſclaime.
I have no watrant; neither know I ought,
To reprehend him for, although I nought.
And, they of my uprightneſſe judge amiſſe,
Who think I flatter, in affirming this.
For, as my *Princes* faults I may not blaze;
So, I am alſo bound (as there is cauſe)
To juſtifie what vertues I doe heare
To be in him; or, ſee in him appeare.
The gen'rall faults of others, mine owne eyes
Have ſeene; and that's enough to warrantize
A generall reproofe: but, never, yet,
In him beheld I, what did unbeſit

His perſon or his place: much have I ſeene,
That, rather, hath an honor to him beene.
And, what ſoe're ſhall mutter'd be of ſome,
There reignes not any King in *Chriſtendome*,
Of whom there was divulg'd a better fame;
Or, whom a royall Throne ſo well became.
And, what is lately done, to blot the ſtory
Of his deſert? or to deface his glory?
Or wherewithall can any tongue traduce
His actions, which admitteth not excuſe?
What if his people have expected more
(From hopes, by them conceived heretofore)
Then yet ſucceeds? what can from thence redound
To prove his *Vertues* or his wayes unſound?
Why may not this effect ariſe from them
That ſo ſuſpect, much rather then from him?
As God long ſince unto thoſe *Iewes* did ſay,
(Who judged him unequall in his way)
So ſay I *England*; is thy *Sov'raignes* path
Vnequall? or is't rather thine which hath
Such indirectneſſe? wherefore may not all
Which is amiſſe, by thine owne fault befall?
Why may not (*England*) a diſeaſednеſſe
(Occaſioned by thy unrighteouſneſſe)
Make him unpleaſing in his courſe to thee,
Whom thou haſt praiſed? and whoſe graces be
The ſame they were? thou knoweſt many a one,
In bodily diſeaſes, thus hath done.
Thoſe meats and drinks, that are both ſweet & pure,
They can not truly reliſh, nor endure.
We ſeldome ſee the *Bodies* torment bred
By ought which firſt ariſeth in the *Head*;
But, oftentimes we feele both head and eyes
Diſeaſ'd by fumes which from the *Body* riſe.

And

And though downe from the head there may distill
Some humour, otherwhile, which maketh ill
The lower parts; yet, that first vapor'd from
Those crudities and noysome fumes which come
From ill digestion; or, from stoppages
Which are in our inferior passages.
'Tis thus in nat'rall *Bodies*, and the like
May be observ'd in *Bodies politick*.
The *head* and *body* both are evill pleas'd,
When any part of either is diseas'd:
But, their distempers, worse or easier are
Sustained, as their first occasions were.
When Lungs or Liver doth defective grow
By ought within it selfe, it paines not so
The *head*, as when from thence doth also fall
Those rhewmes and humors, that by tickling shall
Occasion coughs and straimings, to distend
The passages, as if each part would rend.
Nor is the *Stomack* so distempered,
By any hurt or bruise upon the *Head*,
(By its owne fault receiv'd) as when it aketh,
Through fumings, which from parts below it taketh.
So fares it with a *People* and their *King*.
Ev'n all their errors, griefes and cares doe bring
Vpon each other so, that what the one
Misdoeth in, doth bring some smart upon
The other party. But, they shall not be
Afflicted with it, both in one degree.
For, if the *Princes* oversight or sin,
Of any publike *Plague* first cause hath bin,
The greatest mischiefe will at last be his.
And, if the *Subjects* have so done amisse,
That *Vengeance* followes it, the *King* may grieve;
But, they shall be consumed, I beleeve:

And

And, that for each ones perſonall defect
The greateſt harme will on himſelfe reflect:
What then to be performed is remaining,
But, that we leave repining, and complaining
On one another, and our labours bend,
Our ſelves, as much as may be, to amend?
Let ev'ry one examine well his way,
And, for himſelfe, and for all others pray.
For, this is far more likely to redreſſe
The preſent miſchiefes, then our frowardneſſe.
The party that hath innocency, ſhall
Be ſure to ſtand, though all about him fall.
And, if we all perverſly wicked prove,
We ſhall have all, one judgement from above.
If in thy *King* (oh *Britaine*) ought amiſſe
Appeares to be; 'twixt God and him it is.
Of him he ſhall be judged. What to thee
Pertaineth it, his cenſurer to be?
If thou ſhalt ſuffer with him; thy offence
Deſerv'd it; and nought elſe but penitence
Becomes thy practice; neither ſhall there ought
That's wrong, by other meanes, to right be brought.
Thy generall voice, but newly, did confeſſe
In him much vertue, and much hopefulneſſe;
And, he ſo late aſſum'd his *Diadem*,
That there hath ſcarce beene time enough for him
Thoſe evils to performe, that may interre
A generall miſchiefe. Neither, do I heare
Of ought, as yet, which thou to him canſt lay,
But that he doth to thee thy will denay.
Or with a gentle ſtoutneſſe claime, and ſtrive,
For what he thinks his juſt *Prerogative*.
And why, I prethee, may not all this flow
From ſome corruptions which in thee do grow

Without his fault? why may not, for thy crimes
Some inſtruments of Sathan, in theſe times,
Be ſuffred to obſcure from him a while
The truth of things? and his beleefe beguile,
With vert'uos ſhowes, diſcreet and good pretences,
To plague and puniſh thee for thy offences?
Why may not God (and juſtly too) permit
Some *Sycophant*, or cunning hypocrite,
For thy hypocriſies, to ſteale away
His heart from thee? and goodly colours lay
On *Projects* which may cauſe him to undo thee,
And think that he no wrong hath done unto thee?
Nay, wherefore may not ſome thy King adviſe,
To that which ſeems to wrong thy liberties,
Yet in themſelves be honeſt men, and juſt,
Who have abuſed been by thoſe they truſt?
Thy wickedneſſe deſerves it: and that he
Who in himſelfe is good, ſhould bring to thee
No profit by his goodneſſe, but augment
Thy ſorrowes, till thy follies thou repent?
For, what is in it ſelfe from evill free,
Is evill made, to thoſe that evill be.
Why may it not be poſſible, that thou
Demandedſt what he might not well allow
Without diſhonor. Or, if all were right
Which thou requiredſt; yet the manner might
Diſtaſt him? Or, who certaine is, but ſome
(Pretending publike grievances) might come
With private ſpleene and malice, to purſue
Thoſe faults in others, which their conſcience knew
That they themſelves were guilty of; and had
No peace with God by true repentance made?
If ſo it were, I doe admire the leſſe
That thy petitions had an ill ſucceſſe.

If any ſingle man, hath ought miſdone,
It is ſo little while ſince he begun
His being to receive; that, in reſpect
Of thine, his errors could ſmall harme effect.
But, thou haſt heap'd up ſin for many yeares;
And, thy exceeding guiltineſſe appeares,
With ſo much evidence, that ev'ry man
Of ſome particular faults accuſe thee can;
And, openly reprove thee, to thy face,
For evils, done in ev'ry time, and place.
Then, blame not him, if God hath falſifi'd
Some hopes, of late, or to thy griefe, denide
That reformation, which thou didſt require;
And added (in the ſtead of thy deſire)
New grievances. Nor too too bitterly
Purſue thoſe errors of infirmity,
Which were by others, heretofore commitred:
But, let all paſt offences be remitted.
If thou perceive but hope of reformation,
Goe offer up to God, for thy *Oblation*,
A true forgiveneſſe of their injuries,
Who heretofore have wrong'd thy *Liberties*.
And, do not this in policy (altho
The times now preſent may require it ſo:)
But, ſo forgive, as by the God of heaven
Thou doſt deſire thy ſins may be forgiven:
For, by thy faults, diſhonor'd more is he,
Then thou by theirs that have offended thee.
And if to them thou true compaſſion ſhoweſt,
God will not urge, perhaps, the debt thou oweſt.
Of *Reformation* thou doſt ſhow great zeale;
But, ſome corruption maiſt thou not conceale
That mars the bleſſing? Art thou ſure thou haſt
No juſt occaſion given to diſtaſt

Thy *King?* Doe thy *complainings* all, intend
The publike welfare, without private end?
And, in preferring them, didſt thou commit
No errors; nor no decencies forget?
I will not ſay thou didſt; but I do feare,
That they who wiſeſt are, in ſome things erre:
Forgive me thou high Court of *Parliament*,
If I ſhall utter what will diſcontent
Thy diſunited members, who have ſate
In former times, grave matters to debate.
For, though I will not arrogate the wit
To teach ſo great a *Counſell* what is fit;
Nor cenſure any *Act* which thou haſt done,
When all thy parts have joyned been in one.
Yet, I will take upon me to reprove
Their private errors, who in courſes move
Repugnant to thy *Iuſtice*; and oft be
The cauſe of much diſhonor unto thee.
For, none (thogh thou art wiſe) can wrōg thee ought
To think, that thou haſt members may be taught.
And, as in pitched *Battels*, when by-ſtanders
Do apprehend miſtakings in *Commanders*,
(As oft they do) 'twere better they ſhould ſay
What they obſerve, then let them loſe the day:
So alſo (though I may be thought too bold)
'Twere fitter my experience ſhould be told,
Then that a publike miſchiefe ſhould enſue,
And I, in times to come, my ſilence rue.
For, ſome (no doubt) will well approve the ſame,
Though other ſome will think I was to blame:
Yea, that which I will ſpeak ſhall help, perchance,
(In times to come) thine honor to advance:
For, I will ſpeak no more then what is due,
And, what my Conſcience bids my Pen to ſhew.

Thou

Thou art an honor'd *Counſell*: but upon thee
Such blots are caſt, and ſo much wrong is done thee,
(By ſome, who ſcarcely nat'rall members be)
That, as this *Kingdome* repreſents in *thee*
Her *Body*; ſo, thou doſt become likewiſe
A repreſentment of her *Vanities*.
Yea, when at firſt, to *be*, thou doſt begin,
Thou art conceived, and made up in ſin.
For, to thy *Houſe of Commons*, whither none
Thou ſhouldſt admit, excepting, ſuch a one
Whoſe life or knowledge that reſpect may draw,
Which doth become the *Maker of a Law*;
Too oft elected are, in ſtead of thoſe,
The rich, and them that make the greateſt ſhowes
Of youthfull gallantry; and, otherwhile,
The very'ſt humoriſts of all this *Ile*.
When choice was of thy *Members* to be made,
Their entrances, but little ſigne have had
Of proſperous ends: for, they that ſhould have paſt
A free *election*, have their voices caſt
By force, conſtraint, or for ſome by-reſpect,
On thoſe, whom others, for their ends elect.
There be in Court, and bordring round about
Thy *Burroughs*, many wiſer men, no doubt,
Then ſome that in *Elections* have their voice;
And, by their ayd, there is ſometime a choice
Of good and able men: yet, beſt it were,
That all men left to their juſt freedomes were.
For, they to whom the *Providence* of heaven,
The right of chuſing *Burgeſſes* hath given;
Are alſo by that *providence* (how wile
Or fooliſh e're they ſeeme in others eyes)
In making of their choices ſo directed,
As beſt may ſerve to make his *will* effected.

And, though the ſame ſhall juſt as well be done
By meanes of them who lawleſſe courſes run,
Yet, not for their advantage, to the beſt,
Who from their proper *motions* ſuch things wreſt.
Why did the King from his *Prerogative*,
To any place a priviledge derive,
But, that they might enjoy them? And, I pray,
What conſcience tyes the People to obey
Thoſe *Lawes* or *Acts*, in *Parl'ament* concluded,
By thoſe that have by force or fraud intruded?
What reaſon is it that a ſtranger ſhould
Entreat me to commit my beſt *Freehold*,
To be diſpoſ'd of, by ſome one, whom he
Shall (for I know not what) commend to me?
What man but he that modeſty doth want,
Can be ſo impudently arrogant,
To ſue by friends, or letters, place to take
In ſuch a *Counſell*? yea, and *Lawes* to make?
As if, becauſe he hath a little pelfe,
He therefore might ſome *Solon* think himſelfe,
Or ſome *Licurgus*? Or, as if he thought
The *Common-wealth* would ſurely come to nought,
Vnleſſe his knowledge, or his vertues, were
Elected, to be exerciſed there.
Whereas (God knowes) too many do aſpire
To ſuch employments, either through deſire
To ſhew their wits; to gaine ſome vaine repute,
Themſelves, or friends to further in ſome ſute;
To keep off Creditors; or elſe, perchance,
To entertaine their curious ignorance
With myſteries of *State*. Beleeve it, thoſe
Whoſe modeſty forbids them to expoſe
Themſelves to be elected, I think far
More apt for ſuch employments then they are

That

That ſeeke them: and 'tis fitteſt that in all
Such places, men ſhould ſit till they do call
(Of their owne will) to whom the choice pertaines.
For, thoſe God ſends; and unto them he daignes
Fit graces for the worke. The other, haſt
(Mov'd by their owne ambition) to be plac'd
In that great *Counſell*, with a mind corrupt;
Which doth diſhonor oft, and interrupt
Their beſt proceedings. And from hence it is,
So many things among us are amiſſe.
Hence is it, ſo much time is ſpent about
The ſearching of undue *elections* out.
Hence is it, that in ſtead of perſons grave,
Such numbers of our *Burgeſſes* we have
In thoſe *Aſſemblies*, who come ruffling in
With habits which have far more fitting bin
For *Theaters*; then for the reverent
And ſacred preſence of a *Parliament*.
Thence is it that ſo many *Children* are
Elected to have place and voices there;
Yea choſen *Counſellers*, when hardly paſt
Their *Tutors* rod: beleeve me, this is haſt.
Although it might excuſed be, if ſome
Youngmen ſhould thither for experience come:
It is not tollerable, natheleſſe,
That many ſhould admitted be: much leſſe
Thoſe *nonage Youths*, to whom our Lawes deny
A pow'r in things that ſmaller truſt imply.
Hence is it that ſometime the very noiſes
Ariſing from the multitude of *voices*,
Foiles *Reaſon*. This maintaineth alſo *factions*,
And makes in plaineſt matters great diſtractions.
This, to thoſe meetings much diſturbance brings,
And doth occaſion many fooliſh things.

Thence is it, alſo, we admit of thoſe,
In making *Lawes*, who either do oppoſe
Proceedings legall; or, protections g ve
To them that in contempt as *Outlawes* live:
I hold it not amiſſe, that they who ſpend
Their time the publike buſ neſſe to attend,
Should have their ſervants from areſtings free,
Whilſt they themſelves in thoſe employments be;
Nor is it worthy blame, if they protect
Poore Debtors, who endeavoring to effect
Their Creditors contents (as they are able)
And uſing time (in courſes warrantable)
For ſuch a purpoſe; or elſe to preter
Complaints againſt ſome vile extortioner:
Or to ſuch ends. But, when they doe by dozens
(To ev'ry *prodigall*, that cheats and cozens)
Vouchſafe *protections*; yea, to thoſe that are
Meere ſtrangers too; it worth reproving were:
And, them who do it, I ſuppoſe unfit
In places of *Lawgivers* there to ſit.
M reover, an *Election* out of order,
Doth other inconvenient matters further,
Not mention'd yet. The party that is choſe
By ſuit, or ill-got favour, ſeldome goes
Againſt his *Chuſers*, if it chance that ought
In oppoſition unto them be brought:
Whereas, in ſuch a caſe, each man is bound
To be as if new riſen from the ground.
He ſhould not know his father, nor the ſon
Of his owne body: no nor any one
Of all his neere acquaintance, or his kin;
Nor any that his friend or foe hath bin.
But, fixe his eye upon the cauſe alone,
And, do as that requireth to be done.

Had

Had this beene practiſ'd, many a good concluſion
Had follow'd more then did. Yea, much confuſion,
Much needleſſe coſt and pains, had beene prevented;
And, many had not gone ſo diſcontented (grieved,
To their owne homes, when they with hearts o're-
Beſought the *Parliament*, to be relieved.
For, if their cauſes (which but right had bin)
Their trials had receiv'd, as they came in;
If no man might, by favour of a friend,
Prefer new ſuits, before all thoſe have end
Which entred are before; poore *Suiters* might
Have hope of ſooner compaſſing their right.
Yea, ſpare much coſt, and many months attending,
To bring their endleſſe buſneſſe to an ending.
For then, what day, or week, or month, at leaſt,
They ſhould be heard, it partly might be gueſt.
But, private friendſhip ſhowne at ſuch a ſeaſon,
To work meere private ends, oppoſeth reaſon.
It doth put off and on; and ſo employ
One friend, anothers friendſhip to deſtroy,
(And, ſo delayeth him in his juſt ſuit,
Who is of ſuch acquaintance deſtitute)
That, many a one whoſe cauſe deſerv'd regard,
Is quite undone, before he can be heard.
For, to attend three *Seſſions* on a row,
With *Lawyers* often feed, the cauſe to ſhow,
(Perhaps, a hundred miles, or two, from home,
With witneſſes which on his charge do come
As far as he) may make a rich man poore,
And, homeward, beg his bread from doore to doore.
There alſo were (and they who came unſent,
Are likely to be they that now are meant)
Vnwiſe, and undiſcreet ones, mixt among
Our *Parliaments*, who did thoſe meetings wrong,

By controverting of Religion there,
And moving queſtions that improper are
To that *Aſſembly*. For, there is provided
A *Synode*, wherein ought to be decided
Such matters; and what they determine ſhall,
The *Parliament* may ratifie; and call,
And cenſure thoſe, who either ſhall proceed
To croſſe or vilifie what is decreed.
But, we may bluſh to ſee, how much amiſſe
Some ſtretch the Parliamentall pow'r in this.
How, they doe cauſe the weake offence to take;
And, ſay our *Parliaments*, *Religions* make;
How much the due proceedings hindred are,
By ſpending time in ſuch like matters, there,
To that high *Courts* diſturbance; and how much
The *Common-wealth* is damnifi'd by ſuch
Impertinent, and over-buſie wits,
Who know not what the *Parliament* befits,
And what the *Synod*. But, miſtake not me,
I doe not think the *Parliament* ſhould be
Reſtrained ſo, as not to ſhew her care
That true *Religion* be maintained here.
Far be it from my heart: I wiſh they ſhould
Religion to their utmoſt pow'r uphold:
But, my deſire is alſo, that they further
The *Church* affaires, in their owne place and order:
And that they would be pleaſ'd (as hitherto
They gravely were accuſtomed to doe)
To check their buſie *Novices*, who breed
Much ſcandall, when unwiſely they proceed.
For, though ſome threaten fearfull things to thoſe
Who dare a Parliamentall pow'r encloſe
Within a *Bound*: yea, though ſome talking things
Prate, as if they might make and unmake *Kings*;

Coine

Coine new Religions; yea, and Gods, for need;
Yet, I ſhall never entertaine their creed,
Nor feare, when good occaſion I have got,
To ſay what may be done, or what may not.
For, they who make that pow'r or more or leſſe
Then ought to be, dos equally tranſgreſſe.
This, many *Members*, at ſome former ſitting,
Not heeding, or elſe over much forgetting,
Have ſcandaliz'd that Meeting; and made bold
To run a great way further then they ſhould
In their diſcourſe (if not when they have ſate,
Where they did matters publikely debate.
Yea, 'tis the property of moſt of thoſe,
Who by their owne procurement have beene choſe
For *Knights* or *Burgeſſes*, to ſtand it out
More boldly, and more obſtinately ſtout,
For ſome fond cuſtome, then for what befitteth
His *Iuſtice* who in ſuch a *Counſell* ſitteth.
Of theſe they be, whoſe indiſcretions bring
So many diſcontentments to the King,
Through want of more experience, or ſound reaſon;
Or by their urging matters out of ſeaſon:
And, ſuch as theſe you eaſily may know
From wiſer men. For, thus themſelves they ſhow.
If while a *Seſſion* laſteth you ſhall chance
To meet them, where themſelves they do advance
In ſome diſcourſe; aſſure your ſelves ye may,
By their perpetuall tatling, which are they.
For, they ingroſſe the talke, where e're they come,
And ſpeak, as if their lips nought flowed from
But *Apothegmes*; or, as if each cauſe
They undertook, ſhould paſſe among the *Lawes*.
And, what another ſayes, they'll ſo condemne,
As if a whole *Committee* ſpake in them.

In

In my poore judgement it doth much concerne
Our *Parliaments*, that thoſe their members learne
More ſilence: for, no ſooner come they out,
But ev'rywhere they prate, and ſpread about
The ſecrets of the *Houſe*; and blaſt them ſo
By their rank breathings, e're they ripe can grow,
That oft they periſh, or are ſhaken from
The tree, before the gathering time is come.
In this, our *Peeres* I have not quite excuſed;
Nor ſaid, that no ill cuſtomes they have uſed
In this great Meeting: For, the beſt have ſome
Blameworthy things (no doubt) if all ſhould come
To bide the cenſure: and, among the reſt,
The voice by *Proxi*, hold I not the leaſt.
For, unto me, it doth unfit appeare,
To give my voice, untill the cauſe I heare.
Who knowes the hearts of other men ſo well,
Or, of their judgements, who the depth can tell,
So punctually, that (whatſoever ſhall
Propoſed be) he truſt them ſhould in all?
Our owne affaires (though wiſdome ſayeth nay)
To other men we abſolutely may
Refer to be determin'd on: but, that
Which doth concerne the generall eſtate,
It were injuſtice, and a thing unfit,
To others, at adventure, to commit.
For, moſt *Selfe-lovers* are; and we do know,
That many publike injuries may flow
From this one root; I will not ſay they do,
Although I think I might affirme that too.
This *Cuſtome* ſeemeth ancient: and (if told
The truth may be) as evill as tis old:
And, from what cauſe ſoe're it firſt did flow,
It was not from the firſt beginning ſo.

Nor

Nor, ſhould old *preſidents* (growne out of ſeaſon)
Be follow'd, for their age, by men of reaſon:
Nor will this cuſtome laſt, perchance, when they
Who may remove it, well the ſame ſhall weigh.
For, I perceive it uſefull to no end,
But indirect proceedings to befriend.
And, they whoſe courſes are moſt indirect,
Are they that will ſuch *Cuſtomes* moſt protect.
If this, and other errors yet unnamed,
Had well beene heeded: ſome had more bin blamed,
Some leſſe: ſome highly praiſed, who have ſeemed
Vnactive *Members*, and beene diſeſteemed.
Yea, thou hadſt felt moſt grievances amended
E're this; and many troubles had beene ended.
But now (what faults ſoe're concurring be
In others) thoſe defects that were in thee
Oh! *England*, were ſufficient to procure
Theſe perturbations thou doſt yet endure.
Thy over-ſoone forgetfulneſſe of that
Great *Peſtilence*, afflicting thee of late;
Thy thankleſneſſe for Gods admired ceaſing
That ſtrong contagion; and the new encreaſing
Of thy tranſgreſſions, ſince his mercy daigned;
Deſerveth more then thou haſt yet ſuſtained.
Yea, that which thou wert overſeene in there,
Where thy *Aſſemblies* congregated were
To rectifie thy ſelfe; ev'n that, alas!
Sufficient to deſerve theſe troubles was.
And therefore, whenſoe're thy *Soveraigne* ſhall
Be pleaſed, for thy helpe againe to call
In ſuch a publike Meeting; let, in God,
Thy *Knights* and *Burgeſſes* (now ſpred abroad)
Collected be: and, let not any from
Thy *Burroughes*, by undue election come.

Let

Let Lords and Ladies letters, to ſuch ends
Move none; but, only, witneſſe who are friends
To baſe corruption. Let their ſuits be ſcorn'd,
And, no reſpect unto them be return'd.
Let ev'ry one of thoſe that ſhall be ſent
To repreſent thy *Body*; repreſent
Thy true repentance. Let them lay aſide
Prejudicate opinions, faction, pride;
And (to their utmoſt) in themſelves reſtraine,
All thoſe enormities which they retaine:
That, ſetting to their owne deſires, a law,
They may the more enabled be to draw
A *Rule* for others. Let all they that come
To ſerve the *Publike*, leave ſuch thoughts at home
As meerly private are: for, in them lurks
An enmitie to all good publike works.
Let none propoſe in ſuch a *Congregation*,
What is not firſt prepar'd by conſultation,
For otherwhile, their pretious houres are ſpent
About a needleſſe trifling argument:
And, oft, from matters of leaſt moment ſpring
Thoſe diſagreeings which great harme do bring.
What their forefathers unto them did leave,
Let them not ſuffer any to bereave
Their children of. For, they may that deny
Ev'n to their King, provided, loyally
They do it, in reſiſting his demands
By legall *Pleadings*; not by force of hands.
It's as *Naboths* Vineyard; and, to live
He merits not, who doth repine to give
His life to ſave it: yea, accurſt is he
That would not zealous in thoſe cauſes be.
Let them, therefore, their ancient rights maintain,
By all juſt meanes: and let them yeeld againe,

The

The royall dues. For, thoſe things proſper not,
Which are, amiſſe, from *God*, or *Ceſar* got.
All wrongs ſhall be revenged: but none brings
Such vengeance, as the wrong to God, and Kings.
If but in word alone (nay, but in thought)
We have againſt our *Prince* committed ought
Which is diſloyall, bid it ſhall not lye,
But, be revealed by a *winged ſpy*.
Let, therefore, all juſt freedomes of the Land,
That can be proved, forth in publike ſtand;
And not in old Records (halfe ſmother'd lye)
In danger to be loſt by caſualty;
Or elſe embezel'd; or, by wormes and duſt
To be devoured: or, by thoſe we truſt.
Let us not whiſper them, as men that feare
The claiming of their due, high treaſon were.
Nor let us (as we doe) in corners prate,
As if the *Sov'raigne* power, or the *State*
Encroacht injuriouſly; and ſo defame
The government: diſgrace the royall *Name*;
And nouriſh, by degrees, an evill ſpirit,
That us of all our peace will diſ-inherit.
But, let us, if we ſee our ancient right
Infringed; bring our grievances to light,
Speak loyally, and orderly, and plaine,
Thoſe things which for our owne we can maintaine:
So, Kings the truth perceiving; and their ends
Who did abuſe their truſt, will make amends
For all our ſuffrings: give our foes their doome;
And make us more ſecure for times to come.
But, bring not, when ye come to plead with Kings,
(Againſt their claimes) ſome bare conjecturings:
For, what thou haſt no certaine evidence
To be thy right; the right is in the *Prince*.

It

It is a royalty, to Monarks due,
But, if for any *Freedome*, ye can ſhew
A *Law* enacted; or, a *Cuſtome* old,
Or *Preſidents*, that have not beene controld
(As often as produced) ye may lay
Your claime; and keep it, ev'ry lawfull way.
Each *Preſident*, and every *Demand*
Which doth from time to time oppoſed ſtand,
Concludeth nothing. This, let each man heed,
And with a conſcionable awe proceed
In ſuch affaires. Let pure humility,
True piety, true love, and charity,
Be brought along. And, when all theſe ye bring,
Then goe with loyalty and meet your King,
In his and your affaires without miſtruſt:
And then (as certainly as God is juſt)
In ev'ry due requeſt ye ſhall prevaile,
Or, gaine ſome great advantage, if ye faile.
Deſire of God to teach and guide you ſo,
That in this narrow path you ſtraight may go.
If you would have a King be juſt to you,
Be ye upright, and to his honor true.
Yeeld firſt to him, in ev'ry fit demand,
And, long capitulating, do not ſtand,
On what you may determinate with ſpeed.
Becauſe, perhaps, delay may danger breed.
Afford him his requeſts, unto your pow'rs;
Be his the fault, if he denieth yours;
Or if miſcounſelled he ſhall require
What ſhall his weale oppugne, or your deſire.
Goe caſt your ſelves before him with ſubmiſſion;
Preſent him with petition on petition.
With one accord, and with a fearleſſe face,
Informe him how much hindrance, or diſgrace,

Or

Or danger to the Land there may accrue,
If He your loyall counſell ſhall eſchew.
For, God becauſe his lawes we diſobey,
Vs at our *Soveraignes* feet doth meane to lay,
To humble us a while. If we repent,
To all our loyall ſuits he will aſſent:
If otherwiſe; God will give up this Land,
Our lives and freedomes all into his hand.
Go offer, while to offer you are free;
And what you give him, ſhall *peace-offrings* be;
If that which for atonement you provide,
With love and penitence be ſanctifide.
The world againſt our State doth now conſpire;
Inteſtine dangers alſo, doe require
That we in concord ſhould united be,
And to ſupply the Kingdomes wants agree.
Leſt while we ſtrive, and fondly froward grow,
We be ſurpriſed by our common foe.
Vnwiſe is he that in a dangerous place
Doth ſtay to waſh a ſpot out of his face,
When *Outlawes* he approaching heares, that may
His body wound, or take his head away.
If I ſhould heare a Lyon neare me roare,
I'de arme my ſelfe, though I with wounds were ſore,
And what I had not leaſure then to cure,
Would ſeek to heale, when I of life were ſure.
In times of trouble all muſt look for croſſes;
And they muſt beare, who cannot ſhift their loſſes;
There may be ſmart by what we ſuffer ſhall;
But, better ſmart, then not to be at all.
When I do think a blow my head may harme,
I'le ward it off although it break mine arme;
For, though my arme be loſt, yet I may live;
But, on my head, a blow my death may give.

Iam not ſo beſotted, as to think,
We ought to give the wanton pallat drink,
Vntill the head be giddy, (leſt it may
Bring all the body headlong to decay)
Nor praiſe I them that are ſo over-wiſe,
To ſpare what ſhall be needfull to ſuffiſe
The gen'rall want (although to needleſſe ends,
Some private hand, the publike wealth diſpends)
This, only, is the ſcope of my petition,
That all be done with love, and with diſcretion.
For, we muſt underſtand, that many things
Which are not juſt in us, are juſt in Kings;
And, that it is a kind of trait'rouſneſſe,
To give them more then due, as well as leſſe.
They, who deny the King free pow'r to do
What his Republikes weale conduceth to,
Becauſe ſome *Law* gainſayes; ev'n thoſe deprive
Their Sov'raigne of a due prerogative;
Since, for the common good, it juſt may be,
That ſome injuſtice may be done to me,
Or any few. Moreover, men that ſay
Kings may do more, then of true right they may,
And that no law doth bound them; make a King
And him that is a Tyrant, all one thing.
In my opinion, theſe men are like thoſe
Who in ſweet meats, a poiſon do encloſe
That kils a twelvemonths after. Tis as tho
We ſhould affirme, that God may evill do
If ſo he pleaſe. It is a needleſſe pow'r
That ſerves for nothing, but to help devoure
The owner. Yea, it is as if we ſhould
Prepare our friend all inſtruments we could,
Wherewith if he ſhould ſick, or fooliſh grow,
He might have meanes himſelfe to overthrow.

And

And they who to themſelves this pow'r do take,
Do ſilken halters, and gilt ponyards make
For their owne throats: or, *Nero*-like to kill
Themſelves, with poiſons, golden viols fill.
For, though a righteous King will never ſtray
From what is juſt (though none with-hold him may)
Becauſe he to himſelfe becomes a *Law*;
Yet, vicious Princes, thence, occaſion draw
To perpetrate that *Act* which them deprives,
Of kingdomes, lives, and all prerogatives.
And they that were as wiſe as *Solomon*,
Or as vpright as *David*, being gone,
May leave a ſon or grandchild, as did they
Whoſe wilfulneſſe ſhall caſt ten Tribes away.
And, then, their traitrous counſell curſe he will,
Who told him, he had pow'r of doing ill.
For, though ſuch Counſellors may think they doe
Their Sov'raignes honor, and much pleaſure too,
In over-ſtraining their *Prerogatives*;
Yet are they to their *Honor*, *States* and *Lives*,
Egregious traitors; ſince a plot they lay,
Whereby their Princes ſhall themſelves betray
To their owne follies (if they vicious grow)
Yea, by this meanes they lend a poiſned blow
To *King*, and *Realme*; which while the traitors live,
Will eaſe to ſome *Impoſtume* ſeeme to give,
Or cure a wart, upon the body bred,
And, feſter to the heart when they are dead.
Abhor ye theſe; and do not favour thoſe
That would their King more narrowly encloſe
Then ſhall be honorable, or befits
His Majeſty that as God's *Viceroy* ſits.
When he compelled by neceſſities,
Requireth of his people due ſupplies.

They

They must be had: although some oversight,
Forepast, may make it seeme to wrong the right
And freedomes of the *Land*. We are not bound
To keep a *Priviledge*, that shall confound
Both us and all our *Liberties*. They have
No blame, that yeeld up what they cannot save
Without a greater losse: nay, wise is he
That serves one day, to be for ever free.
Your *Wisdomes* may, at eale, a course invent
To please the *King*, yet make no *president*
To future times, from whence there shall arise
Infringement of our lawfull *Liberties*;
Or to our Cause reproach: and, to be taught
You need not, if together you were brought,
According to the freedome of election:
For, no man then would need my poore direction.
But, there shall still be some that will intrude,
And I for their instruction, am thus rude.
Some cry, *The Land is poore, and cannot give.*
Tis poore indeed: and yet I do beleeve
Few Kingdomes are so rich. Tis poore become,
Respecting that innumerable sum
Of our arrear'd *Repentance*, yet unpaid.
Tis poore, if all our vertue should be weigh'd
With what is wanting; or, if we compare
Our *Worthies*, living now, with such as were.
Tis poore, if we on those reflect our eyes,
On whom the labour of this *Kingdome* lies:
Those people, whom our great and wealthy ones
Have rackt, oppresst, and eaten to the bones,
To fatten and adorne their carkasses;
The Land (I must confesse) is poore in these.
Nay, if we should consider, what a rate
The richer sort among us liveth at;

How

How many needleſſe wayes they do enlarge
(Without all temperance) their yearly charge:
And how each one his humor to enjoy,
Doth emulate his friend in ev'ry toy.
Or, were it heeded well, how out of meaſure
Some waſt their fortunes on a wicked pleaſure;
Ev'n (otherwhile) for that which for a bubble
Of *Mirth*, doth bring them halfe an ages trouble:
Or, were it well obſerv'd what beggeries,
What ſhifts, what baſeneſſe, what neceſſities,
This brings on thoſe that richeſt men are thought:
What coſtly ſuits and troubles it hath brought;
And how indebted and ingag'd they ſtand
To one another quite throughout the Land.
Theſe things, I ſay, conſider'd, well we may
Affirme this *Realme* is beggerly: and ſay
The rich are poore. But, he this *Ile* belies
Who taxeth it of other poverties.
Yea, he or blinded is, or maketh leſſe
(To Gods diſhonor) out of wilfulneſſe,
His matchleſſe bounty. What one *Kingdome*, yeelds
Through *Europe*, in barnes, granards, ſtalls, and fields,
Of Cattell and of Corne, in ev'ry kind,
More plenty, then among us, yet we find?
Where do their Gardens or their Orchards beare,
More fruits, for food or phyſick then are here?
Our Sheep, fine wools enough afford us do,
To cloath our ſelves, and other nations too.
And, by their golden fleeces, bring in ſums
As large, as any that from *India* comes.
Our Bees do gather honey from our flowers;
Our Meads are fruitfull by our Aprill ſhowers.
Within the *Land* rich *Minerals* do lie;
Our Ayre hath *Fowle*, in great variety.

In

In ſtately *Pallaces*, we doe abound;
With many *Townes*, our hills and dales are crown'd:
In woods, and groves, this Kingdome hath excelled,
(And, ſome yet ſtand though moſt of thé are felled)
Faire *Ports* we have, ſweet Rivers, and the Seas
Surrounding us; and wealth comes in by theſe.
Our fruitfull waters fiſh enough doth yeeld
To feed us, though we had nor Grove, nor Field.
Yea, did we riot leſſe, and labour more,
Our Fiſh alone, would feed us all at ſhore.
If yet, this *Kingdome* needy ſeeme to be,
Goe looke upon her Cities, and there ſee
And marke, their coſtly Piles, their precious wares,
What choice, and ſtore of rarities appeares
Within their *Magazines*. Obſerve their ſtate;
Their clothes, their jewels, furniture and plate;
And tell me, if they doe not ſignifie
That there is farre more Pride, then poverty.
Gold, ſilver, pearles and diamonds doe glare
And glitter in your eye-ſight, ev'ry where.
Himſelfe diſgrac't the meaneſt Cobler thinks,
Vnleſſe his Beere and Wine in Plate he drinkes,
And eates in ſilver. Yea, the pooreſt ones
Muſt of that mettall have their bowles or ſpoones:
On every thing, almoſt, pure gold is ſpilt.
The meaneſt inſtruments are hatcht, or gilt.
Their *Servants*, in their garments are as gay,
As if that all the weeke were *Holy day*.
Their *Feaſtings* are abundant, and their pleaſure,
Maintained is not, with a little Treaſure.
But, *Cities* are the *Treaſuries* you'l ſay,
Wherein the Kingdomes riches up we lay
Survey the Country then, and tell me where
The ruſticke villages repleniſht are

With

With ſuch faire booties. Other Kingdomes have
Their Cities, peradventure rich and brave;
But in their ſcattred Villages, we ſee
That few or none, ſave Peaſants dwelling be,
Poſſeſſing nor good houſe, nor houſhold ſtuffe,
Nor comely Clothes, nor wholeſome food enough.
Our *Farmes* are ſtor'd with uſefull implements
Enough to purchaſe all the tenements,
And Lands in many forraigne *Realms*, that are
As large as this our Country doth appeare.
Of yron, and of braſſe enough have we
To buy their gold. Our pewter ſhould not be
Exchanged for their ſilver; if all were
Summ'd up, that's found with ev'ry Cottager:
Nay, there be many houſes in this Land
That in remote obſcurity doe ſtand,
Which to the Foe would yeeld a richer prize
Then many Townſhips which they might ſurprize
On other ſhores: And yet, ſome doe not ſhame
With poverty, this *Iland* to defame.
WAR threatens us; and we of want complaine,
Not knowing how our ſafeties to maintaine:
Yet we doe nothing want that may conduce
In warre or peace, to ſerve a needfull uſe.
Armes, victualls, men, and money we have ſtore;
Yet, ſtill, we falſly cry that we are poore.
We are ſo greedy, that we will not ſpare,
To ſave the hogge, one farthing worth of tarre.
Gods bleſſings we ſo long time have abuſed
That now we know not how they ſhould be uſed.
Or elſe we thinke each other ſo unjuſt,
That no man knows with whom the meanes to truſt.
Oh! pray to God, to take away the cauſe
Of theſe diſtempers; and to breake the *Maze*

In

In which we wander. For, like thoſe we fare,
Who ſitting at a banquet, ſtarved are.
If we had peace with God, and could agree,
This Kingdome which ſo needy ſeemes to be,
Might with her ſuperfluities maintaine
Far greater armies, then the King of *Spaine*,
With all his *Indies*. We might begger him,
And make all thoſe who feare him, to contemne
His winning projects; if we had but eyes
To ſee and take the courſe that open lies.
It is his gold encreaſing his ambition,
Which to the Chriſtian world will bring perdition:
And if prevention longer we delay,
(Or if we doe not find a better way
Then yet is trod) the current of his pow'r
Will grow ſo ſtrong, that it will all deveure.
For, w ere a ſtreame runs broad, and ſwift, to ſtop
His fury there, I ſee but litle hope.
Materials both for war and peace, muſt come
To him from divers quarters; for at home
His Country yeelds him little. But the yeare
As it renewes, with us, reneweth here
Our food and rayment; and though no ſupplies
Come in, a ſtaple of Commodities
Our *Iland* is, which both in war and peace
Will ſtill be in requeſt, and ſtill encreaſe.
Let therefore thoſe who on the *Continent*
Doe feare him, uſe their utmoſt to prevent
His greatneſſe there; and let our Sea-girt *Ile*
(Forbearing on Land forces for a while,
To ſpend their ſtrength) intirely bend their pow'r,
(As in preceding times) the Seas to ſcoure:
For, with more profit, and a leſſer charge,
That ſhall our loſt advantages enlarge,

And

And, make his *Armies*, which are now ſo ſtrong,
Draw back, decay, and mutiny, e're long.
Were we reſolv'd our courſe this way to bend,
Of our *maine ſtock* we needed not to ſpend
One moitie. For, halfe of what is loſt,
Within this Kingdome (ſav'd) would quit that coſt.
Let all, according to the port they beare,
Forbeare but one vaine Feaſt in ev'ry yeare:
Let ev'ry houſhold, for the publike wealth,
(Which alſo would advance the bodies health)
Faſt but one meale aweek, and ſeparate
The price thereof, for ſervice of the State:
Or ſpare from their full boards of fleſh or fiſh,
The dreſſing, or the ſawce, but of one diſh:
Let us but lay one lace or gard the leſſe
Vpon our Clokes; or ſave the coſtlineſſe
In our apparell, which we well might ſpare,
Yet, no defect upon the ſame appeare:
Let us preſerve but halfe the tithe of thoſe
Expences, trifled out in games and ſhowes;
Which do not only needleſſe charge encreaſe,
But fill the kingdome full of idleneſſe:
Or theſe, and many other ſuch expences,
(Which waſt our wealth, and multiply offences)
If we but part would give; perhaps, that coſt
Would ſave our lives, and all, from being loſt.
Tobacco (which the age that went before,
Nor knew, nor needed) doth expend us more
Then would maintaine an army: for, few think
How much there is conſum'd in ſmoake and ſtink.
Pride is ſo coſtly, that if ev'ry *Girle*
Should give the worth but of one lace or purle,
Which trims her Croſſecloth, it would ſailes provide
For halfe the ſhips which now at *Plimouth* ride

Had we but ev'ry forfeiture that's due,
From those of our notorious drunken crue;
Or, if the value were together got,
Although but of their twentieth needlesse pot,
I am perswaded it aflote would set
A greater Fleet then we have armed yet.
The very *Oaths* which we may daily heare,
(The men, the women, and the children sweare)
If thundred forth together; would rore louder,
Then all our Cannons: and, great shot and powder,
Much more then would at sea and land suffise;
Might purchast be, by halfe the penalties
Which might be justly taken; if we had
Regard to execute the *Lawes* we made.
God grant that of his honor, and of what
Concernes the gen'rall safety of the State,
We may more zealous grow; and that some course
May stop that mischeife, which yet waxeth worse.
And that from this, or from some better light,
The meanes of reformation take we might:
Of which I hopefull am, and that e're long,
Our *Commonwealth* shall sing a sweeter song.
When such a time I see, I shall be sure
These Lines, oh! *England*, will thy love procure;
And I who for thy weale this paines bestow,
Shall find more favour then I look'for now:
Yea, then shall I, that yet have beene despis'd,
Bewailed dye; or, live much better priz'd.
But not till then: Nor shall I live to view
Thy sorrowes ended, if thou do not rue
Thy sins with speed. Oh! therefore, speedy be
To turne to God, that he may turne to thee.
Beseech him, *England*, to unclose thine eyes,
And let thee see in what thy sicknesse lies.

Employ
Employ

Emplore thou him to mollifie thy heart,
Thy Children from their follies to divert,
And, break those chaines of ignorance and sin,
Which at this present thou ly'st fetterd in.
Endeavor to be friends with God againe:
And, he will all thy furious foes restraine.
Thy faulty members, who doe now disturb
Thy peace; he either will remove or curb.
Those *Graces* thou perceivedst heretofore
Adorne thy *Soveraigne*, shall be hid no more
By those darke fogs which from thy sins do rise,
For, God will take the skales from off thine eyes.
On thee, his countenance againe shall shine;
That thou maist laud him in a Song divine:
And, they who now lament thy sad estate,
In *Hymnes* of joy shall praise thy happy *Fate*.

The eighth *Canto*.

Our Poet having toucht againe
What frailties in himselfe remaine,
Declares, that many Plagues doe steale
As well on Church, *as* Commonweale:
Relates what crotchets doe possesse
Some, who Religion professe:
What noysome lawes, what tares, and weeds,
Are sprung, to choake the holy seeds:
What fained zeale, and affectation,
Hath fool'd this formall Generation:
And, how from some, great scandall growes,
Who keare the keyes, that bind and loose.
Next, he delivereth Predictions
Of plague, of sorrowes, and afflictions,
Which on this Iland *will descend,*

Vnlesse our manners we amend.
And, whensoever civill jars,
Or mischiefes, by the rage of wars,
Oppresse this Realme; *his* Muse *doth show,*
Who shall occasion it; and how.
Which fearfull Iudgement *to prevent,*
He calls upon her to repent:
By ten apparant signes, hath showne,
Gods patience nigh expir'd is growne:
Then, for the Publike-weale, *he prayes:*
Then, for himselfe; *and, there he stayes.*

I Doe not wonder, as I erst have done,
That when the Prophet *Ionas* should have gone
To *Niniveh*, Gods word he disobey'd,
And would himselfe to *Tharsus* have convey'd:
For, I have now a sense how flesh and blood
The motions of the *Holy Ghost* withstood,
And feele (me thinks) how many a likely doubt
The Devill, and his trailty, found him out
He was a man (though he a *Prophet* were)
In whom no little weaknesse did appeare:
And, thus he thought, perchance, *What shall I doe?*
A strange attempt my heart is urged to:
And, there is somewhat, earnestly incites
That I should hasten to the Ninivites,
And, preach, that if they alter not their wayes,
Their time of standing, is but forty dayes,
My soule perswadeth God injoynes me to it;
And sleepe in peace, I cannot, till I doe it:
But common Reason *striveth to restraine*
This motion, and perswades me tis in vaine.
It saith, I am a sinner, and so fraile,
That, many times, my best endeavors faile

To

To rectifie my ſelfe. How ſhall I then
Be hopefull of reclaiming other men?
To Iſr'el I have threatned many yeares
Gods judgements: yet, no fruit thereof appeareſs
Although they have ſome knowledge of the Lord,
And are within his League, they ſleight his word:
What hope then is there, that a heathen Nation
Will prove regardfull of my exhortation?
The ſtile of Prophet, *in this land I carry,*
And ſuch a Calling, *here, is ordinary;*
But, in a forraigne State, what warranty
Have I, to publiſh ſuch a Propheſie?
How may the King *and People take the ſame,*
If I ſhall in the open ſtreets defame
So great a City? *and, condemne for ſin,*
A place wherein I never yet have bin?
If I ſhall ſay, the Lord commanded me:
Then, they perhaps, will anſwer: What is he?
For, they profeſſe him not. Nay, ſome ſuſpition
They may conceive, that I to move ſedition
Am ſent among them. Or, if otherwiſe
They ſhall ſuppoſe; how can they but deſpiſe
My perſon, and my counſell, who ſhall from
So far a place, ſome ere a ſtranger come,
That no man knowes, or what or who I am,
Or from what Country, or from w'om I came?
Such thoughts (belike) delay'd, and fear'd him ſo;
And, ſo the *Spirit* urg'd him ſtill to go
For *Niniveh*; that nor to goe, nor ſtay,
Could he reſolve: but, fled another way.
From which rebellious courſe, God fetcht him back
With ſuch a vengeance, that he did not lack
Sufficient proofes, how Reaſon did betray him,
And, in his *Calling*, cauſleſly affray him.

Yea (mark heav'ns providence) thou, h *Ionas* went
Another way, it croſt not God's intent,
But furthred it. For, doubtleſſe, e're he came
To *Niniveh*, the miracle and fame
Of his *Deliverance*, was ſent before;
And, made his preaching worke on them the more.
Now, though I doe nor arrogate, nor dare
My ſelfe (except in frailties) to compare
With bleſſed *Ionas*: yet, I may be bold
To ſay, our *Cauſes* a reſemblance hold:
My heart (and when that moves, as one averres,
It more prevailes then many Counſellers)
My heart (I ſay) perſwaded me e'rewhile,
To reade a warning Lecture to this *Ile*.
And in ſuch manner moved; that, to ſay
It came from God, me thinks, be bold I may.
Yet, my owne nat'rall frailty, and the world,
Among my thoughts ſo many doubtings hurld,
That ev'ry ſtep had rubs. I levell'd ſome
In my laſt *Canto*. Yet, I could not come
To even ground, till I had overtopt
Some other Mountaines which my paſſage ſtopt.
Beware, ſaid *Reaſon*, how thou undertake
This hazardous adventure, which to make
Thou haſt reſolv'd. For, this wiſe age denies
That God vouchſafed any *Prophecies*
Concerning them; or, that the application
Of ought foretold, pertaineth to this Nation.
She ſaith, my *Conſtancy* is no true ſigne
That God firſt moved this intent of mine;
Since Hereticks, and Traytors oft are ſeene
As bold in all their cauſes to have beene
As *Martyrs* be. And, that for what they do,
They can pretend the holy Spirit too.

And

And she perswades, tis likely I shall passe
(At best) for one that much deluded was
She sayes, moreover, that if these times be
Indeed, so wicked, as they seeme to me,
I shall in stead of moving to repent,
Nought else but stir their fury, and be rent
Perhaps in pieces, by their hasty rage.
For, what's more likely in a wicked age?
When people in their sins grow hardned once,
She sayes I may as well goe talke to stones,
As tell them ought. For, they are in the dark;
And, what they see and heare, they do not mark.
She urged that the Prophets in old times
Did speak in vaine against the peoples crimes;
And if in them their words begat no faith,
Much lesse will such as mine, my *Reason* saith.
She tells me also, that this *Isle* hath store
Of *Prophets*, and of *Preachers* never more:
She sayes, that though their calling none suspect,
Their paines appeare to take but small effect:
And, if such men authorized as they,
Doe cast their words, without successe, away;
In vaine my *Muse* (whose warrant most contemne)
Doth seeke to work more piety in them.
A thousand things unto the like effect;
Yea, all and more then any can object,
(Who shall peruse this Book) my Reason brought
Before me, and objected to my thought,
And, as a *Pilgrim* (who occasions hath
To take some extraordinary path)
Arivall making at a double way,
Is doubtfull whether to proceed or stay:
So fared I; I was nigh tired quite,
Before I could be certaine of the right.

Yea, twixt my doubts, and all those replies
Which in my meditations did arise;
I so amazed grew, I could not know
Which way it best befitted me to goe.
But, at the last, God brought me thorow all
My doubts and feares, as through the *Storm* & *Whale*,
Once *Ionas* came: That so, all they, who are
Ordained for their good, these Lines to heare,
The more may profit, when they think upon
What straits I passed, e're this work was done:
To that intent my frailties I have so
Insisted on, as in this book I do.
Yea, I am hopefull also, they that read
These lines of mine (and mark with how much heed
And Christian awfulnesse, my heart was won
To censure and reprove as I have done)
Will plainly see, these *Numbers* flow not from
Fantastick rashnesse; nor from envy come
Nor spring from faction; neither were begot
By their distracted zeale, who (knowing not
What *Spirit* guides them) often are beguiled
With shewes of truth; and madly have reviled
Both good and ill: and whose unsavory *Rimes*
Defames mens persons more then check their crimes.
Dishonour Kings; their sacred names blaspheme;
And having gain'd some notions in a dreame,
Or by report (of what they know not well)
Desire their giddy thoughts abroad to sell:
In hope to merit: as in deed they doe,
Sometime the pillory, and gallowes too.
I trust, I say, these lines will seeme no such;
Or, if they doe, truth is, I care not much,
Because I certaine am what pow'r infused
Those matters, whereupon I now have mused:

And

And know, that none will theſe or me condemne,
But they whoſe rage and follies I contemne.
Yet, that they may be ſure I neither care
Who cenſures me, nor what their cenſures are,
(When honeſt things I doe) here, ſomewhat more
I'le adde to what is mentioned before:
And give thee, *Britaine*, a more perfect ſight
Of thy diſtempers, and thy ſickly plight.
Yea, thou ſhalt know, I have not ſeene alone
A bodily *Conſumption* ſteeling on,
And waſting of thy *Temporalties*, but, that
I alſo have diſcovered of late,
A *Lethargy* upon thy ſoule to ſteale:
And that as well the *Church* as *Commonweale*
Doth need a cure. Oh! doe not quite neglect
The good of both; but, one (at leaſt) reſpect.
Though *Iudahs* ſickneſſes unheeded be,
(Although thy temporall wounds afflict not thee)
Yet looke on *Syon*: yea, behold and ſee
Thy Spiritualties, how much empair'd they be.
The *Churches* Patrimony is decay'd;
And many a one is in her ſpoiles araid:
Thoſe *Patrons* (as we terme them in this age)
Who of her Dowries have the patronage,
Doe rob and cheat her, many times of all;
And, their *Donations* baſely ſet to ſale.
Thoſe *Cananites*, whom thou preſerveſt here,
(And by thy lawes to be expelled were)
Are in thy borders now ſo multiply'd,
That they are thornes and thiſtles in thy ſide.
They are become a *Serpent* in thy path,
Which bites unſeene; and nigh unhorſed hath
Some able *Riders*. On thy *Places-high*
Thy people do commit Idolatry.

And reare strange *Altars*. In thy Fields are found
Those cunning harmfull *Foxes* to abound,
That spoile thy *Vines*. And, some I have espy'd,
Twixt whose opposed tales, are firebrands ty'd,
Which waste thy fruits. Thy *Harvest* seemeth faire;
But secret blastings doe so much impaire
And blite the Corne; that when it comes to bread,
Thy Children oft unwholsomly are fed.
Men use *Religion* as a stalking-horse
To catch preferment; yea, sometime to worse
And baser uses they employ the same;
Like that bold *Harlot*, who quite void of shame,
Did of her *Vowes*, and her *Peace offerings* make
A sinne, lascivious customers to take.
Yea, some (resembling him, from whom was cast
One Devill) when one sin they have displac't,
Of which the world took notice, sweep and cleanse
Themselves (in show) from all their other sins;
Yet secretly, let *Sathan* repossesse,
And foule them with a seven-fold wickednesse.
An universall dulnesse will benum
Thy senses, if thou doe not soone become
More heed'full of thy state, then thou art yet:
For, ev'ry part hath felt an ague-fit.
Thy *Academs*, which are the famous places
In which all pious knowledges and graces
Should nourisht be; and whence thy chiefe supply
Of *Teachers*, come, (as from a Nursery)
Ev'n those faire *Fountaines* are much tainted grown,
With doctrines hardly sound, which thence are blown
Through ev'ry quarter. In their *Schooles* are heard
Vaine jiggs and janglings, worthlesse of regard.
Their very *Pulpits*, and their *Oratories*,
Are Stages, whereupon their owne vainglories

Men

Men often act. Yea, many a vaine conceit,
Is brought in stead of arguments of weight:
And (which is worse) disorder is so rife
Among them; and the weeds of evill life
Have so o'regrowne those *Gardens*, that (unlesse
Good government shall speedily redresse
That spreading mischiefe) it will overtop
The plants of *Syon*, and destroy her crop.
To be thy *Shepheards*, Wolves are stolen in;
And, thou hast those who ev'n by day begin
To sow their Tares among thy purest Seed;
And, with mixt *Graines* thy Lands pollution breed.
For hire and money propheses the *Prophet*:
The *Priest* doth preach, to make a living of it,
Ev'n meerly for a living; and, but few
Their *holy charge*, for conscience sake pursue:
Which I by many signes could make apparent,
But that it is not yet within my *Warrant*.
Loquantur Curæ leves: little *Cures*
Doe make men preach, whilst poverty endures.
Ingentes stupent; but, large livings make
Our *Doctors* dumb: condemne not my mistake:
For, though I doe the Latine sentence wrong,
That's true I tell you in the *English* tongue.
Our Nation, which of late prophanenesse hated,
Is in that sin almost *Italienated*.
The *Scriptures* without reverence are used:
The holy phrase, in jestings, is abused:
To flout, or praise, or curse, we can apply
Gods holy word, most irreligiously:
Instead of *Emblems*, moving thoughts divine,
The filthy pictures of lewd *Aretine*,
Are found in many Closets. Foolish lies,
Prophane and most lascivious *Elegies*

Are

Are publike made. Yea, thoſe whom heretofore
A heathen *Emperour* did ſo abhor,
That he, for them, their wanton *Author* ſent
To undergöe perpetuall baniſhment:
Ev'n theſe, we reade; and worſe then thoſe, by far,
Allowed paſſe, and unreproved are.
Nay, their vaine *Authors* often cheriſht be:
At leaſt, they have the favour to goe free.
But, if a graver *Muſe* reprove their ſin,
Lord, with what haſty zeale they call it in!
How libellous they make it! and how vile,
Thou know'ſt; and at their folly thou doſt ſmile.
Full warily, the politick *Divine*,
(Who ſhould allow it) ſcanneth ev'ry Line
Before it paſſe; each phraſe he doth ſuſpect;
Although he findeth nothing to be chekt,
He feares to Licence it. And it by chance
It paſſe abroad, forthwith doth ignorance
Miſtake or miſapply; and falſe and bade
Conſtructions are, of good expreſſions made.
Yea, they who on the ſeats of *Iudgement* ſit,
Are oft, moſt ready, to miſcenſure it.
I would they were as forward to diſgrace
Thoſe *Authors*, who have filled ev'ry place
With fruitleſſe Volumes. For diſperſed are
Ev'n quite throughout this *Iland* ev'ry yeare,
Ev'n many thouſand *Reames* of ſcurrile toyes,
Songs, Rymes and Ballads, whoſe vaine uſe deſtroyes
Or hinders Vertuous knowledge, and Devotion.
And this we doe to further the promotion
Of our *Diana*. Yet, behold, if we
To publiſh ſome few ſheets required be,
Containing pyous *Hymns*, or Chriſtian *Songs*,
Or ought which to the praiſe of God belongs:

We

We doe so feare the hindrance of our gaine,
That like th'*Ephesian* Silver-smiths, we faine
A great complaint. As if to have enlarged
A little Booke, had grievously o'recharged
The Common-wealth. Whereas if it were weigh'd,
How much of late this Land is overlaid
With triviall Volumes: or, how much they doe
Corrupt our *Manners*, and *Religion* too,
By that abusive matter they containe;
I should not seeme unjustly to complaine.
These times do swarme with *Pamphlets*, which be far
More dangerous, then mortall poysons are
Ev'n in those bookes, whereby the simple thought
To find true knowledg, they their Bane have caught:
For, thence, strong *Heresies* (there being hid
Amid some doubtlesse Truths, a while unspid)
Steal out among the people, by degrees;
More mischiefe working then each *Reader* sees.
And, so, to ruine knowledge, that is made
An instrument; whereby it raising had
For (by their lucre, who the Churches peace
Disturb, their private profit to encrease)
Those *Doctrines* which are unauthorised,
Are so promiscuously divulg'd, and spread,
Among approved *Verities*; that some
Are in those *Laborinths* amaz'd become:
And, such a Contradiction is in that
Which their confused *Pamphlets* doe relate;
That, Common Readers, know not which to leave,
Nor, which the *Church of England* doth receive.
And, from this mischiefe many others flow,
Which will, in future times, more harmfull grow.
This, spins vaine *Controversies* to their length;
By this, most *Heresies* receive their strength.

And

And what distraction it already makes,
Our grieved *Mother* wofull notice takes.
In stead of active knowledge, and her fruit;
This filleth men with itchings of *dispute*,
And empty words; whereby are set abroach
A thousand quarrells, to the *Truths* reproach.
The *Sectaries*, the *Munkeyes*, and the *Apes*,
The *Cuts* and *Foxes*, which do mar our Grapes;
The *Wolves* in sheep-skins, and our frantick rable
Of *Worship-mongers*, are innumerable.
And, as the *Churches* quiet they molest,
So they each other spightfully infest.
We have some *Papists*: some that halfe way goe:
Some *Semi-puritans*; some, wholly so;
Some *Anabaptists*; some, who doe refuse
Black puddings; and good porke, like arrant *Iewes*:
Some also term'd *Arminians* are among
Our *Priests* and *People*, very lately sprung.
What most, so call'd, professe, I stand not for:
And what some say they teach, I doe abhor.
But, what some other, so misnam'd, beleeve,
Is that whereto best Christians credit give.
For, as we see the most reformed man,
By *Libertines*, is term'd a *Puritan*:
So (by our purblinde *Formalists*) all those
Who new fantastick crotchets doe oppose,
Begin to be mis-term'd *Arminians* now.
And, hence e're long will greater mischieves grow
Then most imagine. For, the foolish feare,
Lest they to be *Arminians* may appeare,
Or else be termed *Puritans*, will make
Great multitudes *Religion* quite forsake.
And, I am halfe perswaded, this will one
Of those great *Schismes* (or earthquakes) cause which

(*Iohn*

Fore-

Foretold in his *Apocalyps*; and they
Are blest, who shall not thereby fall away.
Some *Brownists*, and some *Familists* have we;
And some, that no man can tell what they be;
Nor they themselves. Some, seeme so wondrous pure
They no mens conversations can endure,
Vnlesse they use their plaistrings; and appeare
In every formall garbe which they shall weare.
There be of those who in their words deny,
And hate the practice of *Idolatry*,
Yet make an *Idol* of their formall zeale,
And underneath strict holinesse, conceale
A mystery of evill, which deceives them,
And, when they think all safe, in danger leaves them.
Their whole *Religion*, some do place in hearing:
Some, in the outward action of *forbearing*
Ill deeds; or in *well doing*, though the heart
In that performance beare no reall part.
Some others, of their morall actions make
Small conscience: and, affirme that God doth take
No notice how in body they transgresse,
If him they in their inward man confesse:
As if a soule beloved could reside
Within a body quite unsanctifide.
Some, not contented in the act of sin,
Are growne so impudent, that they begin
To justifie themselves in wickednesse;
Or, by quaint arguments, to make it lesse:
And, by such Monsters, to such ends as this,
The *Christian-liberty* defamed is.
Newfangledness, *Religion* hath orethrowne;
And, many as fantastical are growne
In that, as in apparell. Some, delight
In nothing more then to be opposite

To

To other men: Their zeal they wholly ſpend
The preſent Government to reprehend;
The Churches diſcipline to vilifie;
And raile, at all, which pleads Antiquitie.
They love not peace: and therefore have ſuſpition
Of Truth it ſelfe, if out of perſecution:
And are ſo thankleſſe, or ſo heedleſſe be
Of Gods great love, in giving ſuch a free
And plenteous meanes of publiſhing his word,
That, what his Prophets of the *Iewes* record,
Some vereſie in us. Much praiſe is given
To that blinde age, wherein the *Queene of heav'n*
Was worſhipt here. And, falſly, we extoll
Thoſe Dayes, as being much more plentifull.
Some, at the frequency of *Preaching* grutch,
And, tyred with it, thinke wee have too much:
Nay, impudently practiſe to ſuppreſſe
That Exerciſe, and make our plenty leſſe.
And, that their doings may not want ſome fayre
Or goodly coulor, they doe call for Pray'r,
In ſtead thereof; as if we could not pray,
Vntill our *Preaching* we had ſent away.
As theſe are fooliſhly, or lewdly, wiſe;
We have ſome others wantonly preciſe.
So waywardly diſpos'd, amidſt our plenty,
And through their curioſitie, ſo dainty;
That, very many cannot well digeſt
The Bread of life, but in their manner dreſt.
Now will Gods *Manna*, or that meaſure ſerve
Which he provides; But, they cry out they ſtarve,
Vnleſſe they feed upon their owne opinions,
(VVhich are like *Egypts* Garlicke and her Oynions)
Some like not Prayer that's extemporary;
Some love not any that ſet forme do't' cary.

Some

Some thinke there's no devotion, but in thoſe
That howle, or whine, or ſnuffle in the noſe;
As if that God vouchſafed all his Graces
For finèd geſtures, or for ſowre faces.
Some thinke not that the man, who gravely teacheth;
Or hath a ſober geſture when he preacheth,
Or gentle voyce: hath any zeal in him,
And therefore, ſuchlike *Preachers* they contemne.
Yea, they ſuppoſe that no mans doctrine ſaves
The ſoule of any one, unleſſe he raves,
And rores aloud, and flings, and hurleth ſo
As if his armes he quite away would throw;
Or over-leap the *Pulpit*; or els breake it:
And this (if their opinion true may make it)
Is to advance their voyces *Trumpet-like*,
As God commands: yea, this (they ſay) doth ſtrike
Sinne dead. VVhereas, indeed, God ſeldome goes
In whirlwinds: but is in the voyce of thoſe
VVho ſpeake in meeknes. And it is not in
The pow'r of noyſe to ſhake the walls of ſinne:
For clamors, antique actions, writhed lookes,
And ſuch like mimicke Rhetoricke none brookes
That hath diſcretion: neyther doth it move
The heart of any, when we ſo reprove;
Except it be in ſome contrary motion,
Which interrupts the hearers good devotion.
The well affected Chriſtian pitties it;
It makes prophaneſt men: t naught to ſet
Gods Ordinance. Meere morall men deſpiſe
Such affectation: much it terrifies
The ignorant; but very few from thence
Receive ſound knowledge, or true penitence.
Some reliſh nothing, but thoſe points that are
In controverſie: ſome would nothing heare

But

But songs of Mercy; some, delight in none
But *Sons of Thunder*; and scarce any one
Is pleas'd in what he heares. Nay, of their Preachers,
Mechanicks arrogate to be their teachers.
Yea most of us, what ere our *Pastor* sayes,
Keepe still our owne opinions and our wayes.
To heare and know Gods word, to some among
Our Nation, seemeth only to belong
To *Clergymen*; and, their implicite *Faith*
Is built on what the common rumour saith.
Some others fill'd with curiosity
Affirme that ev'ry sev'rall mystery
Within Gods *Book* included, doth concerne
Ev'n each particular Christian man to learne:
Whereas they might as well affirme, each guest
That is invited to a publike Feast,
Is bound the sev'rall dishes there to heed,
And upon ev'ry meat before him feed.
Nay, some have almost this imagination,
That there is hardly hope of their salvation
Who speake not *Hebrew*. And, this now adayes,
Makes foolish women, and young Prentises
To learne that holy Tongue, in which they grow
As cunning as doe those who nothing know,
Save to be arrogant, and to contumne
Those *Pastors*, who have taken charge of them.

The appetite of some growes dull, and failes,
Vnlesse it may be pampered with Quailes;
High flying crotchets, which we see do fill
Not halfe so many soules as they do kill.
We cannot be content to make our flights,
For that which God exposeth to our sights,
And search for that which he is pleas'd to show,
But, we must also pry, what God doth know.

Which

Which was indeed an ancient fallacy
Of *Sathans*; and the very same whereby
He cheated *Eve*. From seeking to disclose
Beyond our warrant, what God only knowes,
Proceedeth many errors. Thence doth come
Most questions that have troubled *Christendome*.
Yea, searching things conceal'd, hath overthrowne
The comfortable use of what is knowne.
Hence flowes their fruitlesse fond asseveration,
Who blundred on *Eternall Reprobation*,
And many groundlesse whimsies have invented,
Whereby much better muzings are prevented.
Of *Reprobation* I no doubt have made;
Yet, those vaine quarrellings which we have had,
Concerning her, and her antiquity,
(But that the world hath wiser fooles then I)
Appeares to me to bring so little fruits,
That I suppose it fitter for disputes
In hell (among the reprobated crue)
Then for a Church of *Christians* to pursue:
At least to braule about with such hot rage,
As hath possest some spirits of this age.
For, some have urg'd this point of *Reprobation*,
As if the chiefest ground-work of salvation
Depended on believing, just, as they
(Deluded by their fancies) please to say.
And, though they never found God's holy word
Did any mention of the same afford,
But, as of that which did begin since *Time*;
And with respect to some committed crime:
They, natheless, their strengths together gather,
To prove the *Child* is older then the *Father*.
And, since that fatall thred, there, finds her spinning,
But from of *Old*; at farthest from *Beginning*:

They

They *Reprobation*, otherwhile confound
With our *Predestination*: which is found
No where in all the Scripture, to respect
The *Reprobates*, but onely Gods Elect.
And then they are compeld to prove the sense
Of their darke *Tenet*, by an inference;
And to affirme (from reason) that *Election*
Eternall, doth infer the like rejection.
(As if an action of *Eternity*,
Were fit to square out shallow reasons, by)
Which Argument because it hath not taken
True Faith, to ground on, may with ease be shaken.
Their tottering structure, therefore, up to keep,
They into Gods foreknowledge boldly peep,
Beyond his warrant; searching for *Decrees*
And *secrets*, farther then an *Angell* sees:
Presuming then, as if all things they knew,
And had *Eternity* within their view.
But, that hath such an infinite extension,
Beyond their narrow-bounded comprehension,
That, there, they wander on, till they are madd:
And lose their little knowledge which they had.
For what are they but mad men who maintaine
The giddie fancies of their owne weake braine,
For *Theses* of *Religion*, which we must
Beleeve as they affirme them, or be thrust
Among the *Reprobates*? What lesse, I pray,
Are they then madd, who foole their wits away
In wheeling Arguments which have no end?
In Straines which man shall never apprehend?
In seeking what their knowledge doth exceed?
In vaine disputings, which contentions breed.
In strange *Chymera's*, and fantastick notions,
That neither stirre us up to good devotions,

Nor

Nor mend our manners? But our *wayes* pervert,
Distract the *Judgment*, or puff up the heart.
If this I may not madnes call, or folly,
Tis (all the best) religious-melancholly.
What shal we iudg of those who strive to make (stake
Gods word (whose *Termes* and *Scope* they much mi-
Their proofes for that whereof no proofes they are,
And sleight these *Truths*, for which the text is clear;
What shall we deeme of these, who quite mistaking
Good Authors, (and their Volumes guilty making
Of what they never meant) do preach and write
Against those Bookes, with rancorous despight,
Which being well examin'd, say the same
Which they affirme, and check what they do blame.
Such men there be, and they great noise haue made
By fighting furiously with their owne shade.
What may be thought of them, who likely, ever,
In their perverse opinions to persever,
Take knowledge upon trust: and follow those
Who leade them on, as wild-geese fly in rowes?
And when their multitude is waxen great,
Do then so wilfully prejudicate,
Become so confident of that they hold,
And in their blind assurance, so are bold,
That they can brook no tryall, neither see
Their oversights, how plaine so ere they be?
But fondly think (though we beleeve it not)
That they infallibilitie have got?
Some pious men; yea, some great Doctors tread,
Such *Labrinths*; and often are misled
By holding that which they at first were taught,
Without due proving all things as they ought:
And vulgar men are often led awry,
By their examples and for company.

For,

For, as a Traveller, that is to come
From some far Country, through large desarts, home
(Not knowing well the way) is glad to take
His course with such who shewes of cunning make,
And walks along, depending still on them,
Through many a wood, and over many a streame,
Till he and they are lost: there to remaine
He finds no safety, nor meanes back againe,
Nor list to leave his company; because
He hopes that nearer homeward still he drawes,
And that his guides full sure of passage are,
Although they cannot well describe it, there.
So, when plaine men doe first attempt the way
Of knowledge, by their guides, they walk astray,
Without distrust; and when arriv'd they be
Where many troublesome windings they do see,
And where no certaintie they can behold,
Yet, on their leaders knowledge they are bold,
Or on their multitude: yea, though they know,
And see them erre, and turne, and stagger so,
(In darksome paths) that well suppose they may,
They rove and wander in an uncouth way;
Yet, still they are unwilling to suspect
The wildome of the *Fathers* of their Sect.
Yea, though no satisfaction they can find,
Though feares and doubtings do afflict their mind,
They still impute it rather to their owne
Infirmities, or to the depths unknowne
Of those mysterious points, to mention brought;
But never call in question what is taught:
Lest being by those Teachers terrified,
They might forsaken in despaire abide.
Their *Doctors*, also, failing to devise
Strong Arguments, their hearers to suffice;

This

This course, to salve their credits, late have (or;
They say (forsooth) *Faiths* doctrine leules not
With naturall capacities; and that
The *Spirit* must those men illuminate
Who shall receive them. And, indeed in this,
They doe both say the truth, and say amisse:
This is a Iesuitish juggling trick,
And, if allow'd it be, each lunatick,
And ev'ry brain-sick *Dreamer*, by that way,
May foist upon us all that he can say.
For, though Gods holy *Spirit* must create
New hearts within us, and regenerate
Depraved nature, e're it can be able
To make our outward hearings profitable;
We must not think that all which fancy saith
(In termes obscure) are mysteries of Faith,
Nor make the hearers want of pow'r to reach
Their meanings, to be proofes of what they teach.
There is twixt men, & that which they are taught,
Some naturall proportion, or tis naught,
The deepest mystery of our profession,
Is capable of literall expression,
As well to *Reprobates*, as men *elected*;
Or else it may of error be suspected
Yea wicked men a power granted have
To understand, although they misconceive,
And can of darkest points make plaine relations,
Though to themselves they faile in applications.
God never yet did bid us take in hand
To publish that which none can understand:
Much lesse affecteth he a man should mutter
Rude sounds of that, whose depth he cannot utter;
Or in uncertaine termes, as many doe,
Who preach Non-sense, and oft *nonentia* too.

For

For those which man to man is bound to show,
Are such plaine Truths, as we by word may know;
Which when the hearer can expresse againe,
The fruit hath equalled the Teachers paine.
Then, though the soule doth many times conceive
(By Faith, and by that Word which we receive)
Deep mysteries, and that which farre transcends
A carnall knowledge: though she apprehends
Some glimmerings of those *Objects*, that are higher
Then humane Reason ever shall aspire;
Though she hath tastings of that blessednes,
Which mortall tongue could never yet expresse;
And though the soule may have some earnest given
On earth, of what it shall enjoy in heauen;
Though God may when he list (and now and then
For cause not ordinary) to some men
Vouchsafeth (for their secret satisfactions)
A few reflections from eternall actions:
Though this be so, let no man arrogate
That he such secrets can by word relate.
For, they are things, of which no voyce can preach;
High flights, to which no mortall wing can reach;
Tis Gods owne worke, such raptures to convay,
To compasse them there is no other way,
But by his blessed *Spirit*. And, of those
Most can we not; some must we not disclose
For, if they onely touch out private state,
They were not sent, that we should them relate:
But deigned that the soule they strengthen might
Amid the perills of some secret fight;
When men to honor God, or for their sinn,
The terrors of this life are plunged in.
And, as it is reputed of those things,
Which foolish people thinke some *Fairy* brings.

So,

So, of *Enthuſiaſmes* ſpeak I may;
Diſcover them, and ſtraight they flye away.
For, thus they fare who boaſt of *Revelations*,
Or of the certainty of their *Salvations*,
Or any ghoſtly gift, at times or places,
Which warrant not the mention of ſuch graces:
Yea, by revealing things which they ſhould hide,
They entrance make for over-weening pride,
And that quite marres the bleſſing they poſſeſt,
Or, for a while, obſcureth it, at beſt:
And yet, if any man ſhall climbe ſo high,
That they attaine unto a *Myſtery*,
Conceiv'd by few; they may, if they be able,
Diſcloſe it where it may be profitable,
But, they muſt know, that (if it be, indeed,
Of ſuch tranſcendency, as doth exceed
Meere naturall reaches) it ſhould be declar'd
To none, ſave unto thoſe who are prepar'd
For ſuch conceptions; and more apt to know them
By their owne thoughts, then are our words to ſhow them.
Elſe, all they utter will in clouds appeare,
And, errors men for truths, away will beare.
Would this haa beene obſerv'd a little more,
By ſome who in our *Congregations* roare
Of Gods unknowne *Decrees*, *Eternall-Callings*,
Of *Perſeverance*, and of *Finall*, *Fallings*,
And ſuch like *Myſteries*. Or elſe, I would
That they their meanings better utter could,
(If well they meant.) For, though thoſe points afford
Much comfort and inſtruction (as Gods word
Hath mention'd them) and may applyed be,
And opened, when we juſt occaſion ſee;
Yet, as moſt handle them, who now adayes
Doe paſſe for Preachers, with a vulgar praiſe,

They profit not: for, this ripe age hath young
And forward wits, who by their fluent tongue,
And able memories, a way have found
To build a house, e're they have laid the ground.
With common places, and with notes purloin'd,
(Not well applyed, and as ill conjoyn'd)
A garb of preaching these have soone attained,
Which hath, with many, approbation gained
Beyond their merit. For, they take in hand
Those mysteries, they neither understand,
Nor studied on. And, they have much distracted
Some hearers, by their doctrines ill compacted:
Yea, by enquiring out what God *fore-sees*,
And medling much with his unknowne Decrees,
The *Churches* peace so much disturb'd have they;
So foule and crooked made *Faiths* plainest way;
Such scandals raisd; and interrupted so,
By doubts impertinent, what men should do;
And, their endeavors nullifide, so far,
That many of them at a nonplus are.

I am not of their minds, who take from this
And other things, that are perform'd amisse,
Occasion to disparage frequent preaching;
Or, to abate our plentiousnesse of teaching:
For, of our *Harvest*, Lord, I humbly pray,
The store of *Labourers* continue may.
And, I could also wish, that none were chose
To be a seed-man, till he truly knowes
The Wheat from Tares; and is indu'd with reason,
And grace, to sow in order, and in season.
And that those artlesse workmen may be staid,
Who build before foundations they have laid:
Lest, when our *Church* well-built, suppose we shall,
It sink, and overwhelme us in the fall.

It pities me to marke what rents appeare
Within our *Syon*; and what daubings are
To hide the ruines; and I feare the frame
Will totter, if we long neglect the same.
Our *Watchmen*, for the greater part, are growne
Lesse mindfull of Gods honor, then their owne:
For either almost wholly we omit
That worke, or undiscreetly follow it.
Some, speak the truth, without sincere intention,
As they who preach the *Gospell* for contention.
Some, by their wicked lives do give offence,
And harden men in their impenitence.
As if nor hell nor heav'n they did beleeve,
They riot, game, drink drunk, and whore, and theeve.
For avarice, and envy, none are worse;
They are malicious, and blaspheme, and curse,
As much as any others. None are more
Regardlesse of the soule that's meane and poore;
Among their neighbours, none more quarrelsome,
Or, that more hardly reconcil'd become,
Then many *Clergie-men*. And as we see
They are the best of men, when good they be;
So, there are none that wander more astray,
When they have left a sanctified way.
Some Pastors are too hot; and some too cold;
And, very few the golden temper hold.
Some, at the *Papist* with such madnesse fling,
As if they could not utter any thing
Of them too vile; though ne're so false it were:
And, we so used by their *Jesuits* are.
Some others at the *Puritan* do strike,
So furiously, that they are often like
To wrong the *Protestants*: for, men impose
That name, sometime, upon the best of those.

Yea, they who are prophane, that name miſ-lay
On all who make a conſcience of their way.
Some *Shepheards*, on their Flocks are gorg'd at full,
And ſamptuouſly arayed in their wooll.
But, thoſe that are diſeaſ'd, they make not ſtrong;
Their ſicklieſt ſheepe they ſeldome come among;
They take no care, the broken up to bind,
The Sheep that's loſt, they doe not ſeeke to find;
They let ſuch wander as will run aſtray;
And, many times their fury ſo doth fray
The tender conſcience; that their indiſcretion
Doth fright their hearers headlong to perdition.
Gods bounty hath large paſturage provided;
But, they have not his flocks with wiſedome guided:
For, in the midſt of plenty, ſome be ready
To ſtarve in ignorance. Some ſheep are headdy;
Some get the ſtaggers; ſome the ſcab; and they
Infect their fellowes. Some, the wantons play
Among the thornes and bryers, which have torne
The marks and fleeces, which they ſhould have worn.
Some ſtraggle from the flock; and they are ſtraight
Surpriz'd by Wolves, which lye for them in wait.
Some, ſought large feeding, and ran k paſtures got,
Which prov'd not wholſome; & they caught the Rot.
For, many preach themſelves, and fancies broach,
That ſcandall preaching, to the Truths reproach.
Yea, ſome terme that (forſooth) Gods word divine,
Which would halfe ſhame me, ſhould they terme it mine.
And they we ſee, that longeſt pray and ſpeak
Are priz'd of moſt (though head nor foot they make)
Becauſe the common hearers of this land,
Think beſt of that, which leaſt they underſtand.
Some, alſo, by their feet diſturb the Springs;
Or trample and defile Gods paſturings;

And

And they are either such who make obscure
Faiths principles; or, such whose lives impure
Prophane their Doctrines. Other some have we,
Who (like the beasts that over gamesome be)
Doe push their weaker brethren with their hornes;
And hunt them from the flock, by wrongs, or scorne.
Gods *horses*, also, much neglected are;
And of his *Sanctuaries*, few have care.
A barne, or any common house, or roome,
Is thought as well Gods worship to become,
As in the *Churches* infancy; or there,
Where wants, and wars, and persecutions are.
Amidst our peace and plenties, we do grutch
Our *Oratories* should be trimm'd as much
As are our vulgar dwellings; and repine
That exercises which are most divine,
Should with more *Rites*, or *Ornaments*, be done,
Then when the troublous times afforded none.
As if a *Garden*, when the flow'rs are blowne,
Were still to look as when it first was sowne.
To worship so in spirit, we pretend
That, in our bodies, we doe scarcely bend
A leg, or move a cap, when there we be,
Where Gods most holy *Mysteries* we see.
Yea, many seeme so carefull to have bin,
To let no *Superstition* enter in,
That they have, almost, wholly banisht hence,
All *Decency*, and pious *Reverence*.
The *Church*, by *Lukewarme-Christians*, is neglected
By brutish *Athe'sts* it is disrespected;
By greedy *Worldlings*, robbed of her fleeces;
By selfe-will'd *Schismaticks*, nigh torne in pieces;
By *Tyrants*, and by *Infidels* opposed;
By her *blind Guides*, to hazard oft exposed;

By *Hypocrites*, injuriously defamed;
And, by the frailties of the best, oft shamed.
A pow'r ecclesiasticall is granted
To them, full often, who those minds have wanted
Becomming such Authority: and they
Play fast and loose, ev'n with the *Churches* Key.
They censure and absolve, as best shall make
For their advantage; not for conscience sake.
As they shall please, they punish or connive;
And, by the peoples follies they do thrive.
Of evill customes, many are we see
Insinuated, and so strict are we
To keep them, that we sottishly deny
To leave them, for what more would edifie:
And we so much do *Innovations* feare,
That needfull *Reformations* none appeare.
We have prophaned ev'ry holy thing;
Ev'n our most Christian *Feasts*, which are to bring
Gods *Mercies* to our thought; and memorize
Of *Saving-Grace*, the sacred *Mysteries*:
Some have ev'n those gain-sayed; and, in that
Have evill spoken, of they know not what.
Some others keep them; but, as heathnishly,
As *Feasts* of *Bacchus*; and impiety
Is then so rife, that God is rarely nam'd
Or thought upon, except to be blasphem'd.
By these, and other wayes, the *Church* doth lose
Much honor, to the glory of her foes,
And our great shame and losse: for, her decayes
Shall be this *Realmes* disprofit, and dispraise.
God hath a controversie with our *Land*;
And, in an evill plight affaires do stand.
Already we doe smart for doing ill;
Yet, us the hand of God afflicteth still,

And

And many ſee it not; as many be
So wilfull, that his hand they will not ſee.
Some, plainly view the ſame, but nothing care:
Some, at the ſight thereof amazed are
Like *Balthazar*; and have a trembling heart,
Yet, will not from their vanities depart.
About ſuch matters, other ſome are loth
Their thoughts to buſie (meerely out of ſloth)
Like him, who rather would in hazard put
His life, then riſe from bed the doore to ſhut.
Some, dreame that all things doe by chance ſucceed,
And that I prate more of them then I need.
But, Heav'n and Earth, to witneſſe I invoke,
That, cauſleſly, I nothing here have ſpoke.
If this, oh ſickly *Iland*, thou beleeve,
And for thy great infirmity ſhalt grieve,
And grieving of thy follies make confeſſions;
And ſo confeſſe thine infinite tranſgreſſions,
That thou amend thoſe errors: God ſhall then
Thy manifold diſtempers cure agen;
Make all thy skarlet ſins as white as ſnow,
And caſt his threatned judgement on thy foe.
But, if thou (fondly thinking thou art well)
Shalt ſleight this *Meſſage*, which my *Muſe* doth tell,
And ſcorne her counſel; If thou ſhalt not rue
Thy former wayes; but, frowardly purſue
Thy wilfull courſe: then, harke what I am bold,
(In ſpight of all thy madneſſe) to unfold.
For, I will tell thy *Fortune*; which, when they
That are unborne, ſhall read, another day;
They will beleeve Gods mercy did infuſe
Thy *Poets* breſt with a prophetick *Muſe*.
And know, that he this *Author* did prefer,
To be from him, this *Iles* REMEMBRANCER.

If thou, I ſay, oh *Britaine!* ſhalt retaine
Thy crying ſinnes, thou doſt preſume in vaine,
Of Gods protection. If thou ſtop thine eare,
Or burne this *Rowle*, in which recorded are
Thy juſt *Inditements*; it ſhall written be
With new additions, deeply ſtampt on thee
With ſuch *Characters*, that no time ſhall race
Their fatall image, from thy ſcarred face.
Though haughtily thou doſt thy ſelfe diſpoſe,
Becauſe the Sea thy borders doth encloſe.
Although upon the Rocks thy neaſt is plac'd;
Though thou among the Stars thy dwelling haſt;
Though thou encreaſe thy ſhips; and unto that
Which is thine owne, with King *Iehoſophat*,
Ioyne *Ahabs* forces. Though thou watch and ward,
And all thy Ports and Havens ſtrongly guard;
Although thou multiply thy inland forces,
And muſter up large troups of men and horſes;
Though like an *Eagle*, thou thy wings diſplay'ſt,
And (high thy ſelfe advancing) proudly ſay'ſt;
I ſit aloft, and am ſo high, that none
Can fetch me from the place I reſt upon.
Yea, though thou no advantages didſt want,
Of which the gloriouſt *Emperies* did vaunt;
Yet, ſure, thou ſhalt be humbled and brought low;
Ev'n then, perhaps, when leaſt thou fear'ſt it ſo.
Till thou repent, proviſions which are made
For thy defence, or others to invade,
Shall be in vaine; and ſtill, the greater coſt
Thou ſhalt beſtow, the honor that is loſt
Shall be the greater; and thy waſted ſtrength,
Be ſick of a *Conſumption*, at the length.
Thy *Treaties*, which for peace or profit be,
Shall neither peace, nor profit, bring to thee.

Or

Or, if thy Counſels proſper for a while,
God will permit it, onely to beguile
Thy fooliſhneſſe; and tempt thee on, to run
Some courſes, that will bring his Iudgement on.
Yea, all thy winnings ſhall but fewell be,
To feed thoſe follies that now ſpring in thee;
And make (with vengeance) thoſe the more enrag'd
Who ſhall for thy correction be engag'd.
What ever threatned in Gods Book hath bin,
Againſt a wicked people for their ſin,
Shall come on thee: His hand ſhall be for ill,
On ev'ry Mountaine, and high-raiſed Hill.
Thy lofty *Cedars*, and thy ſturdy *Oakes*,
Shall feele the fury of his thunder-ſtroakes.
Vpon thy Ships, thy Havens, and thy Ports,
Vpon thy Armes, thy Armies, and thy Forts,
Vpon thy pleaſures and commodities,
Thy Crafts mechanick, and thy Merchandize;
On all the fruits, and cattell in thy fields,
On what the Ayre, or what the Water yeelds,
On Prince, and People; on both weak, and ſtrong,
On Prieſt, and Prophet; on both old, and yong;
Yea, on each perſon, place, and ev'ry thing,
The plague it hath deſerved God ſhall bring.
What ever thou doſt hope, he fruſtrate ſhall;
And, make what e're thou teareſt, on thee fall.
This pleaſant ſoyle, wherein ſuch plenty growes,
And where both milke and honey overflowes,
Shall for thy peoples wickedneſſe be made
A Land as barren, as what never had
Such plenties in it. God ſhall drive away
Thy pleaſant Fowles, and all thoſe Fiſh that play
Within thy waters; and for whoſe great ſtore
Some other Nations would have prais'd him more.

Thoſe Rivers, that have made thy Vallies rich,
Shall be like ſtreames of ever-burning Pitch.
Thy duſt, as Brimſtone; fields as hard and dry
As iron is; the Firmament, on high,
(Like braſſe) ſhall yeeld thee neither raine nor dew,
The hope of waſted bleſſings to renew.
A leannеſſe, ſhall thy fatneſſe quite devoure;
Thy Wheat ſhall in the place of wholſome flowre,
Yeeld nought but bran. In ſtead of graſſe and corne,
Thou ſhalt in times of harveſt, reap the thorne,
The thiſtle, and the bryar. Of their ſhadowes
Thy *Groves* ſhall robbed be. Thy flowry *Medowes*
Shall ſterile waxe. There ſhall be ſeldome ſeene
Sheep on thy Downes; or *Shepherds* on the greene.
Thy walks, thy gardens, and each pleaſant plot,
Shall be as thoſe where men inhabit not.
Thy *Villages*, where goodly dwellings are,
Shall ſtand as if they unfrequented were.
Thy *Cities*, and thy *Palaces*, wherein
Moſt neatneſſe and magnificence hath bin,
Shall heaps of rubbiſh be; and (as in thoſe
Demoliſht *Abbies*, wherein Dawes, and Crowes,
Now make their neſts) the bramble, and the nettle,
Shall in their halls, and parlours, root, and ſettle.
Thy Princes houſes, and thy wealthy Ports,
Now fill'd with men of all degrees and ſorts,
Shall no inhabitants in them retaine,
But ſome poore Fiſherman, or country Swaine,
Who of thy glories, when the marks they ſee,
Shall wonder what thoſe mighty ruines be;
As now they doe, who old foundations find,
Of Townes and Cities, periſht out of mind.
The places where much people meetings had,
Shall vermine holes, and dens for beaſts be made.

Or

Or walks for *Sprights*, who from those uncouth roome
Shall fright the passenger, which that way comes.
In stead of *mirth* and *laughter*, *lamentation*
Shall there abide: and, loathsome *desolation*,
In stead of *company*. Where once was heard
Sweet melody, men shall be made afeard
With hideous cries, and howlings of despaire.
Thy very *Climate*, and thy temp'rate ayre,
Shall lose their wholsomnesse, for thy offences;
And breed hot *Fevers*, *Murraines*, *Pestilences*,
And all diseases. They that now are trained
In ease, and with soft pleasures entertained;
In stead of idle games, and wanton dances,
Shall practise how to handle guns, and launces:
And be compell'd to leave their friends embraces,
To end their lives in divers uncouth places;
Or else, thy face, with their owne blood defile,
In hope to keep themselves, and thee, from spoile.
Thy beautious *Women* (whose great pride is more
Then theirs, whom *Esay* blamed heretofore)
In stead of paintings, and of costly sents,
Of glittering gems, and pretious ornaments,
Shall weare deformity about their faces;
And, being rob'd of all their tempting graces,
Feele wants, diseases, and all such like things,
Which to a wanton *Lover* lothing brings.
Thy God, shall for thy overflowing vices,
Scourge thee with *Scorpions*, *Serpents*, *Cockatrices*,
And other such; whose tailes with stings are armed,
That neither can be plucked forth, nor charmed.
Thou shalt not be suffiz'd when thou art fed;
Nor shalt thou suffer scarcity of bread
And temp'rall food alone; but, of that meat,
Whereof the faithfull soule desires to eate.

That

That curse of *ravenous beasts*, which God hath laid,
Vpon a wicked kingdome shall be laid,
He will inflict on thee. For, though there be
No Tygers Lyons, Wolves, or Beares in thee,
By beastly minded men (that shall be farre
More cruell then those bloody spoilers are)
Thou shalt be torne: For, each man shall assay
His fellow to devoure as lawfull prey.
In stead of *Lyons*, *Tyrants* thou shalt breed,
Who nor of Conscience, nor of Law take heed;
But, on the weak mans portion lay their paw,
And, make their *Pleasures*, to become their *Law*.
In stead of *Tigers*, men of no compassion,
A furious, and a wilfull generation,
Shall fill thy borders. Theeves, and outlawes vile,
Shall hunt the wayes, and haunt the woods for spoile,
As *Beares*, and *Wolves*. A subtile cheating crew
(That will with tricks and cousnages pursue
The simpler sort) shall here encrease their breed;
And, in their subtleties the *Fox* exceed.
That hoggish herd, which alwayes rooting are
Within the ground, and never upward reare
Their grunting snouts; nor fix their eyes on heav'n,
To look from whence their daily food is giv'n:
Those filthy swinish livers, who desire
To feed on draffe, and wallow in the mire;
Those, who affect ranke pudles, more then springs;
To trample and despise most precious things;
The holy to prophane; Gods herbs of *grace*
To nouzle up; his Vineyard to deface;
And such like harmes to doe: these spoile thy fields,
Marre worse, then those wilde *Bores* the desart yeelds.
If thou remaine impenitent, thou art
Like *Egypt*; and, so stony is thy heart.

For

For which obdurateneſſe, thoſe plagves will all
Deſcend on thee, which did on *Egypt* fall.
Blood, *Frogs*, and *Lice*, great ſwarms of uncouth *Flies*,
Th'infectious *Murraine*, whereof Cattle dyes;
Boiles, *Scabs*, and *Blaine*; fierce *Hail*, & *Thunder-ſtorms*;
The *Locuſt*, and all fruit devouring *Wormes*.
Groſſe *Darkneſſe*, and the *Death* of thoſe that be
Thy Darlings; all thoſe *Plagues* ſhall fall on thee,
According as the *Letter* doth imply,
Or, as in *myſtick* ſenſe they ſignifie.
Thy pureſt Rivers God ſhall turne to blood;
With ev'ry Lake, that hath beene ſweet and good.
Ev'n in thy noſtrils he ſhall make it ſtinke;
For, nothing ſhall thy people eate or drinke,
Vntill their owne, or others blood it coſt;
Or, put their lives in hazard to be loſt.
Moſt loathſome *Frogs*; that is, a race impure,
Of baſe condition, and of birth obſcure,
(Ev'n in unwholſome fens, and ditches, bred)
Shall with a clowniſh rudeneſſe over-ſpread
Thy pleaſant'ſt fields; thy faireſt roomes poſſeſſe;
And make unwholſome (by their ſluttiſhneſſe)
Thy kneading troughs, thy ovens, and that meat,
Whereof thy people, and thy Princes eat.
This hateſull brood, ſhall climbe to croak and ſing,
Within the lodging chambers of the *King*.
Yea, there make practice of thoſe naturall notes,
Which iſſue from their evill-ſounding throats:
To wit, vaine brags, revilings, ribaldries,
Vile ſlanders, and unchriſtian blaſphemies.
The *Land* ſhall breed a naſty *Generation*,
Vnworthy either of the reputation
Or name of men. For, they as *Lice* ſhall feed
Ev'n on the body whence they did proceed;

Till

Till poverty, and ſlovenry, and ſloth,
Have quite diſgrac'd them, and conſum'd them, both.
There ſhall, moreover, ſwarmes of divers *Flies*,
Engendred be in thy proſperities,
To be a plague: the *Fleſh flye* ſhall corrupt
Thy ſavory meats; *Muſketoes* interrupt
The weary traveller; thou ſhalt have *Drones*,
Dores, *Hornets*, *Waſps*, and ſuch like angry-ones,
Who repreſent that ſwarme whoſe buzzing tongues
(Like ſtings) are uſed in their neighbours wrongs:
And, ſtill are flying, and ſtill humming ſo,
As if they meant ſome weighty works to do,
When as, upon the common ſtock they ſpend;
And nought performe of that which they pretend.
Thy *Butter-flies* ſhall plague thee too; ey'n thoſe,
Who waſte their Lands and Rents, in gawdy clothes,
Or idle flutterings; and then ſpawne their ſeed,
Vpon thy goodly'ſt flow'rs, and herbs to feed.
As *Beaſts* deſtroyed by the *Murraine* be,
So, they that are of beaſtly life in thee,
By lewd example ſhall infect each other;
And in their foule diſeaſes rot together.
On all thy people, of what ſo't ſoe're,
Shall *ſcabs*, and *biles*, and running *ſores* appeare,
The fruits of their corruption. Yea, with paines
(Within their conſcience, and with ſcars and blaines
Of outward infamy) they ſhall be grieved;
And, in their tortures periſh, unrelieved.
Tempeſtuous *ſtormes*, upon this *Ile* ſhall fall,
Hot *Thunder-bolts*, and *Haile-ſtones* therewithall;
Men, either too too hot, or too too cold;
Or elſe lukewarme. But, few or none ſhall hold
A rightfull temper: and, theſe *meteors* will
Thy borders with a thouſand miſchieves fill.

The

The *Locuſt* alſo and the *Palmer wormes*,
Shall prey on what eſcapeth from the *Stormes*:
Not they alone, which on the graſſe do breed;
But, alſo, they who from the *Pit* proceed
Which hath no bottome: and, when any thing
Doth by the dew of heav'n begin to ſpring,
They ſhall devoure the ſame, till they have left thee,
Nor leafe nor bloſſome; but, of all bereft thee.
Then, ſhall a *darkneſſe* follow, far more black,
Then when the light corporeall thou doſt lack.
For, groſſeſt *Ignorance*, o'reſhadowing all,
Shall in ſo thick a darkneſſe thee inthrall,
That, thou a blockiſh people ſhalt be made,
Still wandring on in a deceiving ſhade;
Miſtruſting thoſe that ſafeſt paths are ſhowing;
Moſt truſting them, who counſell thy undoing;
And aye tormented be with doubts and feares,
As one that outcries, in darke places heares.
Nor ſhall the hand of God from thee returne,
Till he hath alſo ſmote thine *eldeſt-borne*.
That is, till he hath taken from thee quite,
Ev'n that whereon thou ſetſt thy whole delight;
And filled ev'ry houſe throughout this Nation,
With deaths unlooked for, and lamentation.
So great ſhall be thy ruine, and thy ſhame,
That when the neighb'ring kingdomes hear the ſame
Their eares ſhall tingle. And when that day comes,
In which thy follies muſt receive their doomes;
A day of clouds, a day of gloominеſſe,
A day of black deſpaire, and heavineſſe,
It will appeare. And, then thy vanities,
Thy gold, thy ſilver, thy confederacies,
And all thoſe reeds on which thou haſt depended;
Will faile thy truſt, and leave thee unbefriended.

Thy

Thy *King*, thy *Priests* & *Prophets*, then shal mourn;
And, peradventure, fainedly returne
To beg of God to succour them: but, they
Who will not harken to his voice to day,
Shall cry unheeded: and he will despise
Their vowes, their prayers, and their sacrifice:
A sea of troubles, all thy hopes shall swallow:
As waves on waves, so plague on plague shall follow:
And, ev'ry thing that was a blessing to thee,
Shall turne to be a curse, and helpe undo thee.
Thy *Sov'raignes* have to thee thy *Fathers* bin;
By meanes of them hath peace beene kept within
Thy sea-girt limits: they, thy weale befriended,
The blessed Faith they stoutly have defended:
And, thou hast cause of goodly hopes in him,
Who hath, of late, put on thy *Diadem*.
But know, that (till thou shalt repent) no part
Belongs to thee of what is his desert.
His princely vertues, to his owne availe,
Shall profit much: but, they to thee shall faile.
To thee his clemency shall seeme severe,
His favours all, shall injuries appeare;
And when thy sin is fully ripe in thee,
Thy Prince and People, then, alike shall be.
Thou shalt have *Babes* to be thy *Kings*; or worse,
Those *Tyrants* who by cruelty and force
Shall take away thy ancient *freedomes* quite,
From all their *Subjects*; yea, themselves delight
In their vexations: and, all those that are
Made slaves thereby, shall murmur, yet not dare
To stir against them. By degrees, they shall
Deprive thee of thy patrimonies all;
Compell thee (as in other Lands, this day)
For thine owne meat, and thine owne drink to pay.

And,

And, at the laſt, begin to exerciſe
Vpon thy ſonnes, all heathniſh tyrannies,
As juſt *Prerogatives*. To theſe intents,
Thy Nobles ſhall become their inſtruments.
For, they who had their birth from noble races,
Shall (ſome and ſome) be brought into diſgraces:
From offices they ſhall excluded ſtand:
And all their vertuous off-ſpring, from the Land,
Shall quite be worne: in ſtead of whom ſhall riſe
A brood advanced by impieties,
By flattery, by purchaſe, and by that
Which ev'ry truly-noble one doth hate.
From ſtems obſcure, and out of meane profeſſions,
They ſhall aſcend and mount by their ambitions,
To ſeats of *Iuſtice*; and thoſe *Names* to beare,
Which honor'd moſt within theſe Kingdomes are:
And being thither got, ſhall make more ſtrong
Their new-built *Greatneſſe*, by encreaſing wrong:
To thoſe, will ſome of theſe themſelves unite,
Who by their births to Lordly *Stiles* have right;
But, viciouſly conſuming their eſtate,
Did from their fathers worths degenerate.
By this *Confederacy*, their nobler bloods
Shall countenance the others ill-got goods;
The others wealth againe, ſhall keep from ſcorne
Their beggery, who have beene nobly borne:
And, both together, being elſe unable,
(In their ill courſe to make their ſtanding ſtable)
Shall ſeek how they more great, and ſtrong, may grow
By compaſſing the publike over-throw.
They ſhall abuſe thy *Kings*, with tales, and lyes;
With ſeeming love, and ſervile flatteries.
They ſhall perſwade them they have pow'r to make
Their *Wils*, their *Law*; and as they pleaſe to take

Their

Their peoples goods, their children, and their lives,
Ev'n by their juſt and due *Prerogatives*.
When thus much they have made them to beleeve,
Then, they ſhall teach them practices to grieve
Their ſubjects by; and, inſtruments become
To helpe the ſcrewing up, by ſome and ſome,
Of *Monarchies* to *Tyrannies*. They ſhall
Abuſe *Religion*, *Honeſty*, and all,
To compaſſe their deſignes. They ſhall deviſe
Strange projects; and with impudence, and lyes,
Proceed in ſetling them. They ſhall forget
Thoſe reverent uſages, which do befit
The majeſty of *State*; and raile, and ſtorme,
When they pretend diſorders to reforme.
In their high *Counſels*, and where men ſhould have
Kind admonitions, and reprovings grave,
When they offend; they ſhall be threatned there,
Or ſcoft, or taunted, though no cauſe appeare.
It is unſeemly for a *Iudge* to ſit
And exerciſe a jibing Schoole-boyes wit
Vpon their trades, or names, who ſtand before
Their judgement ſeats: but, who doth not abhor
To heare it, when a Magiſtrate objects,
Birth, poverty, or perſonall defects
In an upbraiding wiſe? Or, who with me
Derides it not, when in our *Courts* we ſee
Thoſe men, whoſe bodies are both old and weake,
(Forgetting grave and uſefull things to ſpeake)
Vent Giants words; and briſtle up, as tho
Their very breath could armies overthrow:
Whereas (poore weaklings) were there in their *places*
No more authority, then in their faces,
Their perſons, or their language, all their chafing,
And threatning, nothing would effect but laughing.

For,

For, unto me big looks, and crying *hoh*,
As dreadfull seemes, as when a child cryes *boh*
To fright his Nurse: yea, such a bug-beare fashion
Effecteth nought but scornfull indignation.
But in those times (which nearer are then some
Suppose perhaps) such Rhetorick will come
To be in use; and arguments of *Reason*,
And just proceedings, will be out of season.
Their *wisdome* shall be folly; and, goe nigh
To bring contempt on their Authority.
Their *Counsell-Table* shall a snare be made,
And those 'gainst whom they no just matter had,
At first appearance, shall be urg'd to say
Some word or other, e're they part away,
Which will betray their innocence to blame,
And bring upon them detriment and shame:
Yea, many times (as *David* hath of old,
Concerning such oppressors, well foretold)
To humble crouchings, and to fained showes,
Descend they shall, to worke mens overthrowes:
And, what their subtlety doth faile to gaine,
They shall by rigour, and by force obtaine.
What ever from thy people they can teare,
Or borrow, they shall keep, as if it were
A prize which had beene taken from the Foe:
And, they shall make no conscience what they do
To prejudice *Posterity*. For, they
To gaine their lust, but for the present day,
Shall with such love unto themselves endeavor,
That (though they knew it would undoe for ever
Their owne posterity) it shall not make
Those *Monsters* any better course to take.
Nay, God shall give them up for their offences,
To such uncomely reprobated senses:

And,

And, blinde them ſo, that (when the axe they ſee
Ev'n hewing at the root of their owne tree,
By their owne handy ſtrokes) they ſhall not grieve
For their approaching fall: no, nor beleeve
Their fall approacheth; nor aſſume that heed
Which might prevent it, till they fall indeed.
Thy *Princes, Brittain*, in thoſe dayes, will be
Like roaring *Lyons*, making prey of thee.
God ſhall deliver thee into their hand,
And they ſhall act their pleaſure in the Land;
As once his *Prophet* threatned to that Nation,
Which doth exemplifie thy *Deſolation*.
Thy Kings (as thou haſt wallowed in exceſſe)
Shall take delight in drinke, and wantonneſſe.
And, thoſe whom thou doſt call thy *Noble-ones*
Shall to the very marrow, gnaw thy bones.
Thy *Lawyers* wilfully ſhall wreſt thy *Lawes*,
And (to the ruine of the common Cauſe)
Shall miſ-interpret them, in hope of grace
From thoſe, who may diſpoile them of their place.
Yea, that whereto they are obliged, both
By *Conſcience*, by their *Calling*, and their *Oath*
To put in execution, they ſhall feare,
And, leave them helpleſſe, who oppreſſed are.
Thy *Prelats* in the ſpoyle of thee ſhall ſhare;
Thy *Prieſts*, as light ſhall be, as thoſe that are
The meaneſt perſons. All their Prophecies,
Or preachings, ſhall be hereſies and lyes.
The word of truth in them ſhall not remaine,
Their lips no wholſome knowledge ſhall retaine;
And all his outward meanes of *ſaving Grace*,
Thy God ſhall cary to another place.
Mark well oh *Brittain!* what I now ſhall ſay,
And doe not ſleightly paſſe theſe words away;

But, be assured that when God beginnes,
To bring that vengeance on thee, for thy sinnes,
Which hazzard will thy totall overthrow,
Thy *Prophets*, and thy *Priests* shall sliely sow
The seeds of that dissention, and sedition,
Which Time will ripen for thy sad perdition.
Ev'n they, who formerly, were of thy peace
The happy instruments, shall then increase
Thy troubles most. And, ev'n as when the *Iewes*
Gods truth-presaging *Prophets* did abuse,
He suffred those who preached in his *Name*,
Such falshoods as the chiefest cause became
Of their destruction: so if thou go on
To make a scorne (as thou hast often done)
Of them who seeke thy wel'are, hee will send
False *prophets*, that shall bring thee to thine end,
By saying all things thou wouldst have them say:
And lulling thee asleep in thine owne way.
If any brain-sick *Fellow*, whom the Devill
Seduceth to inflict on thee some evill,
Shall coyne false Doctrines, or perswade thee to
Some foolish course that will, at length, undoe
The *Common-weal*: his counsell thou shalt follow;
Then, cover'd with his bait, a hooke shalt swallow
To rend thine entrailes: and thine ignorance
Shall, also for that mischiefe, him advance.
But if that any lover of thy weale,
Inspir'd with truth, and with an honest zeale,
Shall tell thee ought pertaining to thy good,
His *Messages* shall stiffly be withstood:
That *Seer* shall be charged not to see;
His word shall sleighted as a potsherd be;
His life shall be traduced, to disgrace
His Counsells; or, his errant to debase:

Instead of recompence, he shall be sure,
Imprisonments, or threatnings to procure:
And, peradventure (as those Prophets were,
Who did among the *Iewish* Peers declare
Their States enormities) his good intention
May be so wrong'd, that he, by some invention,
May lose his life, with publike shame and hate,
As one that is a troubler of the *State*.
But, not unlesse the *Priest* thereto consent:
For in those dayes shall few men innocent
Be griev'd (through any quarter of the Land)
In which thy *Clergie* shall not have some hand.
If ever in thy Fields (as God forbid)
The blood of thine owne *children* shall be shed
By civill discord, they shall blow the flame,
That will become thy ruine, and thy shame.
And thus it shall be kindled. When the times,
Are nigh at worst; and thy encreasing crimes
Almost compleat; the Devill shall begin
To bring strange crotchets, and opinions in
Among thy *Teachers*; which will breed disunion,
And interrupt the visible communion
Of thy establisht *Church*. And, in the steed
Of zealous *Pastors*, (who Gods flock did feed)
There shall arise within thee, by degrees,
A *Clegry*, that shall more desire to fleece,
Then feed the flock. A *Clergy* it shall be,
Divided in it selfe: and they shall thee
Divide among them, into sev'rall factions,
Which rend thee will, and fill thee with distractions:
They all in outward seeming shall pretend
Gods glory, and to have one pious end:
But, under colour of sincere devotion,
Their study shall be temporall promotion;

Which will among themſelves ſtrange quarrels make
Wherein thy other Children ſhall partake.
As to the *Perſons*, or the *Cauſe*, they ſtand
Affected, even quite throughout the *Land*.
One part of theſe will for preferment ſtrive,
By lifting up the *King*'s prerogative
Above it ſelfe. They ſhall perſwade him to
Much more then *Law* or *Conſcience* bids him do;
And ſay, God warrants it. His holy *Lawes*
They ſhall pervert, to juſtifie their cauſe;
And, impudently wreſt, to prove their ends,
What God, to better purpoſes, intends.
They ſhall not bluſh to ſay, that ev'ry *King*,
May doe like *Solomon*, in ev'ry thing,
As if they had his warrant: and ſhall dare
Aſcribe to *Monarchs*, rights that proper are
To none but *Chriſt*; and mixe their flatteries,
With no leſſe groſſe and wicked blaſphemies,
Then *Heathens* did: yea, make their *Kings* beleeve,
That whomſoever they oppreſſe or grieve,
It is no wrong; nor fit for men oppreſſed,
To ſeeke by their owne *Lawes* to be redreſſed.
Such counſell ſhall thy *Princes* then provoke,
To caſt upon thee *Rehoboams* yoake.
And, they not caring, or not taking heed
How ill that ill-adviſed *King* did ſpeed,
Shall multiply thy cauſes of diſtraction.
For, then, will of thy *Prieſts*, the other faction
Beſtir themſelves. They will in outward ſhowes,
Thoſe whom I laſt have mentioned, oppoſe.
But, in thy ruine, they will both agree,
As in one *Center*, though far off they be
In their *Diameter*. With lowly zeale,
An envious pride they ſlily ſhall conceale.

And,

And, as the former to thy *Kings* will teach
Meere *Tyranny*: ſo ſhall theſe other preach
Rebellion to the People; and ſhall ſtraine
The word of God, Sedition to maintaine.
They ſhall not feare to ſay, that if thy *King*
Become a *Tyrant*, thou maiſt alſo fling
Obedience off; or from his Crowne divorce him;
Or, by the terror of drawne ſwords enforce him.
Which falſe *Divinitie*, ſhall to the Devill
Send many ſoules and bring on thee much evill.
Oh! be thou therefore watchfull; and when e're
Theſe *Lambs* with *Dragons* voyces doe appeare,
Repent thy ſinne, or take it for a token,
That ſome great *Bulwarke* of thy peace is broken,
Which muſt be ſoone repair'd, or els, all
The greatnes of thy glory, downe will fall.
Take heed of theſe *falſe prophets*, who will ſtrive
Betwixt thy *Prince* and *People* to contrive
A diſagreement. And, what euer come,
Thy due *Allegeance* never ſtart thou from.
For (their oppreſſions though we may withſtand
By pleading *Lawes*, or *Cuſtomes*) not a hand
Muſt move againſt them, ſave the hand of God,
Who makes a *King*, a *Bulwark*, or a *Rod*,
As pleaſeth him. Oh! take ye therefore heed
Yee *People*, and yee *Kings* (that ſhall ſucceed)
Of theſe *Impoſtors*. Of the laſt beware
Yee *Subjects*: for, their Doctrines helliſh are.
And though they promiſe *Liberty* and *peace*,
Your Thraldome, and your Troubles they'll increaſe.
Shun oh! yee *Kings* the firſt; for, they adviſe
What will your Crownes and honors prejudice.
When you doe thinke their *Prophecies* befriend you,
They doe but unto *Ramoth-Gilead* ſend you,

Where

Where you ſhall periſh; and poore *Micahs* word,
Though leſſe eſteem'd, more ſafety will afford.
They will abuſe your *piety*, and all
Your *vertues*. To their wicked ends they ſhall
Apply the Sacred Story; or what ever
May ſeeme to further their unjuſt endevor.
Ev'n what the ſon of *Hannah* told the *Jewes*,
Should be their ſcourge (becauſe they did refuſe
The ſov'raignty of God, and were ſo vaine
To aske a *King* which over them might raigne
As heathen *Princes* did) that curſe they ſhall
Affirme to be a Law *Monarchicall*
Which God himſelfe eſtabliſhed to ſtand
Throughout all ages, and in ev'ry land.
Which is as good *Divinity*, as they
Have alſo taught, who doe not bluſh to ſay
That Kings may have both *Wives* and *Concubines*;
And, by that Rule whereby theſe great Divines
Shall prove their *Tenet*, I dare undertake
(If found it hold) that I like proofe will make
Of any *Iewiſh* Cuſtome, and deviſe
Authority for all abſurdities.
But, falſe it is. For, might all Kings at pleaſure
(As by the right of royaltie) make ceaſure
Of any mans poſſeſſions: why I pray
Did *Ahab* grieve, that *Naboth* ſaid him nay?
Why made he not this anſwer thereunto,
(If what the *Prophet* ſaid ſome *Kings* would do,
Were juſtly to be done) *Thy Vineyard's mine*;
And, at my pleaſure, Naboth, *all that's thine*
Aſſume I may. Why, like a Turky-chick,
Did he ſo fooliſhly grow ſullen ſick,
And get poſſeſſion by a wicked fact
Of what might have beene his by royall act?

Thus God is pleas'd, to humble and to raise:
Thus, he by sev'rall *names*, and sev'rall *wayes*,
The world doth govern. Yea, thus, ev'n in one nation,
And in one State, he makes much alteration
In formes of *Government*; oft changing that
Which is but accedentall to a *State*.
And, such his *Iustice*, and his *Wisdome* is,
That he preserveth by the meanes of this,
Those things which doe essentially pertaine
To that great *Power*, which over all doth raigne.
Nor is he pleased thus it should be done
In *States* that meerely civill are alone;
But, also, in the *Churches* governments,
Allowes the change of outward accidents.
Yea, they to whom he gives the oversights
Of some particular *Church*, may change old *Rites*,
The *Customes*, *Formes*, or *Titles*, as occasions
Are offred them; or, as the Times, or Nations,
Require a change: provided so, that they
Take nothing which essentiall is, away;
Nor adde what shall repugne or prejudice
Gods Lawes, his *Kingdome*, or the *Liberties*
Of them that are his people. For, in what
Hath any *Church* a pow'r, if not in that
Which is indifferent? Or, in what I pray
Will men the *Church* authority obey,
If not in such like things? Or, who should be
The *Iudge* what is indifferent, if not she?
A private *Spirit* knowes what he agrees
With his owne fancy; but the *Church* best sees
What fits the *Congregation*. From what gives
Offence to one; another man receives
Much comfort: and, his conscience edifies,
By disciplines, which many doe despise.

A *Parish* is a little *Diocesse*; 266
And, as of Cities, Townes, and Villages,
A *Bishoprick* consists: so, that doth rise
By Tythings, Hamlets, and by Families.
And little diffrence would be in the same,
(Excepting in the largenesse and the name)
If their opinions were allow'd of all,
Who favour not the stile *Episcopall*:
For, ev'ry *Priest* would then usurp the same
Authority, whereof some hate the *name*.
Yea, many a one would then his Parish make
A little *Popedome*, and upon him take
(Considering his meane pow'r) as much as he
That *Universall Bishop* claimes to be:
And, prove more proud, and troublesome, then they
Against whose *Lordlinesse* they now inveigh.
This therefore is my *Rule*; that *Government*
(What e're it be) in which to me God lent
My birth and breeding; that, untill my end,
I will obey, and to my pow'r defend.
Yea, though it tyrannize, I will denay
No more obedience, then by Law I may:
Ev'n by those *Lawes* and *Customes* which do stand
In force, and unrepealed in that Land.
What right another had, e're I was borne,
Or how, or for what sinne, Gods hand hath torne
His Kingdome from him, I will never care;
Let them go answer that who *Subjects* were,
(When lost it was) and had that meanes, and calling,
And yeares, which might prevented have his falling.
Or should another *Country* take me home
As one of hers; when thither I did come
I would nor seek, nor wish to innovate
The *Titles*, or the *Customes* of that *State*,

To what some other Countries better thought:
But, leave such things to those to whom I ought.
And, there, if any *Faction* shall constraine
That I one part must take, I will maintaine
What bore the Sov'raignty when I came thither;
And, I and that will stand and fall together.
The same obedience, also, keep I shall,
To governments *Ecclesiasticall*
Where e're I come; if nothing they command
Which doth Gods word, essentially, withstand:
Or, indirectly, or directly, thwart
His glory, or the purity pervert
Of Christian Principles, nor further strive,
Nor cause, nor countenance an evill life.
The *Hyerarchy*, here, I will obey,
And reverence, while I in *England* stay.
In *Scotland* if I liv'd, I would deny
No due respect to their *Presbyterie*.
Geneva should I visit, I would there
Submit my selfe to what their customes were.
Yea, wheresoe're I am, I will suppose
The *Spirit* in that *Church* much better knowes
What best that place befitteth, then I do:
And, I will live conformed thereunto,
In ev'ry thing that's meerly politick,
And injures not the Doctrines *Catholick*.
To ev'ry temp'rall pow'r I'le be the same,
By whatsoever cognizance, or name,
Men please to call it. If I should be sent
To *Poland*, where a mixed government
Establisht is; I would not tell them, there,
That any other Custome better were.
Were I in *Switzerland*, I would maintaine
Democrity; and, think to make it plaine,

That

That for theſe *Times*, thoſe *Cantons*, and that *Nation*,
There could not be a better *Domination*.
In *Venice*, far before a *Monarchy*
I would prefer an *Ariſtocratie*.
In *Spaine*, and *France*, and in Great *Britaine* here,
I hold no Governments more perfect are
Then *Monarchies*. And, if Gods will ſhould be,
Beneath a *Tyrant* to envaſſaile me,
I would perſwade my ſelfe, that heavy yoake
Were beſt, for ſome reſpects; and, to the ſtroke
Ev'n of an iron Mace would ſubject be,
In *body*: with a *minde* that ſhould be free
From his inforcement, (if he did withſtand,
Or bid me what Gods *Law* doth countermand.)
There is, I know, a *middle-way* that lyes
Ev'n juſt betwixt the two extremities,
Which to *ſedition*, and to *faction* tend.
To find which tract, my whole deſire I bend;
And wiſh it follow'd more. For, if we tread
That hatmleſſe path, we cannot be miſ-led;
Nor ſham'd, though blam'd we be. To ev'ry man
I faine would give his due; and all I can
I doe endeavor it. I would not wrong
My *Country*; neither take what doth belong
To *Ceſar*: nor infringe, or prejudice,
The Vniverſall *Churches* liberties;
Nor for her outward *Diſcipline* prefer
Or cenſure, any *Church* particular;
Or any *State*, but as beſit it may,
His *Muſe*, which nought but needfull truths doth ſay.
Nor have I any purpoſe to withdraw
Obedience, or reſpect from any *Law*
That's poſitive; or, to diſhearten from
Thoſe *Cuſtomes*, which a Chriſtian ſtate become.

If such Divinity, as this were true,
The *Queene* should not have needed to pursue
Poore *Naboth*, as she did; or, so contrive
His death; since by the Kings *Prerogative*,
She might have got his *Vineyard*. Nor would God
Have scourg'd that murther with so keene a rod,
On *Ahab*, had he asked but his due.
For, he did neither plot, nor yet pursue
The murther; nor (for ought that we can tell)
Had knowledge of the deed of *Iezabel*,
Till God reveal'd it by the Prophet to him.
Nor is it said, that *Naboth* wrong did do him,
Or disrespect; in that he did not yeeld,
To sell, or give, or to exchange his Field.
The Iewish *Commonwealth* did so instate,
That, their possessions none could alienate,
But for a time; who ever, for his mony,
Or in exchange, desir'd their patrimony.
And. doubtlesse, we offend, who at this day
Those *Freedomes* give, or lose, or sell away,
Which were in common right possest of old,
By our Forefathers; and, continue should
To all their *after-commers*. For, altho
We may dispose of what pertaines unto
Our persons: yet, those dues which former ages
Have left unto us for our heritages,
(And whereunto, the child that borne must be,
Hath ev'ry whit as good a right as we)
Those dues we should preserve with all our might,
By pleading of our just and ancient right,
In humble wise; if so the Sov'raigne state
Our Freedomes shall attempt to violate.
But, when by peacefull meanes we cannot save it,
We to the pleasure of the King must leave it,

And unto God our Iudge: For all the pow'r
In us, consists in saying, *This is our.*
A King is for a blessing, or a curse:
And therefore (though a *Foole* he were, or worse,
A *Tyrant*, or an *Ethnick*) no man may
So much as in their private closets, pray
Against his person; though they may petition
Against the wickednesse of his condition.
Nor, is this suffrance due to those alone,
Who subject are unto a *Monarchs* throne,
But, from all those who either subjects are
To mixed Governments, or popular.
For, though irregularities appeare
In ev'ry State; because but men they are
Whom God exalts to rule: yet, it is he
By whom all Governments ordained be.
And ev'ry *Government* (although the *Name*
Be different) is in effect the same.
In *Monarchies*, the *Counsell* (as it were
An *Aristocracy*) one while doth beare
The sway of all: and though they name the *King*,
Yet, him they over-rule in ev'ry thing.
Sometime againe, the pop'lar voice we see,
Doth awe the *Counsell*, when in them there be
Some pop'lar *Spirits*. *Aristocracies*
Are otherwhile the same with *Monarchies*.
For, one great man among them gets the pow'r,
From all the rest, and like an *Emperour*,
Doth act his pleasure. And we know 'tis common,
To have some foolish *Favorite*, or *Woman*,
To governe him. So, in a pop'lar State,
Affaires are manag'd by the selfe same fate;
And, either one or moe, away do steale
The peoples hearts, and sway the Commonweale.

Thus God is pleas'd, to humble and to raise:
Thus, he by sev'rall *names*, and sev'rall *wayes*,
The world doth govern. Yea, thus, ev'n in one nation,
And in one State, he makes much alteration
In formes of *Government*; oft changing that
Which is but accedentall to a *State*.
And, such his *Iustice*, and his *Wisdome* is,
That he preserveth by the meanes of this,
Those things which doe essentially pertaine
To that great *Power*, which over all doth raigne.
Nor is he pleased thus it should be done
In *States* that meerely civill are alone;
But, also, in the *Churches* governments,
Allowes the change of outward accidents.
Yea, they to whom he gives the oversights
Of some particular *Church*, may change old *Rites*,
The *Customes*, *Formes*, or *Titles*, as occasions
Are offred them; or, as the Times, or Nations,
Require a change: provided so, that they
Take nothing which essentiall is, away;
Nor adde what shall repugne or prejudice
Gods Lawes, his *Kingdome*, or the *Liberties*
Of them that are his people. For, in what
Hath any *Church* a pow'r, if not in that
Which is indifferent? Or, in what I pray
Will men the *Church* authority obey,
If not in such like things? Or, who should be
The *Iudge* what is indifferent, if not she?
A private *Spirit* knowes what best agrees
With his owne fancy; but the *Church* best sees
What fits the *Congregation*. From what gives
Offence to one; another man receives
Much comfort: and, his conscience edifies,
By disciplines, which many doe despise.

A *Parish* is a little *Diocesse*;
And, as of Cities, Townes, and Villages,
A *Bishoprick* consists: so, that doth rise
By Tythings, Hamlets, and by Families.
And little diffrence would be in the same,
(Excepting in the largenesse and the name)
If their opinions were allow'd of all,
Who favour not the stile *Episcopall*:
For, ev'ry *Priest* would then usurp the same
Authority, whereof some hate the *name*.
Yea, many a one would then his Parish make
A little *Popedome*, and upon him take
(Considering his meane pow'r) as much as he
That *Universall Bishop* claimes to be:
And, prove more proud, and troublesome, then they
Against whose *Lordlinesse* they now inveigh.
This therefore is my *Rule*; that *Government*
(What e're it be) in which to me God lent
My birth and breeding; that, untill my end,
I will obey, and to my pow'r defend.
Yea, though it tyrannize, I will denay
No more obedience, then by Law I may:
Ev'n by those *Lawes* and *Customes* which do stand
In force, and unrepealed in that Land.
What right another had, e're I was borne,
Or how, or for what sinne, Gods hand hath torne
His Kingdome from him, I will never care;
Let them go answer that who *Subjects* were,
(When lost it was) and had that meanes, and calling,
And yeares, which might prevented have his falling.
Or should another *Country* take me home
As one of hers; when thither I did come
I would nor seek, nor wish to innovate
The *Titles*, or the *Customes* of that *State*,

To what ſome other Countries better thought:
But, leave ſuch things to thoſe to whom I ought.
And, there, if any *Faction* ſhall conſtraine
That I one part muſt take, I will maintaine
What bore the Sov'raignty when I came thither;
And, I and that will ſtand and fall together.
The ſame obedience, alſo, keep I ſhall,
To governments *Eccleſiaſticall*
Where e're I come; if nothing they command
Which doth Gods word, eſſentially, withſtand:
Or, indirectly, or directly, thwart
His glory, or the purity pervert
Of Chriſtian Principles; nor further ſtriſe,
Nor cauſe, nor countenance an evill life.
The *Hyerarchy*, here, I will obey,
And reverence, while I in *England* ſtay.
In *Scotland* if I liv'd, I would deny
No due reſpect to their *Presbyterie*.
Geneva ſhould I viſit, I would there
Submit my ſelfe to what their cuſtomes were.
Yea, whereſoe're I am, I will ſuppoſe
The *Spirit* in that *Church* much better knowes
What beſt that place befitteth, then I do:
And, I will live conformed thereunto,
In ev'ry thing that's meerly politick,
And injures not the Doctrines *Catholick*.
To ev'ry temp'rall pow'r I'le be the ſame,
By whatſoever cognizance, or name,
Men pleaſe to call it. If I ſhould be ſent
To *Poland*, where a mixed government
Eſtabliſht is; I would not tell them, there,
That any other Cuſtome better were.
Were I in *Switzerland*, I would maintaine
Communitie; and, think to make it plaine,

That

That for theſe *Times*, thoſe *Cantons*, and that *Nation*,
There could not be a better *Domination*.
In *Venice*, far before a *Monarchy*
I would prefer an *Ariſtocratie*.
In *Spaine*, and *France*, and in Great *Britaine* here,
I hold no Governments more perfect are
Then *Monarchies*. And, if Gods will ſhould be,
Beneath a *Tyrant* to envaſſaile me,
I would perſwade my ſelfe, that heavy yoake
Were beſt, for ſome reſpects; and, to the ſtroke
Ev'n of an iron Mace would ſubject be,
In *body*: with a *minde* that ſhould be free
From his inforcement, (if he did withſtand,
Or bid me what Gods *Law* doth countermand.)
There is, I know, a *middle-way* that lyes
Ev'n juſt betwixt the two extremities,
Which to *ſedition*, and to *faction* tend.
To find which tract, my whole deſire I bend;
And wiſh it follow'd more. For, if we tread
That harmleſſe path, we cannot be miſ-led;
Nor ſham'd, though blam'd we be. To ev'ry man
I faine would give his due; and all I can
I doe endeavor it. I would not wrong
My *Country*; neither take what doth belong
To *Ceſar*: nor infringe, or prejudice,
The Vniverſall *Churches* liberties;
Nor for her outward *Diſcipline* prefer
Or cenſure, any *Church* particular;
Or any *State*, but as beſit it may,
His *Muſe*, which nought but needfull truths doth ſay.
Nor have I any purpoſe to withdraw
Obedience, or reſpect from any *Law*
That's poſitive; or, to diſhearten from
Thoſe *Cuſtomes*, which a Chriſtian ſtate become.

Nor have I any thought to ſcandalize,
Or ſpeake amiſſe of Principalities;
Or, to traduce mens perſons: but, I fall
On errors of mens lives in generall,
And, on thoſe great *Abuſes*, which I ſee
To blemiſh ev'ry *Calling* and *Degree*.
Of *Dignities* and *Perſons*, I obſerve
All meanes I can, their honors to preſerve,
When I reprove their faults. And, ev'n as he
That hunteth *Foxes*, where *Lambes* feeding be,
May fright that harmleſſe flock, and ſuffer blame
Of ſome *By-ſtanders*, (knowing not his Game)
When from his Dogs, thoſe Innocents are free,
And none but their devourers bitten be.
So, though my reprehenſions, often are
Miſtook by fooliſh *Readers*; they are far
From reprehending thoſe, or taxing that
Which is unfitting for my ſhooting at.
I ſpeake thoſe things which will advantage rather
Then harme: and hence this blinded age may gather
Much light. This little *Volume* doth relate
Nought elſe but what is like to be our *Fate*;
If ſin encreaſe; and what in former times
Did fall on other *Nations* for their crimes,
I utter what our welfare may encreaſe,
And helpe confirme us in a happy peace;
Which they will never compaſſe, who purſue
To ſpeake what's pleaſing, rather then what's true.
However, here my thoughts deliv'red be:
Let God as he ſhall pleaſe, deliver me.
And if what here is mention'd, thou doſt heed
(Oh *Britaine!*) in thoſe times that ſhall ſucceed,
It may prevent much loſſe, and make thee ſhun
Thoſe miſchiefes, whereby Kingdomes are undone.

But,

But, to thy other sins, if thou shalt adde
Rebellions (as false *Prophets* will perswade)
Which likely are to follow, when thou shalt
In thy profession of *Religion* halt:
Then, will thy *Kings* and *People* scourge each other,
For their offences, till both fall together:
By weakning of your pow'rs, to make them way,
Who seeke and look for that unhappy day.
Then, shall disorder ev'rywhere abound,
And neither just nor pious man be found.
The best shall be a *Bryer* or a *Thorne*,
By whom their neighbours shall be scratcht & torne.
Thy *Princes* shall to nothing condiscend
For any merit, just, or pious end;
But either for encreasing of their treasure,
Or for accomplishing their wilfull pleasure:
And unto what they sell or daigne for meed,
There shall be given little trust or heed.
For, that which by their words confirme they shall,
(The royall Seales uniting therewithall)
A toy shall frustrate; and a gift shall make
Their strictest *Orders* no effect to take.
The *Iudge*, without a bribe, no *Cause* shall end:
No man shall trust his brother, or his friend:
The parents and the children shall despise
And hate, and spoile each other: she that lies
Within her husbands bosome, shall betray him:
They who thy people should protect, shal slay them:
The aged shall regarded be of none:
The poore shall by the rich be trodden on:
Such grievous insolencies, everywhere
Shall acted be; that good and bad shall feare
In thee to dwell; and, men discreet shall hate
To be a *Ruler*, or a *Magistrate*;

When they behold (without impenitence)
So much injuſtice, and ſuch violence.
And, when thy wickednesſe this height ſhall gain,
To which (no doubt) it will e're long attaine,
If thou proceed: Then, from the bow that's bent
(And halfe way drawne already) ſhall be ſent
A mortall arrow; and it pierce thee ſhall
Quite through the head, the liver, and the gall.
The Lord ſhall call, and whiſtle from afarre,
For thoſe thy enemies that fierceſt are:
For thoſe thou feareſt moſt; and they ſhall from
Their Countries, like a whirlewind hither come.
They ſhall not ſleep, nor ſtumble, nor untie
Their garments, till within thy fields they lye.
Sharp ſhall their arrowes be, and ſtrong their bow.
Their faces ſhall as full of horror ſhow
As doth a Lions. Like a bolt of thunder,
Their troups of horſe ſhall come, & tread thee under
Their iron feet. Thy foes ſhall eate thy bread,
And with thy flocks both clothed be, and fed.
Thy *Dwellers*, they ſhall cary from their owne,
To *Countries* which their fathers have not knowne.
And, thither ſhall ſuch miſchiefes them purſue,
That they who ſeeke the pit-fall to eſchew,
Shall in a ſnare be taken. If they ſhall
Eſcape the ſword, a Serpent in the wall
To death ſhall ſting them: yea (although they hap
To ſhun a hundred plagues) they ſhall not ſcape;
But, with new dangers, ſtill be chac'd about,
Vntill that they are wholly rooted out.
The *Plowman*, then, ſhall be afraid to ſow;
Artificers their labour ſhall forgoe;
The *Merchant* man ſhall croſſe the Seas no more,
(Except to flye and ſeeke ſome other ſhore)

Thy

Thy *ableſt-men* ſhall faint: thy *wiſe-ones*, then,
Shall know themſelves to be but fooliſh men.
And they who built and planted by oppreſſion,
Shall leave their gettings to the foes poſſeſſion.
Yea, God wil ſcourge thee, *England*, ſeven times more
With ſeven times greater *Plagues* then heretofore.
Then, thy *Allies* their friendſhip ſhall withdraw;
And, they that of thy greatneſſe ſtood in awe,
Shall ſay (in ſcorne) Is this the valiant Nation,
That had throughout the world ſuch reputation,
By *victories* upon the ſhore? Are theſe
That people, which were maſters of the ſeas,
And grew ſo mighty? yea that petty Nation,
That were not worthy of thy indignation,
Shall mock thee too; and all thy former fame,
Forgot ſhall be, or mention'd to thy ſhame.
Mark how Gods *plagues* were doubled on the *Iewes*
When they his milde corrections did abuſe:
Marke what, at laſt, upon their Land he ſent;
And, look thou for the ſelfe ſame puniſhment,
If them thou imitateſt. For their ſin,
At firſt, but eight yeares *Bondage* they were in.
Their wickedneſſe grew more; and God did then,
To *Eglon*, make them ſlaves, eight yeares and ten.
They diſobeying, ſtill, the God of heaven;
Their yeares of *Servitude* were twenty ſeven,
To *Iabin* and to *Midian*. Then, prevailed
Philiſtia forty yeares; and, when that failed,
To make them of their evill wayes repent,
There was, among themſelves, a fatall rent;
And, they oft ſcourg'd each other. Still, they trod
The ſelfe ſame path; and, then the hand of God
Brought *Aſſur* on them; and, did make them beare
His heavy yoake, untill the ſeventieth yeare.

And

And laſt of all the *Romane* Empire came,
Which from their *Country* rooted out their *Name*.
That fooliſh project which they did embrace,
To keep them in poſſeſſion of their *place*,
Did loſe it. And, like *Cain*, that vagrant *Nation*,
Hath now remain'd in fearfull *Deſolation*
Nigh ſixteene hundred yeares: and, (whatſoe're
Some lately dreame) in vaine, they look for here
A temp'rall *Kingdome*. For, as long agoe
Their *Pſalmiſt* ſaid; *No Prophet doth foreſhow*
This thraldomes end. Nor ſhall it end untill
The *Gentiles* their juſt number doe fulfill:
Which is unlike to be untill that houre,
In which there ſhall be no more temporall pow'r,
Or temporall *Kingdome*. Therefore, gather them
(Oh Lord!) unto thy new *Ieruſalem*,
In thy due time. For, yet, unto that place
They have a promiſt right, by thy meere grace.
To thoſe who ſhall repent, thy firme *Election*
Continues in this temporall rejection.
Oh! ſhew thy mercy in their deſolation,
That thou maiſt honor'd be in their ſalvation.
Yea, teach us alſo, by their fearfull fall,
To hearken to thy voice, when thou doſt call;
(Leſt thou in anger, unto us proteſt,
That we ſhall never come into thy reſt)
For, we have follow'd them in all their ſin:
Such, and ſo many, have our warnings bin:
And, if thou ſtill prolong not thy compaſſion,
To us belongs the ſelfe ſame *Deſolation*.
And it will ſhortly come, with all thoſe terrors
That were on them inflicted, for their errors.
Then, woe ſhall be to them, that heretofore
By joyning houſe to houſe, expell'd the poore;

And

And field have into field incorporated,
Vntill their *Townefhips* were depopulated.
For, defolate their dwelling fhall be made:
Ev'n in their blood the Lord fhall bathe his blade:
And they that have by avarice, and wiles,
Erected Pallaces and coftly Piles;
Shall think, the ftones and timbers, in the wall,
Aloud, to God, for vengeance on them call.
Then, woe fhall be to them who early rife
To eate, and drinke, and play, and wantonnize;
Still adding fin to fin: for, they the paine
Of cold, and thirft, and hunger, fhall fuftaine;
And be the fervile flaves of them that are
Their Foes; as to their Lufts they captives were.
Then, wo to them who darkneffe more have lov'd
Then light; and good advice have difapprov'd:
For, they fhall wander in a crooked path,
Which neither light, nor end, nor comfort hath.
And, when for *Guides*, and *Counfell* they do cry,
Not one fhall pity them, who paffeth by.
Then, wo to them that have corrupted bin,
To juftifie the *wicked* in his fin;
Or, for a bribe, the *righteous* to condemne:
For, flames (as on the chaffe) fhall feize on them:
Their bodies to the dunghill fhall be caft;
Their flowre fhall turne to duft; their ftock fhal waft;
And all the glorious titles they have worne,
Shall but encreafe their infamy and fcorne.
Then, wo to them that have beene rais'd aloft
By good mens ruines; and by laying loft
And eafie pillowes, under great mens armes,
To make them pleas'd in their alluring charmes.
Then, wo to them, who being growne afraid
Of fome nigh perill, fought unlawfull aid;

And

And, ſetting Gods protection quite aſide,
Vpon their owne inventions have rely'd.
For, God their fooliſh hopes will bring to nought;
On them, their feared miſchiefe ſhall be brought;
And, all their wit and ſtrength, ſhall not ſuffice,
To heave that ſorrow off, which on them lies.
Yea, then, oh *Britaine!* woe to ev'ry one,
That hath without repentance evill done:
For, thoſe who doe nor heed, nor beare in mind
His viſitings, Gods reaching hand will find;
And they with howling cries and lamentation,
Shall ſue and ſeeke, in vaine, for his compaſſion.
Becauſe they carcleſſe of his Mercies were,
Till in conſuming wrath he did appeare.
But, ſtill, we ſet far off that evill day;
In dull *ſecurity* we paſſe away
Our pretious time; and with vaine hopes and toyes,
Build up a truſt which ev'ry puffe deſtroyes.
And therefore, ſtill when healing is expected,
New and unlookt for troubles are effected.
We gather *Armies*, and we *Fleets* prepare;
And, then, both ſtrong and ſafe we think we are.
But, when we look for victories, and glory,
What followes, but events that make us ſory?
And tis Gods mercy that we turne our faces
With ſo few loſſes, and no more diſgraces.
For, what are moſt of thoſe whom we commend
Such actions to; and whom we forth do ſend
To fight thoſe *Battels*, which the *Lords* we call,
But, ſuch as never fight for him at all?
Whom doſt thou make thy *Captaines*, and diſpoſe
Such *Offices* unto, but unto thoſe
(Some few excepted) who procure by friends,
Command and pay, to ſerve their private ends?

Their

Their *language*, and their *practices* declare,
That entertained by Gods *Foe* they were.
Their whoring, ſwearing, and their drunkenneſſe,
Do far more plainly to the world expreſſe
What *Generall* they doe belong unto,
Then all their *Feathers* and their *Enſignes* doe.
Theſe, by their unrepented ſins, betray
Thy *Cauſe*. By theſe, the honor, and the day
Is loſt: and when thou hopeſt that thy trouble
Shall have an end, thy danger waxeth double.
We wiſht for *Parliaments*; and them we made
Our God: for, all the hope that many had
To remedy the publike diſcontent,
Was by the wiſdome of a *Parliament*.
Well; *Parliaments* we had; and what in being,
Succeedeth yet, but greater diſagreeing,
With greater *grievances* then heretofore?
And reaſon good: for, we depended more
On outward meanes, then on Gods will that ſends
All puniſhments; and all afflictions ends.
Beleeve it ſhould our *Parliaments* agree
In ev'ry *motion*: ſhould our *Sov'raigne* be
So gracious, as to condiſcend to all
Which for his weale and ours, propoſe we ſhall;
Ev'n that *Agreement*, till our ſins we leave,
Shall make us but ſecure; and helpe to weave
A ſnare, by whoſe fine threds we ſhall be caught,
Before we ſee the miſchiefe that is wrought.
Whilſt we by *Parliaments* do chiefly ſeek
Meere temp'rall ends, the King ſhall do the like:
Yea, till in them we mutually agree
To helpe each other; and unfained be
In lab'ring for a Chriſtian *Reformation*;
Each Meeting ſhall beget a new vexation.

This

This *Iland* hath ſome ſenſe of what ſhe ayles,
And very much, theſe evill times bewayles:
But, not ſo much our ſinnes doe we lament,
Or mourne, that God for them is diſcontent,
As that the *Plagues* they bring diſturb our pleaſures,
Encreaſe our dangers, and exhauſt our treaſures.
And, for theſe cauſes, now and then we *faſt*,
And *pray*, as long as halfe a day doth laſt.
For, if the Sunne doe but a liitle cleare
That cloud, from which a tempeſt we doe feare,
What kind of griefe we took, we plainly ſhew
By thoſe rejoycings which thereon enſue:
For, in the ſtead of ſuch due thankfulneſſe,
As Chriſtian zeale obligeth to expreſſe;
To Pleaſure (not to God) we ſacrifize;
Renue our ſins; revive our vanities;
And, all our vowed gratitude expires,
In Games, in Guns, in Bels, in Healths, or Fires.
We faine would be at peace; but few men go
That way, as yet, whereby it may be ſo.
We have not that humility which muſt
Effect it: we are falſe, and cannot truſt
Each other; no nor God with true confeſſions:
Which ſhewes that we abhor not our tranſgreſſions.
It proves, that of our errors, we in heart
Repent not, neither purpoſe to depart
From any folly. For all they that are
Sincerely penitent, doe nothing feare
So much as their owne guilt; nor ſeeke to gaine
Ought more, then to be reconcil'd againe:
And, they that are thus minded, never can
Be long unreconcil'd to God, or man.
When we ſhould ſtoop, we moſt our ſelves exalt;
And (though we be) would not be thought in fault.

Nay,

Nay, though we faulty be, and thought, & known,
And proved ſo; and ſee that we are throwne
By our apparant errors, into ſtraits,
From which we cannot get by all our ſleights:
Yet, ſtill our ſelves we vaunt and juſtifie,
And ſtruggle, till the ſnare we faſter tye.
We ſin, and we to boaſt it have no ſhame,
Yet ſtorme when others doe our follies name:
And rather then we will ſo much as ſay
We did amiſſe (though that might wipe away
The ſtaine of all) I think that ſome of us
So wilfull are, ſo proud, and miſchievous,
That we our ſelves would ruine, and our *Nation*,
To keep our ſhadow of a *Reputation*.
Oh! if we are thus headſtrong, tis unlike
We any part of our proud ſailes will ſtrike
Till they have ſunke our *Veſſell* in the Sea,
Or by the furious windes, are torne away.
Twere better, tho, we did confeſſe our wound,
Then hide it till our ſtate grew more unſound.
Twere better we ſome wealth, or office loſt,
Then keep them, till our lives, and all, it coſt:
And therefore, let us wiſely be adviſed,
Before we by a tempeſt be ſurpriſed.
Downe firſt with our *Top-gallants*, and our *Flags*;
In ſtormes, the skilfull'ſt Pilots make no brags.
Let us (if that be not enough) let fall
Our *Miſne-yeard*, and ſtrike our top-ſailes all.
If this we find be not enough to doe,
Strike Fore-ſaile, Sprit-ſaile, yea and Main-ſaile too.
And, rather then our *Ship* ſhould ſink or rend;
Let's over-board, goods, maſt, and tackling ſend.
Save but the *Hull*, the *Maſter*, and the *Men*;
And we may live to ſcoure the ſeas agen.

Beleeve

Beleeve it *England*, howſoever ſome
(Who ſhould foreſee thy *plagues* before they come)
Endevor to perſwade thee that thou haſt
A hopefull time, and that the woꝛſt is paſt.
Yet I dare boldly tell thee, thou haſt nigh
Worne out Gods patience by impiety.
And, that unleſſe the ſame we doe renue
By penitence, our folly we ſhall rue.
But, what am I, that me thou ſhould'ſt beleeve?
Or, unto what I tell thee, credit give?
It may be this adulterous *Generation*
Expecteth tokens of her deſolation;
And therefore I will give them ſignes of that
Which they are almoſt now arived at.
Not *ſignes*, ſo myſticall as moſt of thoſe
Which did the ruine of the *Iewes* diſcloſe;
But, *ſignes* as evident as are the day.
For, know ye *Britanies*, that what God did ſay
Ieruſalems deſtruction ſhould foreſhew,
He ſpake to ev'ry *State* that ſhould enſue.
And, that he nought of her, or to her ſpake,
For hers alone, but alſo for our ſake.
One *ſigne* that Gods long-ſuffring we have tired,
And that his *patience* is almoſt expired,
Is this; that many Iudgements he hath ſent,
And ſtill remov'd them e're we did repent.
For, God (ev'n by his *Holineſſe*) did ſweare,
(Saith *Amos*) ſuch a Nation he will teare
With Brye.s, and with Fiſh-hookes rend away
The whole poſterity of ſuch as they.
Cleane teeth (ſaith God) *I gave them, and with bread*
In many places, them I ſcantly fed;
And yet they ſought me not: Then I reſtrained
The dewes of heav'n; upon this Field I rained,

And

And not on that; yea, to one City came
Some two or three, to quench their thirſty flame;
Yet, to returne to me, no care they tooke:
With Blaſtings then, and Mildewes, I them ſtrook;
And mixt among their Fruits the Palmer-worme;
Yet, they their lives did not a jot reforme:
Then did I ſend the Peſtilence (ſaid he)
Devoured by the Sword, their Youngmen be;
Their Horſe are ſlaine, and up to heaven aſcends
Their ſtinke; yet I diſcover no amends.

The ſelfe ſame things thy God in thee hath done,
Oh *England!* yet, here followes thereupon
So ſmall amendment, that they are a *ſigne*
To thee; and their ſharp Iudgement, will be thine.

The ſecond *Token* which doth fore-declare
When *Cities, States,* and *Realmes,* declining are,
Ev'n *Chriſt* himſelfe hath left us: For, (ſaith he)
When Deſolation ſhall approaching be,
Of wars, and warlike rumors ye ſhall heare;
Rare ſignes and tokens will in heaven appeare;
Downe from the Firmament the Stars ſhall fall;
The hearts of many men, then, faile them ſhall;
There will be many ſcandals and offences;
Great Earth quakes, Schiſmes, Dearths, and Peſtilences;
Realme, Realme; and Nation, Nation ſhall oppoſe;
The neareſt friends, ſhall be the greateſt foes.
Againſt the Church ſhall many tyrannize;
Deceivers, and falſe Prophets, ſhall ariſe;
In ev'ry place ſhall wickedneſſe abound;
And, Charity ſhall very cold be found.

This, *Chriſt* himſelfe did prophecy: And we
Are doubtleſſe blind, unleſſe confeſt it be,
That at this houre, upon this Kingdome here,
Theſe marks of Deſolation viewed are.

How

How often have we ſeene prodigeous *lights*,
O'reſpread the face of heav'n in moonleſſe nights?
How many dreadfull *Meteors* have there beene
In this our *Climate*, lately heard and ſeene?
Who knoweth not that but a while agoe
A *Blazing Star* did threat, if not foreſhow
Gods Iudgements? In what age, tofore, did here
So many, who did *Saints* and *Stars* appeare,
Fall (as it were) from heav'n? Or who hath heard
Of greater *Earth-quakes*, then have lately ſcar'd
Theſe quarters of the world? How oft, the touch
Of *Famine* have we had? But, when ſo much
Devoured by the *Peſtilence* were we,
As in this preſent yeare our people be?
Of *Wars*, and martiall rumors, never more
Were heard within theſe confines heretofore;
When were all Kingdomes, and all Nations through
The world, ſo oppoſite as they are now?
We know no Country, whether nigh or far,
But is engag'd, or threatned with ſome *War*.
All places, either preſent woes bewaile;
Or elſe things feared make mens hearts to faile.
Falſe *Prophets*, and *Deceivers* we have many;
We ſcarcely find integrity in any:
The Name of *Chriſt*, begins in ev'ry place
To ſuffer perſecution and diſgrace;
And, we the greateſt jeopardies are in,
Among our neighbours, and our neareſt kin.
Strange *Hereſies* do ev'rywhere encreaſe,
Diſturbing *Sion*, and exiling peace.
Impietie doth multiply. True love
Growes cold: And, if theſe *tokens* doe not prove
Our fall drawes on, unleſſe we doe amend:
I know not when our folly ſhall have end.

A third apparant *signe* which doth declare
When some devouring *Plague* approacheth neere,
Is when a Nation doth anew begin
To let Idolatry to enter in;
And openly, or secretly give place
To *Heresie*, where *Truth* establisht was:
Or when like *Ieroboam*, to possesse
An outward profit, or a temporall peace,
They either change *Religions*, or devise
A worship which doth mixe Idolatries
With truth. For this, ev'n for this very crime,
The King of *Assur*, in *Hoshea*'s time
Led *Isr'el* captive. And, both from the sight
Of God; and from the house of *David* quite,
They were cut off for ever, and did neither
Serve *God* nor *Idols*; but ev'n both together;
In such a mixt *Religion* as is that
Which some among us, now, have aymed at.
Marke, *England*; and I prethee marke it well,
If this offence which ruin'd *Israel*,
On thee appeare not: and, if so it be,
Amend; or looke for what it threatens thee.
The fourth true *token* which doth fore expresse
The ruine of a Land for wickednesse,
Is when the *Priests* and Magistrates begin,
To grow extreamly impudent in sin.
This *Signe*, the Prophet *Micah* giveth us;
And he (not I) to you cryes loudly thus:
Heare, oh ye house of Iacob, and all ye
That Princes of the house of Israel be:
Ye Iustice hate; and ye pervert what's good;
Ye build the walls of Sion up with blood;
Ierusalem with sin, ye up have rear'd;
Your Iudges passe their censures for reward;

Your

Your Prieſts doe preach for hire, your Prophets doe
Like them; and prophecy for mony too.
And, for this cauſe ſhall Sion mount (ſaith he)
Ev'n like a plowed field become to be;
And like a Forreſt hill where buſhes grow,
The City of Ieruſalem ſhall ſhow.

Change but the names, oh *Britain*, and that token
Of deſolation, unto thee is ſpoken.
For, what this day thy *Prieſts* and *Princes* are,
Their actions, and the peoples cries declare.
A fifth ſure *evidence* that God among
Thy ruines will enromb thy fame e're long,
(If thou repent not) is ev'n this, that thou
Doſt ev'ry day the more ungodly grow,
By how much more the bleſſed meanes of grace
Doth multiply it ſelfe in ev'ry place.
God ſends unto thee many learned Preachers,
Apoſtles, Paſtors, and all kind of teachers;
His *Viſions*, and his *Prophecies* upon thee
He multiplies. And (that he might have won thee
To more ſincerity) on all occaſions,
By counſell, by entreatie, and perſwaſions,
He hath advis'd, allured, and beſought thee:
With precept upon precept, he hath taught thee;
By line on line; by miracle; by reaſon;
In ev'ry place; in ſeaſon, out of ſeaſon;
By little and by little; and by much
(Sometime) at once: yet is thy nature ſuch,
That ſtill thou waxeſt worſe; and in the roome
Of pleaſant Grapes, more Thiſtles daily come:
And, thou that art ſo haughty, and ſo proud,
For this, ſhalt vaniſh like an empty cloud;
And, as a Lion, Leopard, or a Beare,
Thy God, for this, ſhall thee in pieces teare.

If thou ſuppoſe my *Muſe* did this deviſe,
Goe take it from *Hoſea*'s propheſies
The ſixth undoubted *ſignall* when the laſt
Good dayes of ſinfull *Realmes* are almoſt paſt,
Is when the people neere to God ſhall draw
In word, to make profeſſion of his *Law*:
And, by their tongues his praiſes forth declare;
Yet, in their hearts from him continue far.
To ſuch a *Land*, their deſtiny diſplayes
Iſaiah: for even thus the Prophet ſayes:
God will produce a marvell in that State,
And doe a worke that men ſhall wonder at;
The wiſdome of their wiſeſt Counſellor,
Shall periſh, and their prudent men ſhall erre.
On their deepe Counſels, ſorrow ſhall attend;
Their ſecret plots ſhall have a diſmall end;
Their giddy projects which they have deviſed,
Shall as the Potters clay be quite deſpiſed.
Like Carmel, Lebanon ſhall ſeeme; and be
Like Lebanon, ſhall make mount Carmel be.
Their pleaſant Fields like Deſarts ſhall appeare;
And, there ſhall Gardens be, where Deſarts are.
God keep (thou *Britiſh Ile*) this plague from thee;
For, ſignes thereof upon thy Body be.
Thou of the pureſt worſhip mak'ſt profeſſion;
Yet, waxeſt more impure in thy condition.
Thou boaſteſt of the knowledge of Gods word,
Yet, thereunto in manners to accord
Thou doſt refuſe. Thou makeſt proteſtation
Of pietie; yet hateſt reformation.
Yea, when thy tongue doth ſing of praiſe divine,
Thy heart doth plot ſome temporall deſigne.
And, ſome of thoſe, who in this wiſe are holy,
Begin to ſhew their wiſedome will be folly.

For

For, when from ſight their ſnares they deepeſt hide,
By God Almighties eyes they are eſpide.
The ſeaventh *Symptome* of a dreadfull blow,
(If not of a perpetuall overthrow)
Is when a ſlumbring *Spirit* doth ſurprize
A nation; and hath cloſed up their eyes:
Or when the *Prophets* and the *Seers* are
So clouded, that plaine truths do not appeare:
Or when the *Viſions* evidently ſeene
Are paſſed by, as if they had not beene:
Or when, to Nations who can reade, God gives
His *Booke*; and thereof doth unſeale the leaves,
And bids them reade the ſame, which they to do
Deny; or plead unableneſſe thereto.
Black *ſignes* are theſe. For if that *Book* to them,
Still darke; or as a Book unſealed ſeeme;
Or, if they heed no more what here is ſaid,
Then they that have the *Booke*, and cannot reade;
The *Iudgements*, laſt repeated, are the doome,
That ſhall on ſuch a ſtupid *Nation* come.
This *Signe* is come on us; for, loe, unſealed
Gods *Book* is now among us: and revealed
Are all the *Myſteries* which doe concerne
The children of this preſent age to learne.
So well hath he inſtructed this our Land,
That we not only reade, but underſtand
The ſecrets of his *Word*. The prophecies
Of his chiefe *Seers*, are before our eyes,
Vnveiled: true interpretations
Are made, and many proper applications
Ev'n to our ſelves; yet is our heart ſo blind,
That what we know and ſee, we do not mind.
We heare, and ſpeake, and much adoe we keepe;
But we as ſenſeleſſe are as men aſleep

What

What then we doe. Yea, while that we are talking,
What ſnares are in the way where we are walking,
We heed not what we ſay, but paſſe along;
And, many times, are faſt enſnar'd among
Thoſe miſchiefes, and thoſe faults we did condemne,
Before our tongues have left to mention them.
For our neglect of God in former times,
(Or for ſome preſent unrepented crimes)
A ſlumbring *Spirit* ſo poſſeſſeth us,
That our eſtate is wondrous dangerous.
We ſee and heare, and tell to one another
Our perils, yet we headlong haſt together
To wilfull ruine: and are growne ſo mad,
That when our friends a better courſe perſwade,
Or ſeeke to ſtop us (when they ſee we run
That way in which we cannot ruine ſhun)
We perſecute thoſe men with all our ſoule,
That we may damn our ſelves without controule.
The eight plaine *Signe*, by which I underſtand
That ſome devouring miſchiefe is at hand,
Is that maliciouſneſſe which I doe ſee
Among *Profeſſors* of one Faith, to be.
We that have but one *Father*, and one *Mother*,
Doe perſecute, and torture one another.
So hotly, we oppoſe not *Antichriſt*,
As we our fellow brethren doe reſiſt.
The *Proteſtant*, the *Proteſtant* defies;
And, we our ſelves, our ſelves doe ſcandalize.
Our *Church* we have expoſed to more ſcorne;
And her faire ſeamleſſe *Veſtment* rent, and torne,
By our owne fury, more then by their ſpight
Who are to us directly oppoſite.
To ſave an Aple, we the Tree deſtroy;
And, quarrels make for ev'ry needleſſe toy:

From us, if any brother differ ſhall
But in a crotchet, we upon him fall
As eagerly, and with as bitter hate,
As if we knew him for a *Reprobate*.
And, what event all this doth ſignifie,
Saint *Paul* (by way of caveat) doth imply.
Take heed (ſaith he) *leſt while ye bite each other,*
You, of your ſelves, conſumed be together.
Another *Signe* which cau'eth me to feare
That our confuſion is approaching neere,
Are thoſe *Diſunions* which I have eſpide,
In *Church* and *Commonwealth*, this preſent tide.
We cannot hide theſe rents; for they doe gape,
So wide, that ſome their Iawes can hardly ſcape.
Would God, the way to cloſe them up we knew,
Elſe, what they threaten, time will ſhortly ſhew:
For, all men know, a *City* or a *Land*,
Within it ſelfe divided, cannot ſtand.
The laſt black *ſigne* that here I will repeat,
(Which doth to kingdomes deſolation threat)
Is when the hand of God Almighty brings
The people, into bondage, to their Kings.
I ſay, when their owne *King* ſhall take delight,
Thoſe whom he ſhould protect, to rob, and ſmite.
When they who fed the Sheep, the Sheep ſhall kill,
And eate them; and ſuppoſe they doe no ill.
When God gives up a Nation unto thoſe
That are their neighbours, that they may, as foes,
Devoure them. When (oh *England!*) thou ſhalt ſee
This come to paſſe, a ſigne it is to thee
That God is angry; and a certaine token
That into pieces thou ſhalt quite be broken:
If not by ſo raine ſtrength, by force at home;
And, that thy greater torment will become,

This *Vengeance*, and this fearfull preparation,
Of bringing ruine on a ſinfull Nation,
(If they remaine impenitent) the Lord
Doth menace; and, by *Zachary* record,
To make us wiſe. Oh! let us therefore learne,
What now is comming on us, to diſcerne.
For, (well conſidered if all things were)
From this *Captivity* we ſeeme not farre.
It now already ſeemes to be projected;
Nay, little wants of being quite effected.
For, they that are our *Shepheards*, now, are they
That fleece us, and endevor to betray
Our lives and freedomes. Thoſe great men that be
Our neighbours (and can claime no more then we)
Would ſell us: and, attempt to gaine a pow'r,
Whereby they may, at pleaſure, us devoure:
And, had not we a King, as loth to make
His people ſlaves, as from himſelfe to take
His lawfull right; (or, were there not ſome lett
Vnheeded, which is unremoved yet)
E're this (and juſtly too) the hand of heaven
Into perpetuall bondage us had given.
And, if we do not more Gods will regard,
That miſchiefe is but for a time deferr'd.
Our *King* is juſt and mercifull; and tho
Some may (with loyall, and a gilded ſhow
Of pious equity) a while eſſay
To lead his judgement in his youth aſtray;
Yet, God (I hope) will keep him ſo, that he
Shall ſtill be juſt, (though we ungodly be)
And, make him in the fitteſt houre expreſſe
His royall *Judgement*, and his *Righteouſneſſe*:
But, if God ſhould from us (as God forbid)
Take him, as once he good *Ioſiah* did,

He alſo will (unleſſe we mend) perchance,
In times to come, a *Shepheard* here advance,
Who ſhall not plead for what his *Youngmen* ſay
Is juſt; but, take the ſame, perforce, away.
An Idoll *Shepheard*, who ſhall neither care
To find or ſeek, for thoſe that ſtrayed are;
Nor guard the *Lambs*; nor cure what hath a wound;
Nor cheriſh thoſe that fi me to him are found;
But, take the fat, and rob them of their fleeces;
And eate their fleſh; and break their bones in peeces.
More *Signes* I might, as yet, commemorate,
To ſhew Gods *patience* is nigh out of date.
But, theſe are ſignes enough, and ſo apparant,
That twenty more will give no better warrant
To what I ſpeake. Yet, if theſe falſe appeare,
That's one ſigne more, our *fall* approacheth neere.
Be mindfull, therefore, while it is *to Day*;
And, let no good occaſion ſlip away.
Now rend your hearts, ye *Britains*, waſh & rinſe them
From all corruption: from all evill clenſe them.
Goe offer up the pleaſing ſacrifice
Of *Righteouſneſſe*: from folly turne your eyes.
Seeke peace, and follow it, with ſtrict purſuit:
Relieve the needy; Iudgement execute:
Refreſh the weary; right the fatherleſſe:
The ſtrangers, and the widowes wants redreſſe:
Give praiſe to God; depend with lowly faith,
On him; and what his holy *Spirit* ſaith:
Remember what a price thy ranſome coſt;
And, now redeeme the time that thou haſt loſt.
Returne, returne thou (oh back-ſliding Nation)
And, let thy teares prevent thy deſolation.
As yet, thou maiſt returne; for, Gods embrace
Is open for thee, if thou haſt the grace,

To give it meeting. Yet, repentance may
Prevent the miſchiefes of that evill day,
Which here is menace'd: yet, thou maiſt have peace,
And by diſcreet endeavoring, encreaſe
Each outward grace, and ev'ry inward thing,
Which will additions to thy comfort bring.
If this thou doe; theſe fearfull threatnings all,
(Repeated here) to mercies change he ſhall.
We cannot ſay, it will excuſe thee from
All chaſtiſement; or that no blow ſhall come.
For, peradventure, thou ſo long haſt bin
Vnpenitent, that ſome *loud-cring ſin*
Hath wak'd that *Vengeance*, which upon thy crimes
Muſt fall (as once in *Jeremiahs* times)
Without prevention; to exemplifie
Gods hate of ſin to all poſterity.
But, ſure we are, that if he doth not ſtay
His threatned hand, the ſtroke that he doth lay
Will fall the lighter; and become a bleſſing,
Thy future joyes, and vertues more encreaſing,
Then all that large proſperity and reſt
Which thou, ſo long together, haſt poſſeſt.
God (with a *writers inke-horne*) one hath ſent,
To ſet a *marke* on them that ſhall repent;
And bids him promiſe in his *Name*, that they
Who ſhall (recanting) leave their evill way,
And in their hearts, bewaile the grievous crimes,
And miſeries of *Sion*, in their times;
That they ſhall be ſecure, and ſaved from
The hand of theſe *Deſtroyers*, which muſt come:
Or elſe by their deſtruction find a way
To that repairing which will ne're decay.
Yea thou, oh *Britaine!* if thou couldſt reforme
Thy manners, might'ſt expell the dreadfull ſtorme

Now threatned; and thy foes (who triumph would,
The ruine of thy glory to behold,
And jeere thee when thou falleſt) ſoone ſhall ſee
Thy God returning, and avenging thee
On their inſultings: yea, with angry blowes
He would effect their ſhamefull overthrowes.
Or turne their hearts. For when from ſin men ceaſe,
God makes their enemies, and them, at peace.
Moreover, thou ſhalt have in thy poſſeſſing,
Each inward grace, and ev'ry outward bleſſing;
Thy fruitfull *Herds* ſhall in rich paſtures feed;
Thy ſoile ſhall plentiouſly encreaſe thy ſeed;
Thy Flock, ſhall neither Shepherds want, nor meat;
Cleane provander, thy ſtabled beaſt ſhall eate;
There ſhall be Rivers in thy Dales; and Fountaines
Vpon the tops of all thy nobleſt Mountaines:
The *Moone* ſhall caſt upon thee beames as bright
As now the *Sunne*; and with a ſevenfold light
The *Sun* ſhall bleſſe thee. He that reignes in thee,
To all his people reconcil'd ſhall be;
And they ſhall find themſelves no whit deceived,
In thoſe good hopes which are of him conceived:
But he, (and they, who ſhall his throne poſſeſſe
When he is gone) ſhall reigne in righteouſneſſe;
And be more carefull of thy weale (by far)
Then parents of their childrens profits are.
Thy *Magiſtrates*, with wiſdome ſhall proceed
In all that ſhall be counſell'd or decreed.
As *Harbours*, when it blowes tempeſtuouſly;
As *Rivers*, unto places over-dry;
As *Shadowes* are to men oppreſt with heat;
As to a hungry ſtomack, wholſome meat;
To thee, ſo welcome, and as much contenting,
Thy *Nobles* will become, on thy repenting.

Thy

Thy *Prieſts* ſhal preach true doctrine in thy *Tẽples*;
And make it fruitfull by their good examples.
Thy God, with righteouſneſſe ſhall them aray,
And heare and anſwer them, when they do pray.
Thy eyes, that much are blinded, ſhall be cleare;
Thy eares that yet are deafned, then ſhall heare;
Thy tongue, that ſtãmers now, ſhall then ſpeak plain;
Thy heart ſhall perfect underſtanding gaine;
The preaching of the *Goſpell* ſhall encreaſe;
Thy God ſhall make thy comforts and thy peace,
To flow as doth a River; they who plant,
The bleſſing of their labour ſhall not want;
Thy pooreſt people ſhall at full be fed;
The meek, ſhall of no tyrant ſtand in dread;
Thou ſhalt have grace and knowledge, to avoid
Thoſe things, whereby thy reſt may be annoid;
Thou ſhalt poſſeſſe thy wiſhed bleſſings all;
And, God ſhall heare thee ſtill before thou call.
But, as a *Chime*, whoſe ſtrets diſord red grow,
Can never cauſe it ſelfe in tune to goe,
Nor chime at all, untill ſome cunning hand
Doth make the ſame againe in order ſtand:
Or, as the *Clock*, whoſe plummers are not weight,
Strikes ſometimes one for three, and ſixe for eight;
So fareth it with men and kingdomes all,
When once from their integrity they fall.
They may their *motion* hurry out of frame,
But have no pow'r to rectifie the ſame.
That curious hand which firſt thoſe pieces wrought,
Muſt mend them ſtill; or they will ſtill be nought.
To thee I therefore now my ſpeech convert,
Thou famous *Artiſt*, who Creator art
Of heav'n and earth, and of thoſe goodly *ſpheares*,
That now have whirled many thouſand yeares,

(And ſhall untill thy pleaſure gives it ending)
In their perpetuall *motion*, without mending.
Oh! be thou pleaſed, by thy pow'rfull hand,
To ſet in order this depraved *Land*.

Our whole *foundation, Lord*, is out of courſe;
And ev'ry thing ſtill groweth worſe and worſe;
The way that leads quite from thee, we have tooke;
Thy *Covenant*, and all thy *Lawes* are broke;
In miſchiefes, and in folly, is our pleaſure;
Our crying ſins have almoſt fill'd their meaſure;
Yet, ev'ry day we adde a new tranſgreſſion,
And ſtill abuſe thy favour and compaſſion.

Our *Governors*, our *Prelats*, and our *Nobles*,
Have by their ſins encreaſe, encreaſt our troubles.
Our *Prieſts*, and all the *People*, have miſgone;
All kind of evill deeds, we all have done.
We have not lived as thoſe meanes of grace
Require, which thou haſt granted to this place:
But rather worſe then many who have had
Leſſe helpes then we, of being better made.
No Nation under heav'n ſo lewd hath bin,
That had ſo many warnings for their ſin,
And ſuch perpetuall *callings* on, as we,
To leave our wickedneſſe, and turne to thee.
Yet, we in ſtead of turning, further went;
And when thy *Mercies* and thy *Plagues* were ſent
To pull us backe; they ſeldome wrought our ſtay,
Or moved to repentance one whole day.
No bleſſing, no affliction, hath a pow'r
To move compunction in us, for one houre,
Vnleſſe thou worke it. All that I can ſpeake
(And all that I have ſpoken) till thou breake
And mollifie the heart, will fruitleſſe be,
Not onely in my hearers, but in me.

If

If thou prepare not way for more eſteeme
All theſe *Remembrances* will fooliſh ſeeme.
Nay theſe, in ſtead of moving to repent,
Will indignation move and diſcontent;
Which will mens hardned hearts obdurate more,
And make their fault much greater then before.
Vnleſſe thou give a bleſſing, I may ſtrive
As well to make a marble ſtone alive,
As to effect my purpoſe: yea, all this
Like wholeſome counſell to a mad man is,
And, I for my good meaning ſhall be torne
In pieces, or expoſed be to ſcorne.
For, they againſt thy word doe ſtop their eare;
And, wilde in diſobedience, will not heare.
In this, we all confeſſe our ſelves to blame,
And that we therefore have deſerved ſhame.
Yea, Lord we doe acknowledge, that for this
There nothing elſe to us pertaining is,
(Reſpecting our owne worth) but deſolation,
And finall rooting our, without compaſſion.
But gracious God, though ſuch our merit be,
Yet, mercy ſtill pertaineth unto thee.
To thee the act of pard'ning and forgiving,
As much belongs (oh Father everliving)
As plagues to us: and it were better far
Our ſinnes had leſſe then their deſervings are,
Then that thy Clemency ſhould be outgone,
By all the wickedneſſe that can be done.
As well as theirs whoſe lives now left them have,
Thou canſt command thoſe bodies from the grave,
Who ſtink, and putrifie, and buried be
In their corruption. Such, oh Lord! are we.
Oh! call us from this grave; and ſhew thy powr
Vpon this much polluted *Land* of our,

Which is not only ſick of works unholy,
But almoſt dead and buried in her folly.
Forgive us all our ſlips, our negligences,
Our ſins of knowledge, and our ignorances;
Our daring wickedneſſe, our bloody crimes;
And all the faults of paſt and preſent times.
Permit not thy juſt wrath to burne for ever;
In thy diſpleaſure doe not ſtill perſever;
But, call us from that pit of *Death*, and *Sin*,
And from that path of Hell which we are in.
Remember, that this *Vineyard* hath a *Vine*,
Which had her planting by that hand of thine.
Remember, when from *Egypt* thou remov'dſt it,
With what entire affection, then, thou lov'dſt it.
How thou didſt weed and dreſſe it heretofore;
How thou didſt fence it from the forreſt Bore;
And think how ſweet a vintage then it brought,
When thy firſt worke upon her thou hadſt wrought!
Remember, that without thy daily care,
The choiceſt plants, ſoone wilde and fruitleſſe are;
And, that as long as thou doſt prune and dreſſe,
The ſowreſt *Vine* ſhall bring a ſweet encreaſe.
Remember, alſo *Lord*, how ſtill that *Foe*,
Who firſt purſued us, doth ſeek to ſow
His tares among thy wheat; and to his pow'r,
Break downe thy fence, and trample, and devoure
The ſeeds of grace, as ſoone as they doe ſprout;
And is too ſtrong, for us to keep him out.
O! let not him prevaile, ſuch harme to do us,
As he deſires, but, Lord, returne unto us.
Returne in mercy. Though thou find us ſlack
To come our ſelves, fetch, draw, and pull us back
From our owne courſes, by thy grace divine,
And ſet, and keep us, in each way of thine.

We from our foes have ſaved beene by thee;
And in thy love, oh Lord! triumphed we.
But now behold, diſgrac'd thou throw'ſt us by,
And we before our adverſaries flye.
At us our neighb'ring Nations laugh and jeere,
And, us they ſcorne, whom late we made to feare.
Oh God ariſe, reject us not for aye;
No longer hide from us thy face away:
But, come, oh come with ſpeed to give us aid,
And let us not be loſt though we have ſtraid.
Vouchſafe that ev'ry one in his degree,
The ſecret errors of his life may ſee;
And, in his lawfull calling, all his dayes,
Performe his Chriſtian duty, to thy praiſe.
Give peace this troublous age; for, perilous
The times are growne, and no man fights for us
But thou oh God! nor do we ſeek or crave,
That any other *Champion* we may have.
Nay give us troubles, if thy will be ſo,
That we may have thy ſtrength to beare them too;
And in affliction thee more glorifie,
Then heretofore in our proſperity.
For when thy countenance on us did ſhine,
Thoſe Lands that boaſted of their corne and wine,
Had not that joy which thou di'ſt then inſpire,
When we were boyld and fryde in blood and fire.
Oh! give againe that joy, although it coſt us
Our lives. Reſtore thou what our ſin hath loſt us.
Thy *Church*, in theſe Dominions Lord preſerve
In purity: and teach us thee to ſerve
In holineſſe and righteouſneſſe, untill
We ſhall the number of our dayes fulfill.
Defend theſe *Kingdomes* from all overthrowes,
By forraine enemies, or home-bred foes.

Our *King* with ev'ry grace and vertue blesse,
Which may thine honour and his owne encrease.
Inflame our *Nobles* with more love and zeale,
To thy true *Spouse*, and to this *Common weale*.
Inspire our *Clergie* in their severall places,
With knowledge, and all sanctifying graces;
That by their lives and doctrines they may reare
These parts of *Syon*, which decayed are.
Awake this *People*, give them soules that may
Beleeve thy word, and thy commands obey.
The *Plagues* deserv'd already, save them from.
More watchfull make them, in all times to come.
For blessings past, let hearty thanks be given,
For present ones, let sacrifice to heav'n
Be daily offred up. For what is needing
(Or may be usefull in the time succeeding)
Let faithfull prayers to thy throne be sent,
With hearts and hands upright and innocent:
And let all this the better furthred be,
Through these *Remembrances*, now brought by me.
For which high favour, and emboldning thus
My spirit, in a time so dangerous;
For chusing me, that am so despicable,
To be employed in this honorable
And great employment, (which I more esteeme,
Then to be crowned with a *Diadem*)
For thy enabling me in this *Embassage*;
For bringing to conclusion this my *Message*;
For sparing of my life, when thousands dy'd,
Before, behind me, and on ev'ry side;
For saving of me many a time since then,
When I had forfeited my soule agen;
For all those griefes and poverties, by which
I am in better things made great, and rich,

Then all that wealth and honor brings man to,
Wherewith the world doth keepe ſo much adoe:
For all which thou to me on earth haſt given;
For all, which doth concerne my hopes of heaven;
For theſe, and thoſe innumerable graces,
Vouchſafed me, at ſundry times, and places,
(Vnthought upon) unfained praiſe I render:
And, for a living ſacrifice, I tender
To thee (oh God) my body, ſoule, and all,
Which mine I may, by thy donation, call.
Accept it bleſſed *Maker*, for his ſake
Who did this offring acceptable make,
By giving up himſelfe. Oh! looke thou not
Vpon thoſe blemiſhes which I have got
By naturall corruption; or by thoſe
Polluted acts which from that ulcer flowes.
According to my skill, I have enroll'd
Thy *Mercies*; and thy *Iuſtice* I have told.
I have not hid thy workings in my breſt;
But as I could, their pow'r I have expreſt.
Among our great aſſemblies, to declare
Thy will and pleaſure, loe, I doe not feare:
And though by Princes I am checkt and blamed,
To ſpeake the truth, I am no whit aſhamed.
Oh! ſhew thou, Lord, thy mercy ſo to me,
And let thy Love and Truth, my guardians be.
Forgive me all the follies of my youth;
My faulty deeds; the errors of my mouth;
The wandrings of my heart, and ev'ry one
Of thoſe good workes that I have left undone.
Forgive me all wherein I did amiſſe,
Since thou employd'ſt me in performing this:
My *doublings* of thy calling me unto it;
My *feares*, which oft diſheartned me to doe it;

My

My *ſloth*, my *negligences*, my *evaſions*,
And my deferring it, on vaine occaſions,
When I had vowed that no worke of mine,
Should take me up, till I had finiſht thine.
Lord, pardon this; and let no future ſin,
Nor what already hath committed bin,
Prophane this *Worke*; or cauſe the ſame to be
The leſſe effectuall to this land, or me.
But to my ſelfe (oh Lord) and others, let it
So moving be, that we may ne're forget it.
Let nor the evill, nor the good effect
It takes, or puffe me up, or me deject:
Or make me thinke that I the better am,
Becauſe I tell how others are to blame:
But, let it keep me in a Chriſtian feare,
Still humbly heedfull what my actions are.
Let all thoſe *obſervations* I have had,
Of others errors, be occaſions made
To mind me of mine owne. And, leſt I erre,
Let ev'ry man be my *Remembrancer*;
With ſo much charity, as I have ſought
To bring their duties more into their thought.
And, if in any ſin I linger long,
Without repentance; Lord, let ev'ry tongue
That names me, check me for it: and, to me
Become, what I to others faine would be.
Oh! let me not be like thoſe buſie *broomes*,
Which having clenſed many naſty roomes,
Doe make themſelves the fouller: but ſweet *Father*,
Let me be like the precious *Diamond* rather,
Which doth by poliſhing another ſtone,
The better ſhape and luſtre, ſet upon
His owne rough body. Let my life be ſuch,
As that mans ought to be, who knoweth much

Of

Of thy good pleaſure. And, moſt awfull God,
Let none of thoſe, who ſpread of me abroad
Vnjuſt reports, the Devills purpoſe gaine,
By making theſe my warnings prove in vaine
To thoſe that heare them: but let ſuch diſgraces,
Reflect with ſhame, upon their Authors faces,
Till they repent. And let their ſcandall ſerve
Within my heart true *meeknesse* to preſerve;
And that *humility*, which elſe, perchance,
Vaine-glory, or ſome naturall arrogance
Might overthrow, if I ſhould think upon
(With carnal thoghts) ſome good my lines have done.
Reſtraine, moreover, them who out of pride,
Or ignorance, this Labour ſhall deride.
Make them perceive, who ſhall prefer a ſtory
Compoſed for ſome temporall friends glory,
Before thoſe Poems which thy works declare,
That vaine and witleſſe their opinions are:
And, if by thee I was appointed, Lord,
Thy *Iudgements* and thy *Mercies* to record,
(As here I do) ſet thou thy mark on thoſe;
Who ſhall deſpightfully the ſame oppoſe:
And let it publikely be ſeene of all,
Till of their malice they repent them ſhall.
As I my conſcience have diſcharged here,
Without concealing ought for love, or feare;
From furious men let me preſerved be,
And from the ſcorne of fooles deliver me.
Vouchſafe at length ſome comforting refection,
According to the yeares of my affliction.
On me, for good, ſome *token* pleaſe to ſhow,
That they who ſee it, may thy bounty know;
Rejoyce, with fellow-feeling of the ſame,
And joyne with me, in praiſing of thy *Name*.

And

And leſt (oh Lord!) ſome weake ones may deſpiſe
My words, becauſe of ſuch neceſſities,
As they have brought upon me, by their ſpight,
Who to my *Studies* have beene oppoſite:
Oh! give me that which may ſufficient be,
To make them know that I have ſerved thee.
And that my labours are by thee regarded,
Although they ſeeme not outwardly rewarded.

Thoſe *Honors*, or that *Wealth*, I doe not crave,
Which they affect, who moſt endevored have
To pleaſe the *World*. I onely aske to gaine
But *food* and *rayment*, Lord, for all my paine;
And that the *ſlaunders*, and the poverties,
Wherewith my patience thou ſhalt exerciſe,
Make not theſe *Lines*, or me, become a ſcorne,
Nor leave me to the world-ward, quite forlorne.

Yet, in preferring of this humble *Suit*,
I make not my requeſt ſo abſolute,
As that I will capitulate, or tye
To ſuch conditions, thy dread *Majeſty*.
For, if to honour but an earthly *Prince*
My *Muſe* had ſung; it had beene impudence
To prompt his bounty; or, to doubt he might
Forget to doe my honeſt Labours right.

Doe therefore as thou pleaſeſt: only give
Thy *Servant* grace contentedly to live,
And, to be thankfull, what ſoever ſhall
In this my weary *Pilgrimage* befall.

Such things thou doſt command me to require,
With earneſt, and an abſolute deſire:
With which I come: beſeeching I may finde
Thy love continue, though none elſe be kinde;
That bleſſednesſe eternall I may get,
Though all I loſe on earth, to compaſſe it;

And that, at last, when my accompt is eaven,
My payment may be summon'd up in heaven.
Lord, this will please me: call me quickly thither,
And pay me there my wages all together:
Not that which mine by merit seemes to be;
But, what by thy meere *grace* is due to me.

The Conclusion.

SO now (though not so fully as I ought)
My Vow *is paid; and to an end is brought*
This worke, for which God pleas'd my life to spare,
When thousands round about me slaughtred were.
Now, live or dye I care not: for I see
But little usefulnesse, or need of me.
Because none knowes what God may call him to;
I will not say precisely what I'le doe:
But, in this kind of muzing, *to endeavor,*
Or be employ'd againe, I purpose never.
For, if this profit not, it will be vaine
For me to strike upon this string againe.
If these doe not prevaile, I shall suppose,
Words *are not wanting here so much as* blowes:
And that the filthy will be filthy still,
Till they the measure of their sin fulfill:
Or, that God will to free us from pollution,
Put some unusuall Plague *in execution.*
Which to prevent, to him I'le humbly pray,
And, whilst I live, endeavor what I may
My Countries *welfare; seeking meanes to finde,*
To spend for her availe, my dayes behinde;
And labʼring so, my Talent *to employ,*
That I may come into my Masters *joy.*
And, though (when all is done which I am able)
My service will be but unprofitable:

Yet,

Yet, ſtill I will be doing, that, when he
Shall come, I be not idle found to be.
If any blame what is or ſhall be done;
My Conſcience knoweth I would injure none;
And that I doe not meddle further, than
Becommeth me that am a private man,
Though otherwiſe it ſeeme to thoſe who weigh not
When private men may ſpeake, and when they may not.
The building of a Towne we doe preferre
Vnto the Maſon *and the* Carpenter;
But, when it is on fire, we care not who
Doth come to quench it, ſo the ſame he doe.
And, though in ſetled times, the Statutes *awe*
The ruder ſort, ſometime there's Martiall Law.
Tis true indeed, that ordinary times,
And thoſe that are but ordinary crimes,
May by the Common Iuſtice *be amended,*
And ſhould not be by others reprehended;
Except it be in termes, reſpecting all
States, perſons, times, and ſin in generall.
Yet (as King David *ſayes)* If overthrowne
Foundations be; *what then amiſſe is done,*
By honeſt men, if God to ſhew our fall,
Shall ſome, in extraordinary, call?
We now have thoſe that neither ſtand in awe
Of ordinary Magiſtrate, *or* Law.
Nay, Law *is made a mockage, and a ſcorne,*
And, they who have appointed beene, and ſworne
To judge us by the Lawes, *deny their pow'r,*
Except, when they may ſerve them to devoure.
We now have ſinners, who are got above
The reach of men appointed to reprove
In ordinary courſe. Yea, ſins have we,
Which brook not, toucht, or mentioned to be:

No not so much as pray'd against, through feare
Of anging those that their wel willers are.
And, this great impudency daily growes
So strong, that all our freedomes we shall lose,
And Natures Lawes e're long will all be broken,
If none should speake; and therefore I have spoken.
And, if for this I may not live as free
As I was borne (and as I ought to be)
I hope to dye, doe malice what it can,
An honest and a constant Englishman,
Whose fall shall be no blemish to his Name;
But, infamy to those, who caus'd the same.
But, suffer this (will Politicians dreame)
And, such a president will hearten them
To libellize, who wanting grace, and reason,
Divulge their sharp-fang'd Poems out of season:
And they who Write for nothing but to show
Their spleens, or that the world may come to know
Their Faculty, mens persons may abuse,
And brave it thus, their boldnesse to excuse.
But, what is this to me? (If others will
Because I have done well, be doing ill)
Let them and those, whom thereby they offend,
About that matter, by themselves contend.
Tis fit for sober men their swords to weare,
Although by drunkards they abused are.
Which freedome I, have claim'd, and us'd you see;
And from the claime will never beaten be.
In ev'ry Worke, some passage will discover
To knowing men, what was the chiefest mover:
Which they who have the Spirit of discerning,
Should marke; for, tis a matter worth the learning.
And, when they find an Author should be shent,
Let him receive his worthy chastisement.

But,

But, when his paines deſerveth a reward,
Afflict him not, though him you nought regard.
A Libeller *is impudently bold,*
When he hath Times, *or* Patrons *to uphold*
His biting Straines; *and ſoone is he deſcry'd;*
For he, to ſtrike all faults, is terrifi'd:
And feares what perills may his act attend,
If none he knowes ſave God *to be his* Friend.
But, they who have my minde, will be ſo far
From feare to write, although you doe not ſpare
To puniſh me, that they will write the more;
Make up the ſumme that wanteth on my ſcore;
And, reprehenſions forth ſo loud will thunder,
That at your follies times to come will wonder.
For, outward hopes, have not my tongue unlooſ'd,
Nor can my mouth by outward feares be clos'd.
What I have done is done: and I am eaſ'd,
And glad, how ever others will be pleaſ'd.
Let them who ſhall peruſe it, praiſe, or laugh,
Revile, or ſcoffe, or threat, or ſweare, or chafe,
All's one to me; So I within be ſtill,
Without me, let men keepe what noiſe they will,
For, ſure I am, though they my fleſh confound,
The ſoule, I ſeeke to ſave, ſhall ſtill be ſound.
And this I know; *that nor the bruti ſh rages*
Of this new preſent, or ſucceeding Ages,
Shall root this Poeme *out*; *but, that to all*
Enſuing times, the ſame continue ſhall,
To be peruſed in this Land, as long
As here they ſhall retaine the Engliſh *tongue:*
Or, while there ſhall be Errors, *and* offences,
Diſorders, Diſcords, Plagues, *or* Peſtilences.
And, if our evills we depart not from,
Before the day of our deſtruction come,

This Book *shall to the times that follow show,*
What sins they were which caus'd our overthrow:
And testifie to others (for their learning)
That Vengeance *did not seize us without warning.*
If they who know the state of this our Land,
Can justly say that her Affaires *doe stand*
In such a posture as was ordinary;
Or, that these Times the face doe seeme to cary
Which they have had: or, if they see not here,
More wants, more doubts, and terrors, then there were:
Or, if this Message *(whatsoe're succeedeth)*
Be more (or more insisted on) then needeth:
Or, if it giveth any just suspition
That thence may spring occasions of sedition;
Nay if that all my Readers may not gather
Good motives thence, to stop sedition, *rather;*
And such like meanes of rectifying that
Which is, or may be harmfull to the State:
Let me be strictly questioned, and blamed,
And censur'd too; as one that hath defamed
Or injured his Country. *Or, if they*
Who shall peruse this Booke, *can truly say,*
That I have caused this REMEMBRANCER
To speake like ev'ry vulgar Messenger;
If any circumstance can prove, I bend
My purposes, to worke my private end;
Or, that I persons scandalize, or flatter;
Or that I in the manner, or the matter,
Resemble such a Pamphleter, *as feares*
The losing of his liberties, or eares:
Or, that I speake like them who railing come,
They neither care at what, nor yet at whom,
So they may raile; Or, if I have not showed
My Messages *from such a* Spirit *flowed,*

As is well knowne unto him, and whereby
He can defend them, with good warranty:
If theſe, or ought like theſe things may be ſaid,
(To proue the part of an Impoſtor plaid)
Let him who thinks he can unmaſk me, ſtriue
To do it; and as he ſhall doe, beleeue.
But if they find (which doubtleſſe they ſhall find)
Who view this Poeme with a ſingle minde)
That I haue here deliuered things exceeding
My meanes of knowledge, or my helps of breeding,
So far, as that my Readers cannot chuſe
But know ſome pow'r diuine did them infuſe:
If they ſhall find, by my confeſſions here,
That I am ſubject to the ſelfe ſame feare
Which others feele; and yet haue dared more
In ſome reſpects, then others heretofore:
If they perceiue, that I did oft deſire
Through frailty, from this action to retire;
And, that I had a ſupernaturall Will,
My naturall Deſires reſiſting ſtill,
And forcing me, ev'n in my owne deſpight,
That matter of this Volume to endite:
If they perceiue, as well perceiue they may,
That I had many lets within my way,
So cumberſome, as made the Worke appeare
Scarce poſſible to him that willing were;
And, how God made ſuch hindrances become
More helpfull at the laſt, then troubleſome.
If they obſerue, how, when my fortunes all
At hazard lay (and were to ſtand or fall
According to their wils, who may, with me,
For this, if God forbid not, angry be)
That I, though many did the ſame condemne,
Did (this to finiſh) quite giue ouer them,

Which

Which then I might have ſetled; had I thought
Gods kingdome ought not firſt to have been ſought.
If they did know how well I know the rage,
The ſottiſhneſſe, and malice of this age;
How little conſcience ſome doe make to kill,
Oppreſſe, or ruinate, to get their will;
Or what ſmall meanes, or hope of friends I have,
My body from their violence to ſave:
If theſe, and ſuch like things as theſe were heeded,
All theſe preventions ſhould not now have needed:
For, they would ſee, this had not beene effected,
Vnleſſe Gods hand had ſtrengthned and directed:
And they who elſe my perſon may contemne,
Would feare, that they in me would injure him.
I know, ſome pleaſe to ſay, that thus I vent
Bold words; becauſe I ſeeke impriſonment:
As if to me thereby there might ariſe
A profit, by conceal'd Gratuities.
Thus many Schiſmaticks *indeed have done,*
And honeſt men and women prey'd upon,
To charities abuſe: But, God doth know
That yet, with me it never hath beene ſo:
But that my heart both ſcornes and hates to be
So falſe and baſe, as theſe doe cenſure me.
I doe, and will confeſſe unto the praiſe
Of him, who unto me my friends did raiſe,
That when I did, in thrall oppreſſed grow,
With wants, which none but God and I did know;
And was mew'd up ſo cloſe, that to no friend,
I might a Prayer, or Petition ſend,
But unto God: he mov'd the hearts of ſome
To ſend me ſuccour: And, I vow, to whom,
Except to him, I ſhould my thanks repay,
(For much thereof) I know not to this day.

It was enough to show me, that God will
In all extreames, provide things needfull still.
And decently, and well did it suffice
In my restraint, for all necessities.
But, whatsoe're some thinke, I brought not forth
Into the world with me, one farthing worth
Above my charge: but, there just even made
Of all which from Gods bountious hand I had.
For, what was more then serv'd to set me free,
I gave to others, as he gave to me.
Which, not in boast, I mention; but, I speake
The truth, that thus the more effect may take.
A foolish policie *in me it were*
(For such a base uncertainty as here
Objected is) to venture as I doe
The losse of that which I had reacht unto
E're now: had this beene left, to settle that
Which doth concerne my temporall estate.
The King *hath showne me favour: at this houre,*
I doe not know that man, of Name, *or pow'r*
Whose person I envy, or disaffect,
Or whom of any malice I suspect
To me or mine: with me they all are friends,
That were at odds; and to attaine my ends
In my Affaires, *I never had a day*
So probable as now, if I would stay
This Message: *and perchaunce, this bring me shall*
In all my outward hopes unto a fall;
Yet, this shall first be told, that you may see,
My Hopes *are greater, then my* Feares *can be;*
And that it may be knowne, I doe disclaime
Those ends, at which most thinke I basely aime.
These Arguments, *as such like words as may*
Anticipate, I here, beforehand, say;

Not that I thinke it poſſible, by them
To change their mindes that will this Book *contemne,*
For, tis not in the pow'r of Argument,
Or words, to make the wilfull prouident.
It lieth not in honeſt protcſtations
To overthrow malicious combinations;
No nor in Miracles, *till God ſhall pleaſe*
(Who of all hearts doth keepe the locks and keyes,
To ſhut and open them.) For they that heard
And liv'd to ſee fulfill'd, what was declar'd
By Ieremy *againſt* Ieruſalem;
His counſell they did nathleſſe contemne,
When he their flight to Ægypt *did oppoſe;*
And ſo became of their owne overthrowes
The wilfull cauſe. Nay, when our Saviour *ſpake*
To Iudas, *and that* Band *which came to take*
His perſon; to the ground thoſe men he ſtrooke
Ev'n with his voice: and, on the Croſſe, he ſhooke
The Earth, *and rent the* Temple *with his cry;*
Yet, that and all the reſt was paſſed by
Of moſt beholders, as if they had beene
Vnſenſible of what was heard and ſeene.
I therefore, theſe Preventions *doe inſert,*
To aggravate the hardneſſe of their heart
Who ſhall be obſtinate. And here declare
What may be ſaid or done, e're done they are;
That all may know, when ſuch things come to paſſe
Nought fals on me, but what expected was;
And that the better working this may have
On thoſe who ſhall Gods Meſſages *receive*
By this Remembrancer. *For, God hath ſent,*
Though I (unworthy) am his inſtrument.
Him, unadviſedly compos'd I not,
Nor was he by a miracle begot.

To fit him for this purpoſe; I have thrice
Impriſonment endur'd: Cloſe-priſon twice.
Much trouble I have paſt which thence enſu'd;
Through wants and ſlaunders not a few I ſcru'd;
And, being guarded by Gods Providence,
I lately walked through the Peſtilence,
And ſaw, and felt, what Nature doth abhor,
To harden me, and to prepare me for
This Worke. And therefore he, who thinkes he ſhall
With his big lookes or ſpeeches me appall,
Muſt look more grim then Death, more ugly, far,
Then Vizards, or the ſhapes of Devils are;
Breathe ranker poiſon then a plague fill'd grave;
And ſtamp, and rore, and teare, and ſtare, and rave,
More dreadfully, and louder then a man
Infected with ſix Peſtilences can:
Elſe, I (to play with terrors being borne)
Shall laugh both him and all he doth, to ſcorne.
And, though I may, perchance (as did the beſt
Of all Gods children when they were oppreſt)
Sometime bewaile my ſuffrings, or declare
That I doe feele them when their waight I beare;
Yet murmur will I not, at what is laid
Vpon me, neither ſeeke to fleſh for aid.
By what's here done, may trouble come upon me;
But, not performing it, had quite undone me:
Since, I through feare of what the world may doe,
Neglected had, what God had call'd me to.
For, of his calling me, the meanes and wayes
Whereby my weakneſſe he to this did raiſe,
Vnqueſtionable evidence doe give.
And, they who doe not, yet, the ſame believe,
Will think the ſame, perhaps, when they ſhall ſee
Themſelves encloſed with new Plagues to be.

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Thus I beleeving, and conſidering,
What fearleſneſſe this act therewith doth bring,
(With what aſſurances, I doe poſſeſſe)
Me thinks it were a mateleſſe wickedneſſe
To diſobey. Yea ſure, I more in that
Wrong'd God, then I ſhall ſeeme to wrong the State,
In uttring what ſome few are loth to heare.
However divers thinke; this is my feare.
Yea, to my ſoule, ſo horrible a thing
The wilfull diſobeying that great King
Appeared hath; that, never ſhould I ſleepe
In peace againe, if I did ſilence keepe.
And therefore, neither all the royall graces
Of Kings; *nor gifts, nor honourable places,*
Should ſtop my mouth. Nor would I ſmother this,
Though twenty Kings *had ſworne that I ſhould kiſſe*
The Gallowes for it: leſt my Conſcience *ſhould*
Torment me more, then all men living could.
Yea, though this minde *were but my ignorance,*
Or fancy (as it will be thought, perchance)
Yet, ſince this Fancy *may preſent to me*
As hideous feares, as things that reall be,
I'le hazard rather twenty deaths to dye,
Then to be tortur'd by my Fantaſie.
For, I had rather in a dungeon dwell
Five yeares; then in my ſoule to ſeele a hell
Five minutes: and, ſo God will be my friend,
I ſhall not care how many I offend.
And, yet, (now I remember) troubled is
My heart a little, for one thing amiſſe
Which I have done. This Meſſenger *hath him*
Long time kept out; and I did thruſt him in
Without a Licence; *leſt he comming late,*
Might ſhew you a Commiſſion *out of date.*

The Concluſion.

I could excuſe the fact, and lay the crime
Vpon the much diſorder of the time:
For, moſt men know, that in a Watch or Clocke
When it is out of order once or broke,
The wheeles that are unfaultie move awry
As well as they in whom the faults doe lye.
But, that you may not thinke I doe profeſſe
Againſt the State, as wholly mercileſſe,
Or that I thinke it nothing to miſdoe
Againſt good Order, *though compelld thereto;*
For this I aske forgiveneſſe; and ſubmit
My ſelfe to them, who ſhall in judgement ſit
Vpon the fact. For which if I obtaine
My Pardon, *I ſhall humbly entertaine*
Their favours with my thankefulleſt reſpects,
And, hope this Meſſage *will have good effects.*
If otherwiſe I finde; my Body ſhall
Be ready to ſubject it ſelfe to all
Their ſtricteſt Penalties: *and when I am*
Enough afflicted for what is to blame
In this, or me: I know, God will releaſe
My Body, or my Soule, againe in peace.
To him alone, for Patronage, *I run:*
Lord, let thy *pleaſure*, and thy *will* be done.

The glory be to God.

THe faults eſcaped in the printing, wee had not ſuch meanes to prevent, as we deſired; nor could we conveniently collect them, by reaſon of our haſt, or hazard, and other interruptions: wee therefore leave them to be amended, cenſured, and winked at, according to the Readers courteſie or diſcretion.

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